A Journey With the Sun Around the World

Rev. Miles M. Mallon

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A Journey With the Sun Around the World

Rev. William McMahon



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To the Committee of Arrangements and to the Clergy and Laity who participated in the festivities of my Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee, and made it possible for me to "Journey With the Sun Around the World," this book is affectionately dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Time flies fast; much faster than we imagine until it has gone. We look down the pathway of the years over which we have traveled and are surprised to find how close together are the periods of childhood, boyhood, manhood and more mature years. I realized this when the silver jubilee of my priesthood dawned bright and beautiful on July 21, 1897.

I will not stop to describe the tender greeting of the children of the parish, as with music, song and speech they tendered their good wishes. It was an event in their lives as well as in my own, and long will I treasure the remembrance of the little ones of the flock.

The people of the parish, as after events unfolded, had quietly prepared a great surprise. I discovered this as with the bodyguard I entered the crowded church on the eve of my sacerdotal anniversary. The transformation which took place after the morning Mass of that day to the scene that opened to my view brought to mind the wonders related of Aladdin's magic lamp. On the spacious stage, covered with plants and flowers, were many of the tried and true veterans of the parish, a number of non-Catholic neighbors and more than a score of clerical friends. The hand-clapping and applause with which I was received was startling, being unexpected in the church, even though the Blessed Sacrament had been removed. The excellent literary and musical program was a credit and a crown to the entertainment provided by the Executive Committee.

The presentation of a generous purse and the information that the committee had obtained from the Rt. Rev. Bishop

Horstmann a leave of absence for me to make a European trip were veritable surprises.

On the following day, the day of all days for me, I celebrated Solemn High Mass corum episcopo. There were about seventy priests in the sanctuary. I need not dwell upon the sermon, the words of cheer by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and the generous congratulations of my sacerdotal brethren.

I could not arrange for my trip abroad until the beginning of 1898. I then resolved to gratify a wish that I had for years scarcely dared to form or encourage—so impossible did it seem to me—to visit the Holy Land, the places made sacred by our Blessed Lord's stay on earth with His creatures, the scenes consecrated by His birth, His life, His crucifixion and His Resurrection.

Jerusalem was the objective point. I resolved to reach the "Far East" by going west. This resolve started me on my trip around the world. The letters on the way written to "The Catholic Universe" were so well received by its large number of readers that hundreds of written requests to have them compiled into book form constrained me to undertake the unexpected task. I trust that the readers of the book will be as interested and as indulgent as were the subscribers of the newspaper.

"Be to my virtues ever kind,
Be to my faults a little blind."

The book contains much more matter than did the letters and will be found more replete with interesting and useful information.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE WESTWARD FROM CLEVELAND—MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS—THOMAS COOK & SONS—CHICAGO TO DENVER—DENVER INCIDENTS—COLORADO SPRINGS—"PIKE'S PEAK"—MANITOU—THE GARDEN OF THE GODS—DECEPTIVE DISTANCES.

Sunday, January 16, 1898, was an eventful day for me. I spoke my farewell from the pulpit, and the children sang a pathetic parting song, two of the verses of which follow:

"Some day you'll wander back again
To where the old home stands,
Where loving hearts wait your return
From distant foreign lands.

Your little ones will pray for you
Where'er your footsteps roam,
That guardian angels may attend
Till you are safe at home."

The words and the sweet and pathetic voices of the children reached all hearts. One strong man said: "I could have stood the rest well enough, but when those children began that hymn I had to look for my handkerchief as well as the others."

At 11 p. m. I motioned my final adieu from the car platform to the friends who waved their farewells as the train moved from the Union Station in Cleveland out into the darkness. I had started on my tour around the world. I felt lonesome as I looked at the strangers around about me, and realized that I would meet many such and even more strange in the strange lands I was about to visit. I felt a little apprehension of the dangers that might be revealed in

the long journey by land and sea, as I ventured alone to circle the globe. But I knew that many prayers would be said for my safe return, and I trusted in Him who

"Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Early the next morning I was surprised in the Wagner by a touch on the shoulder accompanied by the greeting, "Good morning." On looking around I found myself face to face with my friend, Rev. J. T. O'Connell. I felt that I had not yet left home. Father O'Connell had boarded the train at Toledo at 2 a. m. for the purpose of seeing me off at Chicago. We spent the day together in the "Windy City."

Who has not heard of the around-the-world tourist agents, Thomas Cook & Sons? I had not arranged for my transportation, so I visited their Chicago office. For a part of my trip I was told that my ticket would cost $799.96. The omission of the four cents reminded me of a bargain day in a dry goods store. But I was not a shopper, so I resisted the temptation to buy. I asked the manager, "How much would the ticket cost me were I to postpone the purchase until I reach San Francisco?" He replied in a rather severe manner: "It would cost you, sir, $200 more than I ask."

This appeared to me so preposterous that I stopped the negotiations. Gaze & Sons could not give me any figures until they communicated with the New York office. I told the Burlington agent of what Cook & Son had said in regard to the extra charge from San Francisco if I waited to buy my ticket there. He said that such a claim was ridiculous.

Dr. Beeman, of "Pepsin Gum" fame, whom I met at the Auditorium, said: "Don't go abroad with Cook's tickets. I would not go an inch on them. People abroad will look down upon you if you travel with them."

"Why, doctor," I replied, "many good people travel on such tickets and find it convenient and money saving."

"Well, don't you do it," he replied. Of course the doctor has that independence which wealth gives. At any rate, I remained quite fancy free as to routes and agencies.

Father O'Connell saw me off when the train left at 10:30 p. m. As he bade me good-bye I wished I had his company on my circuit of the globe. His act was kind and thoughtful and self-sacrificing. I appreciated it and also the unexpected presence of the valued friends who saw me off the night of my departure from Cleveland.

The sleeping car fare, with stops at Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, cost from Chicago to San Francisco $14.50. I tell this for the guidance of those who may wish to race with the sun around the world.

The ride from Chicago to Denver was uneventful. At one station, however, there was quite a crowd giving a joyful "send off" to a newly married couple who boarded our train. I escaped the rice and the old shoes.

At 7 o'clock Tuesday morning I arrived in Denver. I had requested the porter to call me at 5 o'clock. I hoped to see grand sights on the mountains, but it was dark. Daylight came only at the outskirts of the city. My first impressions were not favorable. The little one-story and apparently one-room houses with stove-pipes protruding through the roof indicated that poverty was not absent from the Silver State. The depreciation of silver no doubt had a bad effect on the business of Colorado.

Denver, however, loomed up stately and substantial, with good business blocks and finely paved streets.

I boarded a car and asked the conductor: "Do you pass a Catholic Church?"

"Do I pass the Capital Church?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "that is a new name, and a good name for it, but I asked: 'Do you pass a Catholic Church?'"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "we pass near St. Leo's."

I got off there, and was in time to celebrate the regular Mass at 8 o'clock.

The pastor, Rev. Wm. A. O'Ryon, had a funeral to attend at 9 o'clock. By the way, the funeral was that of a young man from Ohio. He had gone for his health to Denver, but had died of a hemorrhage among strangers. I did not learn his name, but I thought of his struggle for existence and the sad ending of his young life far from home. I saw the funeral as it approached the church. There were only two carriages.

After Mass I took breakfast in the pastor's house. With me at the table was a fine, well-preserved old gentleman. He was introduced to me as the father of the pastor. His name I learned was Mr. Michael O'Ryon. He lived at Cashel, County Tipperary, Ireland. He came to this country to visit his sons, Father William O'Ryon, of Denver, and Father O'Ryon, of the Monitor, San Francisco, Cal. He told me that Father O'Ryon, of San Francisco, was his youngest child, and that Father Maher (I think that is the name) of Notre Dame, was a brother-in-law. I asked Mr. O'Ryon if he would not like to live in this country.

"Indeed I would not. If I was told that I would have to live here for six months I would die of homesickness in a month. I will be back in Ireland, please God, before another month."

"Then," I said, "you will be back in Ireland before I get there."

"Well," he said, "when you get to Ireland of course you'll go to the 'Abbey of the Holy Cross.' Call then on my daughter, Mrs. Thomas Maloney, who lives there, and I am not far away."

I told him of my proposed trip. I found the old gentleman remarkably well acquainted with the geography of my

tour, the climates and the habits of the people. I hoped to meet him at Cashel.

I called at the office of the Colorado Catholic to see Father Malone, its vigorous editor. I found that he had gone to Colorado Springs to meet with the State Board of Charity, of which he is a member by the appointment of the Governor of the State.

I called on some Cleveland friends. Some I found at home, and others had taken a day off to go "Around the Loop," the most picturesque and fascinating of Denver's many beautiful suburban trips.

Some of those upon whom I called had worked out in Cleveland. They were good representatives of the faithful, zealous and generous "working out" girls. The girls who work out deserve, as a class, commendation and honor. They are obliged on many occasions to "fight the good fight" for the teachings of the faith. Their good example often brings light to those who have no other beacons to point out Catholic doctrine. Their generosity to the Church, according to their means, is proverbial.

The Cathedral is on a very prominent street and in the business center. But it is one of the poorest, the gloomiest and the smallest Cathedrals that I ever saw or expect to see. I told the pastor as much. He said that six years before they had been offered $200,000 for the property. The Bishop would not sell. Bad times came. Then they could not sell. They were paying $7,000 in interest and $2,000 per annum in taxes. The debt was large. The Bishop was absent, collecting to tide matters over, and he was often absent for months engaged in the same disagreeable duty. But they expected to sell for $150,000. We are all fallible in our judgments and have not the gift of prophecy.

Noticing a bicycle on the porch, I asked if any of the priests rode. I found that they did.

Father Casey asked: "Do you ride?"

I hesitated, as my mind went back to the previous September, when I had a fall from the wheel which nearly ended my life, and I said: "Well—yes, I—I can ride."

"Then," said Father Casey, "we can go out after awhile for a spin. I will get you a wheel and we will both go."

I immediately pleaded an excuse—had not time, etc. Really, I was somewhat afraid that the ride might keep me too long in Denver—that I might miss the train and get into a hospital.

Subsequently, I visited the Jesuit Fathers at the Church of the Sacred Heart. I called at the school for the purpose of seeing one of the former teachers in St. Bridget's, Sister Mary Eustelle. I went with her to visit the different rooms, and found a large number of children in attendance.

The school building is unique. It is a large brick building. The plan and construction are novel, but practical. The teachers liked it very much. The school is two stories high. Four school rooms and the hall are on the first floor. The ceiling of the hall is on a level with the ceilings of the four school rooms on the second floor. All the school rooms are corner rooms. There are three entrances. The main entrance is used only on occasions when the hall is opened for public entertainments. The other entrances are on either side. All the school rooms open into the hall. Those on the first floor are on a level with the hall floor, those on the second floor open into the spacious gallery which extends around three sides of the hall. This arrangement gives a fine, high hall, the entrance to which is on the first floor of the building. There are cloak rooms and also an office room. This hurried description may convey some new ideas to pastors who contemplate building a school.

Colorado Springs was the next place on my program. On consulting my watch I found that I had only twenty-five

minutes to go a mile and a half to the depot and get a transfer to reach it. After walking a block I missed the car. I then tried to visit the Jesuit church, but found it locked. I got into the basement chapel, and found it dark and uninviting. I got the next car, missed the transfer, but got to the depot and stepped into the coach as the conductor shouted: "All aboard."

Colorado Springs is a charming place, seventy-five miles from Denver. The streets are wide, the buildings substantial, the hotels are large and well kept, the population is up to the twenty thousand mark and the altitude of the town is six thousand feet above the sea, being some eight hundred feet higher than Denver. There is much wealth in the place, a number of millionaires making this delightful town their home. The owners of Cripple Creek mines live here. Cripple Creek is about ten miles away as the crow flies, but about fifty miles off as the locomotive goes.

I took the trolley for the "Glockner Sanitarium," which is about two miles out. Mrs. Glockner built the sanitarium as a memorial to her husband. After some years of superintendence, she became acquainted with the Sisters of Charity of Cedar Grove, near Cincinnati, and offered them the sanitarium. They accepted, and are now in charge. The building is of brick, spacious, well constructed and finely finished, and is beautifully situated.

I arrived at the sanitarium about 7 p. m. Sister Mary George, formerly of St. Bridget's, Cleveland, was one of the Sisters who care for the inmates—the invalids who come here especially for the cure of pulmonary and kindred troubles. I found two young priests among the patients, Rev. Thomas Cummings from the East, and Rev. Father Zagar from Marquette. The next morning after Mass we breakfasted together and then went to one side of the house to view Pike's Peak. There it stood, apparently only one-half

mile away, while in reality it was ten miles off. It is fourteen thousand seven hundred and fourteen feet high. It is covered with snow, and while it was pleasant below and so mild that I rode in an open car, a snow storm was taking place on the summit of the Peak.

Distances are very deceptive in the clear atmosphere of the region. I was told of a visitor who thought he would take a morning walk to the mountain which appeared so near. Not returning long after the promised time, his friends went to search for him. They found him standing by a draining ditch and preparing to disrobe. They thought him crazy, and inquired the reason of his action.

"Why, I must swim over that river," he said.

"River!" they said, "it is only a ditch, and you can step across it."

"You may think so, for so it appears, but I've learned not to go by appearances in these parts."

Pike's Peak is one of the memories of my boyhood. Well do I recollect the excitement caused by the discovery of gold on this mountain. The cry, "Pike's Peak or bust" went up and swept over the land. Many sold out in our neighborhood and started for this Eldorado. Many who went with exultant hope never reached as near as I then stood to that mighty mountain. How little then I ever expected to stand at its base and view its vast proportions, much less to ascend to its lofty summit, which some one has called "The roof of the world."

"Over the mountains of the moon,
With lantern and bravado,
Rode every knight,
With sword bedight,
To land of Eldorado." —Ballad.

There is a cogwheel railroad, constructed in 1890, from Manitou to the summit of Pike's Peak. Between the rails in

the center of the track extends the cogway. Into this the cogwheels of the engine press. The incline at places is very steep. Sometimes a bridge at a dizzy height spans a yawning chasm. But what a view from time to time breaks upon the vision! I saw the clouds below the summit. The city looks no larger than a single square when viewed from the top of Pike's Peak.

Father Cummings and I, after viewing Pike's Peak and its wonders, paid a flying visit to the Garden of the gods and to Manitou Springs. This is the great watering place of the West. It nestles at the foot of Pike's Peak, and has springs of health-giving water. I enjoyed a drink from the famous Ute Iron Spring. The scenery is magnificent and picturesque, and many fine hotels give entertainment to the crowd of guests. The Sisters of Mercy have a sanitarium there. A Catholic church, nicely situated, attracted my attention.

"The Garden of the gods" covers two thousand acres or more. The rocks of red sandstone tower aloft in almost every conceivable shape, some representing castles and creatures of land and sea.

Nor far from Pike's Peak on the eastern slope of the Cheyenne Mountain, above the waterfall, is the grave of one of America's most remarkable women, Helen Hunt Jackson.

Who of us has not read both the prose and poetry of "H. H."?

> "For here in nature's arms there lies asleep
> One who loved nature with a passion deep."

Time was on the fly, and I had to tear myself away from the attractions of Colorado Springs and hasten on my way to the Pacific.



ROYAL GORGE, COLORADO.

CHAPTER II.

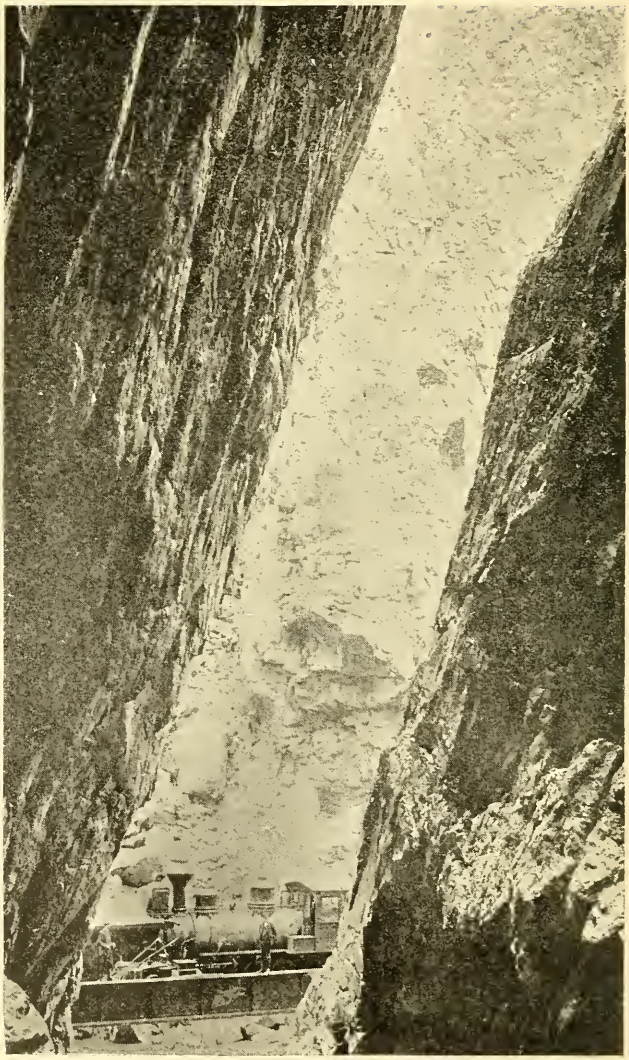
PUEBLO—FLORENCE—THE ROYAL GORGE—LEADVILLE—THE GREAT DIVIDE—MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS—GLENWOOD SPRINGS—SALT LAKE CITY.

Pueblo, forty-five miles distant from Colorado Springs, was reached at noon on Thursday. Pueblo has a population of fifty thousand, and is the second city of Colorado. The great steel works and the smelting works there are said to be second to no plants of the kind in the world. We got a glimpse of the famous Mineral Palace, a permanent structure for the exhibiting of the mineral resources of the State. Pueblo is a stirring business center.

At Florence, thirty-two miles west of Pueblo, I noticed many oil well derricks. The brakeman told me that oil was discovered there as early as 1888, and that some of the wells produce five hundred barrels a day. At Florence connection is made with the Cripple Creek Railroad. The Cripple Creek mining town is forty miles from Florence.

As we passed Canon City, the next station to Florence, I noticed a commotion among the passengers. I then remembered that Canon City is the gateway to the grand canon of the Arkansas—the "Royal Gorge,"—the most magnificent and awe-inspiring natural wonder in the Rocky Mountain range, if not in all America.

Having anticipated our approach to the "Royal Gorge," I and an old gentleman were the first on the platform of the last car. We had to get out in order to look up and take in the entire magnificence of the "Gorge". Our places were envied by the pressing crowd behind. For seven miles there



OUT OF THE CREVISE, ROYAL GORGE.

we stood, awe stricken and silent. No language can describe the magnificence of the canon. We could not but wonder how the engine was making its way through the cyclopean walls that rise in precipitous reaches to such dizzy heights that the eye with difficulty measures the stupendous spectacle. As the train wound in and out following the current of the river, the precipices more than half a mile high, appeared to be falling and ready to annihilate us. The old man by my side, whispering, asked me: "How high are those walls?" I answered: "Over two thousand six hundred feet." In many places there are fissures which make me fear for the future.

At one point the walls approach each other so closely that there is only space for the river. A bridge has been constructed lengthwise with the stream and suspended from iron trusses. The "Royal Gorge" is the climax of grandeur.

We passed through the famous town of Leadville. It has a population of twenty thousand inhabitants, and is unique among the cities of the world, being over ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is completely surrounded by high, snow-covered mountain peaks. As a rich mining district Leadville is known the world over. From 1879 to 1892 its yield of precious metals amounted to $170,000,000.

After leaving Leadville we reached the Tennessee Pass, the water-shed, or the Great Divide. We there found all the streams running westward, and we knew that we were on the Pacific slope.

A short distance beyond the pass is the famous Mount of the Holy Cross. There on the granite bosom of the mountain rests the emblem of the Christian faith. The cross is perfect in its proportions. The snow is deposited in a vertical canon and on a transverse ledge. Owing to its sheltered position the snow does not melt in those ledges

when it disappears from the rest of the mountain. The sight is awe-inspiring.

Glenwood Springs, still further on, is the great health resort of the Rockies. Every sixty seconds two thousand gallons of water at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit gush out of the earth and pour into the big bathing pool which covers more than an acre of ground.

The canon of the Grand River which is entered at the station called "The Castle Gate," is much like the "Royal Gorge," longer and more varied, but not so terribly magnificent.

Friday I reached Salt Lake City. I left the train to stop over in that far-famed place. Who has not heard of Brigham Young and his debasing doctrine? The Roberts episode in Congress has of late called attention to the Mormon doctrine. While the Gentiles have entered "the promised land" of the "Prophet," the Mormons are still numerous and powerful, though less ostentatious in proclaiming their un-Christian tenets.

I stopped at the Knutsford hotel. It being Friday I asked for fish and eggs. These were not to be had. After dinner I went to the office and asked the clerk: "Is this not the best hotel in Salt Lake City?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, it appears to me that you ought to have fish and eggs for your Catholic guests on Friday."

At supper I got fish and eggs. When I was a boy I often read in a country store the sign: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

I was reminded of the story told of an Irishman at a hotel table on a Friday. It appears that he was not aware that fish could be had by giving an order for it. A priest sitting next to him had fish. After some deep contemplation, the man reached over and lifted half of the fish onto his own

plate, saying to the priest: "Do you think no one has a soul to save but yourself?"

I wandered around Salt Lake a good deal to get a good knowledge of the city. While on a street car a lady left her place and came over to me and said in surprise:

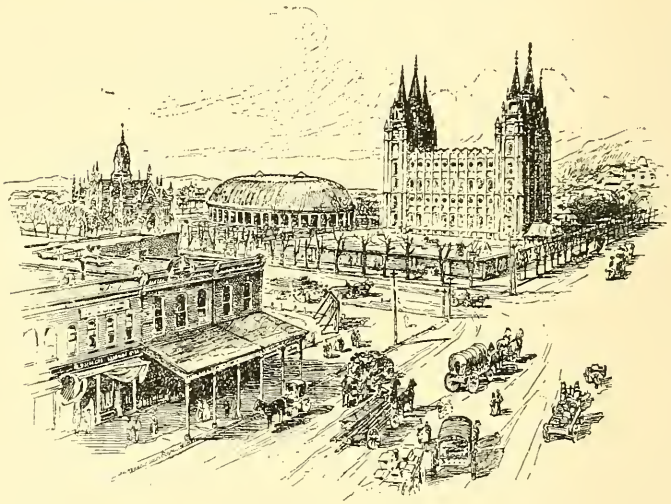
"Why, I declare, isn't this Father McMahon?"

Before me stood Mrs. W. A. Banks, of St. Agnes' parish, Cleveland, and formerly a member of St. Bridget's parish and choir. Our pleasure and surprise were mutual. Mrs. Banks introduced me to her friend, Mrs. Gunn, a resident of Salt Lake, a very affable and intelligent lady. Together we called on Bishop Scanlon, and had a pleasant visit. The Church there is growing in strength. When the Bishop first came to Salt Lake he found only six individual Catholics. There was only one small church and a chapel. The priests live with the Bishop. They have a fine site for the future Cathedral on Brigham street.

We then went to the famous Mormon buildings, the Lion House, the Amelia House, the Temple, the Tabernacle and the Assembly Hall. These three buildings stand in "Temple Block," a square containing ten acres, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high and five feet thick. The Temple cost $3,500,000. It is two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide and one hundred feet high, with four towers, one at each corner, two hundred and twenty feet high. The walls are ten feet thick, gradually diminishing to six feet thick. It is built of snow white granite from Cottonwood Canon, about fifteen miles away. The stone was all cut to a pattern at the quarries and numbered so as to fit each into its place.

An old Mormon in a lodge at the entrance gave us this information. He recited, school-boy like, a piece on Mormon principles, and misquoted and misinterpreted the Bible while doing so. He said that we could not enter the Temple. No

one but a baptized and a practical Mormon could do so after the dedication. A Catholic lady who had been in the Temple just before the dedication said it reminded her of a large hotel. In the basement is the large baptismal font, supported by twelve large carved figures of oxen.



THE MORMON BUILDINGS.

We then went to the Tabernacle, where we were admitted without delay. It is built wholly of iron, glass and stone, with the exception of the interior finish. It is two hundred and fifty by one hundred and fifty feet, and one hundred feet high to the center of the roof. It is spanned by a single mighty arch unsupported by a pillar. The walls are twelve feet thick. There are twenty huge double doors for entrance and exit. It has an immense gallery and seats thirteen thousand people. So perfect are its acoustic properties that a whisper or the dropping of a pin can be heard

in all parts of the auditorium. This was demonstrated to our satisfaction while we stood in the gallery, the furthest possible point away from the gentleman who whispered, rubbed his hands, dropped the pin, etc. I also whispered back. People should not whisper secrets or unwelcome criticisms in that building.

The Tabernacle organ cost, we were told, $100,000. The price, I think, was exaggerated. It is fifty-eight feet high, has fifty-seven stops, and two thousand six hundred and forty-eight pipes. The choir numbers from two hundred to five hundred.

Assembly Hall, in the same enclosure, is built of white granite, is of Gothic architecture, and seats two thousand, five hundred.

After leaving the Tabernacle we went to visit Holy Cross Academy. There we had the pleasure of meeting Sister Mary Blanche, who was well known to many in Cleveland as Miss King. She formerly taught school at the Immaculate Conception Church in Cleveland, and hailed from Ravenna. She was glad to see us, and inquired with interest of Mgr. Thorpe, Rev. G. P. Jennings and Rev. J. T. O'Connell.

The academy is a fine building and the school was flourishing. An aunt of Father Zahm was the superioress.

The Great Salt Lake is one hundred miles in length and twenty-five wide on an average. It has many fresh water inlets and has no known outlet. Its average depth is twenty feet and it is four thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Its water is six times as salt as the ocean. The human body can not sink in it, but will stick up out of it like a fishing cork. Here in its season persons can enjoy the finest sea bathing more than one thousand miles from the ocean.

The Mormons, under the leadership of Brigham Young, went there in 1846 from Nauvoo, Illinois. They gave Scrip-

tural names—Holy Land names—to the rivers, the lakes and the valleys.

"Mother Shipton's prophecy," which became familiar years ago, is said to fit this place :

"When the desert shall grow green,
When ships shall there be seen;
When fresh water streams shall pour
Into Salt Sea, evermore,
And the sea shall salter grow,
Then the sons of men shall know
That the time is drawing near
When the world shall disappear."

CHAPTER III.

SACRAMENTO—THE STATE CAPITOL—A KNOCK-DOWN—RUSH FOR THE KLONDIKE—SAN FRANCISCO—THE GOLDEN JUBILEE—A DRIVE WITH FATHER YORKE—FATHER WYMAN, C. S. P.—FRANCISCAN FATHERS—ABOARD SHIP.

After leaving Salt Lake City the next stopping place was Ogden. There I had to wait for a Pacific train from 10 p. m. to 2:30 a. m. That was a long and dreary wait, and the night was very cold. A man near me said that he wished he knew how to pass the time quickly. I told him that I once heard of a good way to have the whole winter pass quickly.

"How?" he asked.

"On the 1st of December give your note for $500, to be paid in four months."

Sunday morning I found that the train was over two hours behind time. That would bring me into San Francisco too late to celebrate or to hear Mass. So at 7 o'clock I left the train at Sacramento. I went to the Cathedral where I was kindly received and celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock. The Cathedral is a magnificent church, built of stone and brick. Its architecture is Roman. Its dimensions are two hundred and eight by one hundred and fourteen feet and sixty high. It contains four hundred pews and has two galleries across the church. The higher gallery contains the organ. I do not remember to have seen a finer sanctuary. It appeared to me to be more spacious than that of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

I took breakfast with the Bishop, Rt. Rev. Thomas Grace. I found him very hospitable. Father Walsh was the pastor,

Father Gleeson and Father Philip Brady were the assistants. The Bishop and the priests, I think, claimed "All Hallows" as their Alma Mater.

In company with Father Brady I visited the State Capitol which is only two blocks from the Cathedral. It is a magnificent building of stone and stands in the middle of a plot embracing from twelve to fifteen acres. The grounds are beautifully kept. Palm trees and orange trees abound. The orange trees in the Bishop's garden were laden with fruit.

On the first floor under the dome of the State House. there is a group most exquisitely carved in marble. The persons represented are Queen Isabella, Columbus with a globe in his hand demonstrating the rotundity of the earth, and a kneeling page. Laughlin Meade, the sculptor, spent sixteen years on the group. It was sold at public auction for $75,000. D. O. Mills presented it to the State of California. The block of marble originally weighed five tons. I got this information concerning the group from one of the obliging officials.

Sacramento has a population of about forty thousand.

On leaving Sacramento for San Francisco I found the train crowded. Reduced rates had been given on account of the Golden Jubilee celebration of the finding of gold in California.

An incident occurred enroute which created some excitement. At Davis Junction a large crowd boarded the train. A great many had to stand. I sat next to the window reading my breviary. Soon I heard angry words between the man who sat next to me and a man in the aisle. My neighbor complained about tobacco juice that the other was not careful enough in distributing. The offending man in the aisle said to the man who sat with me :

"Don't you use tobacco?"

"No."

"You are a pretty one, you are, to call yourself a Californian and not use tobacco."

Other words followed and some vile language was used by the man in the aisle. My companion threatened to knock him down if he did not stop such talk. Persisting in it, my seat companion kept his word, and got up and hit the offender. Under the blow the man staggered down the aisle about ten feet and fell. He fell against a woman who was standing. A man in front of us turned in anger and demanded of my pugnacious neighbor:

"Why did you knock him against that lady?"

"Well," he replied, "I did not know that he would go so far before he fell."

Others joined, pro and con, in the war of words, and for a time it looked as though revolvers would be drawn. But finally the brakemen forced the vile-tongued fellow into the next car. Then my companion, to make some amends to the lady in the aisle, surrendered his seat to her. All was peace as I began the Magnificat.

We arrived in Oakland about 7 p. m. and immediately boarded the large steam ferry-boat and crossed over the bay to San Francisco. Standing on deck in the gathering darkness, I fell into conversation with a large man who happened to be a vessel man. We drifted into a talk about the Klondike and the means of getting there. He said that all kinds of sea-worthy boats and some that were not sea-worthy were in great demand. He said he had done well enough in that line as he had sold a boat for $160,000, that before the gold excitement he could not have disposed of for $80,000. "We are 'the people' here now," he said. "There is going to be lots of trade, too, as we expect one hundred thousand emigrants from Australia to stop here on their way to the Klondike."

On reaching San Francisco I took a room at the far-

famed Palace Hotel, one of the largest and finest hotels in the world.

After supper I sought to make my way to the Cathedral. While on the car a gentleman heard me inquiring for the Archbishop's house. He said that I should have taken another line, but advised me to remain on the car and get a transfer to save time. Finding that I was a stranger he asked me whence I came. On my answering he said, "Oh, I've been in Cleveland." I then told him that I intended to go to Honolulu, and thence to Japan and Hong-Kong.

"By the steamer 'Australia'?" he asked:

"No, but by the steamer 'Peru'."

"What is your name, please?" he inquired.

On my telling him he said: "I have received a telegram directing me to book you for a state-room. I am the agent of the Pacific Mail."

"From whom," I asked, "did you receive the telegram?"

"I do not remember the name," he answered, "but the authority was sufficient for me to know that the bill would be paid all right. Call Tuesday, as to-morrow the office will be closed, because it is a legal holiday. Rest easy as far as the state-room is concerned."

I found afterwards that no one at the office of the Pacific Mail Line of steamers had heard of me or knew of any telegram regarding the state-room. If my street car acquaintance was a confidence man, he got nothing for his trouble.

I bore a letter of introduction from Father MacHale to Father Yorke, the able editor of "The Monitor." He called at the hotel the next morning, but I had gone to the Cathedral to get a good view of the Golden Jubilee procession. The streets were filled with people and all the avenues and byways were filled with soldiers and civil societies, with innumerable floats finely designed to represent something con-

nected with the event commemorated—the discovery of gold in California.

The fine Cathedral stands on the side of a hill. It is reached by about forty stone steps, leading to a spacious landing. The whole space was black with people, as that point was especially advantageous for a good view of the immense procession. With a number of priests I climbed to the roof of the Cathedral tower. The last part of the climb was not easy, as we had to ascend a perpendicular ladder before getting to the trap door leading out onto the roof. Once there, the view of sea and land and city was grand. But I felt as though I needed to get a strong grip of something firm to prevent myself being lifted up and carried away, I knew not whither. The wind whipped the hat from the head of one of the priests. The last I saw of it, it was sailing towards the "Golden Gate."

Father Yorke treated me to a fine carriage ride to the Cliff House, the parks, the fort and reservation, to the churches, etc. The most interesting of all was the Mission of Dolores. This old church, built in 1776, is still preserved beside one of modern brick structure. I was much interested in this relic of a bygone century. Think of it existing here on the Pacific coast when independence was first proclaimed from the old bell tower in Philadelphia. The Indians constructed it under the direction of the missionaries. These venerable monuments indicate something of the Church's claims in this land of ours.

We called at the Paulist Church. I was delighted to meet the genial Father Wyman, who was in charge. Father Elliott and Father Wyman gave a mission in St. Bridget's in 1878.

About 9 p. m. Father Wyman and I took a walk through Chinatown, and visited some of the stores and restaurants. I did not think that Hong-Kong could be more Chinese than

that part of "Frisco," and that I afterwards demonstrated. In memory of Auld Lang Syne I accepted Father Wyman's kind invitation to spend my last night before departing with him.

I found in San Francisco two priests well known in Cleveland. Father Maximillian, O. S. F., was in charge of the community there, as he had been in Cleveland. I also had the pleasure of meeting Father Augustine McGlory, O. S. F. Both of these Franciscan Fathers were much beloved in Cleveland, where they had labored long and fruitfully. They were greatly surprised to see me.

On the last morning of my stay in San Francisco, I celebrated Mass for a safe voyage in St. Mary's, the old Cathedral, now in charge of the Paulist Fathers.

San Francisco is a beautiful city. It is very hilly, but is well built and metropolitan in its air and business. It covers an area of forty-two miles and has a population of three hundred and thirty-five thousand.

Having seen the fine Cathedral, which is Roman in style and capable of seating two thousand people, I visited the Jesuit Church, which is much spoken of by visitors to San Francisco. It is also of the Roman style and very large. It is richly ornamented and decorated. Mrs. Welsh, of San Francisco, contributed $50,000 to pay for the ornamentation, and also donated $50,000 for the grand organ. Whether people have much or little they should gladly contribute to the "House of God." They ought to emulate the Psalmist who sang:

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

Since He loved the temple of old which contained only the shadow, how much we ought to love "The House of God," which contains the Real Presence. Mrs. Welsh is to be honored for her noble generosity. The treasures that are

placed in God's keeping do not rust and cannot be stolen, but will be returned a hundred fold.

While the cold blasts of winter made people shiver in other parts, in San Francisco we were driving through parks and gardens, amid orange trees laden with fruit, and fragrant with blooming marguerites, violets, roses, etc.

The day and hour of my departure finally came. Father Wyman kindly saw me off. We boarded the steamer and found that I had secured a choice state-room, though I had applied only at the last hour. We then met a Mr. Lynch, who looks after the Chinese for the United States Government and enforces the legal regulations. He introduced me to the surgeon of the ship, Arthur A. O'Neill, M. D., who introduced me to the first officer. Being both Catholics, I felt as much at home as circumstances would permit.

Looking west, I looked beyond it and said, with Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator, who, in a speech delivered in St. Louis in 1849, declared, as he pointed towards the Pacific : "The East lies over there."

I may here quote from the "Ballad of the Crusader:"

> "I met a maid in serge arrayed,
> She bore a cross and psalter,
> Her eyes were bright as in the light
> Upon the sacred altar.
> 'Fair maid,' cried I, 'pray tell me why
> And answer me in pity.'
> 'Why do you go?' she answered low.
> 'I seek the Holy City.'"

All was hurry and bustle on the ship. Friends and relatives were bidding good-bye. The mail-wagons came thundering along the dock at the last moment. When the mail was loaded the gang-planks were drawn, the lines were cast off and the ship swung clear of the dock. Just then I noticed a lady on the dock gesticulating rapidly to a couple aboard and pointing to me. They had understood her words,

which I did not catch. They approached and said: "You are a priest." The couple proved to be Mr. and Mrs. John W. Regan, of Boston. Mr. Regan had been one of the fire chiefs of Boston for over forty-three years. He had gone on the retired list shortly before. Many of the merchants of Boston, grateful for his long, faithful and efficient service, sent him on this trip—the trip around the world.

Handkerchiefs were waving from dock and ship. Some were crying and some were cheering. Down near the end of the dock five children, the eldest not ten years, with joined hands, danced and sang a farewell song, "Good Luck, Good Cheer," to father and mother who were bound for Honolulu. They were the children of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler was a prominent attorney of San Francisco. The incident was filial and touching.

Amid the good-byes and farewells a stentorian voice was raised from the edge of the dock. I looked in its direction and there beheld a man of about sixty years of age with grey hair and whiskers. He was proclaiming the terrors of the final judgment and quoting from the Scripture, "to be always prepared." He was, at least, giving us good advice as we were entering on the unknown dangers of the deep—

> "Children are we,
> Of the boundless sea,
> Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee;
> We follow and race,
> In shifting chase,
> Over the boundless ocean space!
> Who hath beheld when the race begun?
> Who shall behold it run?"

While good-byes were being spoken and the handkerchiefs were waving I felt lonesome as none were waving for me. I turned and looked down the bay to hide a tear as I thought of home and friends and the long journey before me. I turned again to the dock, and then I saw good Father

Wyman, waving his hat to me. I returned his salute with gladness, knowing that I would find a welcome from my sacerdotal brothers the world over.

As the steamer plowed the waters, we went to the prow to get a good view of the city and the islands while going through the "Golden Gate." We were soon out on the Pacific, the largest by far of all the oceans.

I had often read of the sea, its mystery, its life and its moods. Then came to mind the words of the poet, who evidently had had experience:

"Praise the sea, but keep on land."

However, I was out on the waves of the ocean—

"Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

While I was not entirely free from apprehension, I felt quite at ease, and experienced a certain exhilaration. The ship was to be my home for three weeks. After arranging things in my stateroom, which was above deck, I went out to note my surroundings.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CREW—THE PASSENGERS—THE FIRE ALARM—A STORM —SEA SICKNESS—LAND—A WHALE—HONOLULU.

The ship's crew consisted of one hundred and seven persons. With the exception of the officers and a half dozen Japanese, the rest were "heathen" Chinese. To all appearances they were "a scrubby lot." They presented no idea of the sturdy, rollicking "jack-tar." However, they were attentive, quiet and obedient.

There were twenty cabin passengers. About half of them were bound for Honolulu; most of the others for Yokohama, Japan. There were fifty Chinese in the steerage. About one hundred and fifty more were expected to take passage at Honolulu. The Chinese have a great love for the Celestial Empire. No matter where they go, they want to die in China. Should they die in foreign lands, they leave it as a religious duty incumbent on relatives and friends that their bones shall be buried in China. The Chinese on our ship, after accumulating what will be for them a fortune, were going to China to spend the rest of their days.

At supper the first night out I heard a young man telling the captain: "I've some mail for Rev. William McMahon. It was sent to my room, and sent again after I had returned it. It is not for me."

I said: "It is for me."

The young man's name was McMahon. The mail proved to be some newspapers from home sent by my sister, Margaret, and a letter from my friend Rev. G. P. Jennings. I was a little surprised and much pleased to get these—especially "aboard ship."

One afternoon, when many miles out at sea, I was startled by a fire alarm. I saw the Chinese and officers coming on the run from every quarter. The fire hose was quickly uncoiled and attached. The officers carried their revolvers in belts about their waists. I was naturally alarmed myself, but remained quiet. I had read of burning ships at sea, and always considered such events to be most dreadful and appalling.

Mrs. Regan, noticing my look of concern, said: "Father, this is only a fire drill. Did no one tell you?" No one had told me. Mrs. Regan said that she had been warned that it was to take place, else she would have been frightened almost to death.

The fire drill was frequently given during the voyage. As on such occasions the officers were always armed, I asked the reason. I was told that it was to preserve order, that in case of real danger were any to get into the lifeboats, except as directed, they would be shot.

Noticing a Winchester rifle near the surgeon's desk, in whose office I was writing, I asked if that was the property of the company, or his own. He said that it belonged to the company, that each officer had one in addition to the revolvers, that they were for use against the Chinese in case there should be an uprising in the steerage for the purpose of capturing the ship and murdering the officers and passengers. It appears that such attempts have been made. "In the time of peace, prepare for war." I had not realized that such a possible danger was so near. "For ways that are dark," the heathen Chinese is not so innocent as he appears.

Thursday night the ship began to roll and continued the motion all night and the following day. I heard my baggage rolling about the floor. I was nearly pitched from the bunk. All night I was busy "holding on." The next morning I found that "a great sea was rolling."

The vessel careened to about forty-five degrees—one minute to one side and then to the other. Bracing myself I stood at the open door of the smoking room and looked out upon the angry ocean. When the ship came up I saw only the sky, when it sank I saw water only. So it was all day.

"See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another."

One man, suffering from seasickness, asked, when he got time: "Who in the d—l called this the Pacific ocean?"

Another said: "This corkscrew sea is giving us a bad twist."

I found that I was a "good sailor," as no matter how heavy the storm or how long continued, I remained, on every ocean and sea the world around, free from seasickness.

Toward evening the sea became somewhat calmer. Saturday, Sunday and Monday it was very enjoyable. No overcoats were needed as we sat upon the deck and viewed the "Gooneys," a species of sea gull, skimming the water one thousand miles from shore.

In 1896 the steamer "Colima," of this line, overturned in mid-ocean and nearly all on board were lost. A peculiar circumstance is connected with the loss of the "Colima." M. T. Rossiter had been the chief engineer of the "Colima" for ten years. By the way, he was a brother of Father Alphonsus, C. P., who gave a mission in St. Bridget's, Cleveland, about 1891. Mr. Rossiter had not during that ten years missed a trip. Just before the fatal voyage he was ordered to take charge of the "Peru," the ship which bore us. Thus he escaped. When weeks afterwards the news came that all the engineers and nearly all the passengers and crew had been lost, Mr. Rossiter was affected to tears, and grateful that he had been preserved.

"Sea sickness?" I heard one lady say that that subject was tabooed. Several could not. The first night out I had

a touch of a headache, but it passed away before bedtime. The rest were not so fortunate. Many kept their rooms, and had no interest in mundane affairs. There was plenty of room at the dining-room table.

I said to one of the victims that I had heard an Irishman describe his own case of seasickness. "How did he describe it? Please tell me." "He said, 'One minute I was afraid I'd die—the next minute I was afraid I wouldn't.'" "Well," said the victim, "that is about correct."

There is one peculiarity in storms by sea that is found in all oceans and is still unexplained. The surgeon said to me as we were talking during the storm and I grabbed the railing as the boat sank: "After the third big wave, there will be a cessation for awhile. They come by threes." I then remembered that I had read somewhere that three big waves in a storm are followed by nine small ones. No one can explain this trinity of billows.

The hills and valleys of the ocean during the storm were novel and fascinating. Still, I think I prefer Old Neptune when he does not frown.

Sunday my thoughts wandered home. It appeared out of place that there we heard no summons to the divine service. All was quiet and everyday like. I calculated that the difference in time between home and my bearings then on the ocean was about six hours. After performing my own devotions, I sat upon deck and looked out upon the moving, boundless sea. No wonder it has so often been compared to life and to eternity—to life in its restless changes, to eternity in its vastness.

The majestic Byron says of the ocean:

"Dark, heaving, boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy shrine
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

After more than six days at sea, we heard after 10 p. m., on Tuesday, the welcome cry of "Land! land ahead!" Those who had not retired crowded aft. In the distance we saw the dark outlines of a mountain. This proved to be "Diamond Head," about six miles out from the harbor of Honolulu. After we turned the point, we saw the city lights glimmering in the distance. The signal rocket was fired from the prow. This was followed by the varied colored fire-signals, to indicate that we were waiting for a pilot. After considerable time, we got a response that the pilot was coming. Soon a row boat with seven men approached. On board were the pilot, the health officer and the postoffice official. The Chinese were ranged along the gangway for inspection. The ship's surgeon gave a clean bill of health for the rest of us, and we were passed.

While waiting for the pilot, I was talking to the first officer.

Soon he cried: "There is a whale. Didn't you hear him blow? Just look that way, because he will soon blow again."

I replied: "He is like all blowers."

Sure enough, he "blowed" again. But as the whale was about six hundred feet away and the moon was somewhat clouded, I got only a glimpse of his outlines. But I was delighted to see even this much of the "monster of the deep." We were told that we would probably see some whales before we got to Yokohama.

The channel is narrow, and we proceeded slowly. It was midnight by the time the "Peru" was moored at her dock. Viewed from the deck, it appeared that the high hills pressed close to the shore, not leaving much space for the city. The morning demonstrated once again that appearances are deceptive.

CHAPTER V.

COLLEGE OF ST. LOUIS—HONOLULU A CONSERVATORY—THE MILLIONAIRE KIDNAPPED—THE PALI—A LETTER IN THE JUNGLE—ENGLISH LANGUAGE—INHABITANTS—HONOLULU FIRE DEPARTMENT—ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.

Early Wednesday morning, on the Feast of the Purification, a little party of us were under the direction of Dr. O'Neill, making our way to the church in Honolulu. We were much gratified to find a spacious church, located in the heart of the city, with ample grounds and a commodious residence for the clergy.

We were kindly received. The main altar being in use, I celebrated Mass on the altar of St. Joseph. After Mass, the doctor and myself took breakfast with the Fathers, while Mr. and Mrs. Regan went to the next corner to view a drill of the fire engine company. The old fire chief preferred the exhibition to breakfast.

After Mass the kodak was put into use to get some views of the church. Seated on the spacious porch I had a very interesting talk with the Provincial, Very Rev. Father Leanor. This venerable patriarch wore a large grey beard. He was about seventy-seven years of age. He came to the islands in 1854, and hence had been there for forty-four years.

"Father Leanor," I said, "you must have witnessed a great many changes in these islands."

"Indeed I have," said he, "there were then on the islands only grass and mud huts. Now you see our church, which is one hundred and fifty by fifty feet. It is crowded at each of the four regular Masses on Sundays."

To my questions he said that there were about ten thousand Catholics in Honolulu, about forty churches and chapels on the islands and twenty-three priests. To another question he said that their order was the "Order of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary."



VERY REV. FATHER LEANOR.

The Religious whom I met were Belgians and French. I think all the priests are of those nationalities. How very much the Church owes to these brave, zealous and self-sacrificing missionaries of the world.

The first church, a small structure, was built there in 1827. It was being shingled for the second time when Father Leanor came to the islands. A fine statue of "Our Lady of Peace" marks the spot where it stood. I got a good photograph of Father Leanor and also of the present church.

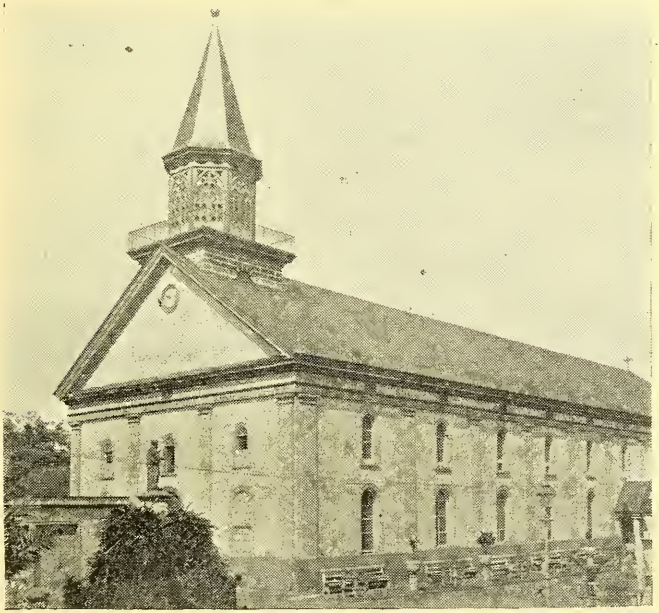
During Mass the Rosary was said in English by the school children. In the good attendance many natives were noticed. The Sisters in charge of the girls wear a neat white habit. It is very tasty, and for a climate as hot as that it is also very sensible. Many of the women we met on

the street were in white "Mother Hubbards," and some barefooted.

While in the very large and valuable library, which covered three sides of the spacious room, I asked the pastor:

"What do you think of annexation?"

"Well, the Protestant Missionary Societies want it, so do the planters," he answered.



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, HONOLULU.

The Fathers regretted, and so did I, that the Bishop was not at home. He had left the day before for one of the islands and would be absent all week. One of the Fathers asked:

"Is not your Bishop a German?"

"No, Father," I said, "he is an American, he was born in Philadelphia."

I called at the College of St. Louis. It is in charge of the Brothers of Mary, the same order that has its mother-home in Dayton, Ohio. Thirty Brothers were in charge, Brother Betron was the director. Counting boarders and day-scholars, the attendance was over five hundred. The college is of brick. It stands in the center of a grove of palms. The Brothers' residence is near by. The whole inclosure embraces three acres very nicely situated. A gentleman of the town told me that it is considered the best school in Honolulu, though there are several non-Catholic high schools and academies. This was high praise from a non-Catholic.

The school attendance and the ten thousand Catholic communicants of Honolulu speak well for a city whose total population of all classes is about twenty-four thousand. There are many Chinese and Japanese.

I told one of the Fathers that I wanted to hire an open carriage to view the city and the sights about it, including the famous Pali, six miles away.

"Well," said he, "be careful to bargain for it beforehand and know the cost, otherwise you will probably be charged from $25 to $30."

"Honolulu!" said I, "what a price! I don't want to buy the rig."

When I got the turnout and driver, for Mr. and Mrs. Regan and myself for the day, for $12, I was congratulated on the bargain the Father had made for me.

We came, we saw and we were conquered. We bow to Honolulu. It is a conservatory for miles and miles. It is full of avenues of royal palms, cocoanut trees, banyan trees, fig and orange trees, etc., etc. It abounds in the plants, the fruits and the flowers of the tropics upon which it borders. We noticed flourishing fields of the banana and pine-

apple. The climate is delightful. The thermometer registered 72°. The mean average is 75°. It is rarely as high as 90° and never as low as 50°. There is no winter, there is no torrid summer. The streets are wide, smooth, hard and clean, and extend for miles along the glorious sea front and back toward the mountains. No wonder that Hawaii has been styled the "Paradise of the Pacific," and the "Eden of the West."

In beginning our drive we ascended "Punch Bowl" Mountain. The road, built at government expense, gives a gradual ascent. From the summit a grand view is presented of the bay, the ocean, the town and the plantations. I said to the driver on our returning that were there snow at Honolulu the boys would have glorious coasting. He said that they coasted on the other side of the mountain; that the grass is smooth and tough, making a good substitute for snow for coasting purposes.

We then drove through some of the avenues and out the ocean front up to the signal station on "Diamond Head." We passed the palatial homes of a number of millionaires. Claus Spreckels, "the sugar king," had a magnificent home. But he does not now abide in Honolulu. It appears that he took an active part in subverting the old government. He found on the gate-posts one morning the "skull and cross bones." This, it is said, accounts for his absence and the approaching sale of the place. We saw in San Francisco his palatial stone residence. With all his money he had family strife. Peace and contentment are better than mere stocks and lands. His son was a passenger with us from San Francisco.

Another millionaire's place we passed is the home of James Campbell. It will be remembered that he was abducted about 1895. His kidnappers tried to force him to sign a $20,000 check, but he refused. He was steadfast

under torture. Somehow or other the abductors got frightened and ran away, but left him bound. He was discovered in that condition. The kidnappers were captured and imprisoned, serving life-sentences.

We passed the residence of President Dole. It is not imposing.

We drove into the grounds of Princess Kapaolani. We passed through an avenue of royal palms. The branches meet overhead, presenting a covered passage-way. Here were a number of the banyan trees, an abundance of cocoanut and other trees, plants, flowers and fruits in profusion. A flock of peacocks strutted about in all their royal glory. We did not stop to see the Princess.

We also passed the home of the ex-Queen. She was then in Washington, seeking to get back her throne.

We drove to the Royal Palace and the Government House. The soldiers were on guard duty and the gatling guns were in position, as the tenure of the government appeared to be uncertain. The grounds, which are beautifully kept, include about eight acres.

At 2 p. m. we started for the Pali, six miles off. When about two miles on our way it began to rain, and continued with tropical profusion most of the way. Mrs. Regan favored turning back. It was, I knew, beastly weather for her very lovely hat. The driver, of course, was willing, but I was stubborn. With a $12 rig and with no other day to spare I insisted on seeing the historical Pali. We kept on. The horses stalled once. Mr. Regan and I got out and walked a short distance. The horses appeared to be encouraged when they saw us "footing it." We soon got in the carriage again and in due time arrived at the Pali.

Pali means precipice. It is a pass of one thousand two hundred feet high, between peaks two thousand eight hundred and three thousand two hundred, respectively. It was

here the great battle was fought between Kamehameha of Hawaii and the natives of Oahu. The King's army pressed the natives through the pass and forced them with great slaughter over the Pali, the perpendicular precipice.

From the summit we had a magnificent view of green fields, rice and sugar plantations and the ocean on either side. A government road has been built with great engineer-skill. It winds itself around the brink of the mountain, crossing itself many times. We drove down quite a distance over the dizzy height on the smooth and finely constructed road. The contractors were two young men, graduates of Sanford University. The road was built for $40,000. It would not be built in the States, I venture to say, for $150,-000. Chinese and Japanese labor was used.

A rather singular incident happened on our way back. Passing a cluster of bushes near a jungle I suddenly said; "There is a letter of mine in that bush." The others thought that I was joking. I held the horses while the driver went back. He came with the letter. It was mine. In some manner or other it had fallen or worked out of my pocket on the way up to the Pali. It had passed through the storm. It was odd that though on the opposite side of the carriage and going at a good rate, I recognized it.

We noticed seven water-falls near each other on the mountain side. The driver said that scene had not been witnessed before for seven years. The profuse rain caused them.

Let no traveler to Honolulu fail to visit the Pali.

There are a number of Irishmen prominent among the business men of Honolulu. I met one of them. He said:

"Father, I wish you would stay with us. We need a priest of our own. There are a good many of us. We older people can get along as matters are, but the younger people need stirring up."

I asked: "Do you not get sermons in English; do not the Fathers speak English?"

"Well," he answered, "you may say they do and again you may say they don't. It is called English, anyway."

He acknowledged that the Fathers are good and zealous. I told him that no doubt they would soon supply any deficiency in the line of sermons in English.

English is the language of the commercial world, and I think it is the coming language for the tourist and for the business transactions of the globe. The complaint of the man in Honolulu finds an echo in many other places.

I was struck by the air of business in Honolulu. The day we landed a plantation was sold at auction for $251,000. The harbor also was crowded with shipping.

In the harbor, about five hundred feet from the shore, were anchored two American men-of-war, the "Baltimore" and the "Bennington." This reminded me that the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands was then a very live question in political circles. It is now an accomplished fact. How did the people there regard it? As far as I could learn it was summed up in the answer of the Father, who said that it was favored by the Protestant ministers, by the planters and the speculators, but not by the common people.

I must confess that I was favorably impressed with the appearance of the natives. They are well proportioned and good-natured and not lazy, though improvident and not self-assertive. A number of them worked all day and until 11 p. m., coaling our steamer, and they worked with vim.

There is not much exertion required to live in Honolulu. No fuel is needed for heating purposes, and the soil produces fruit in abundance. A little clothing suffices.

There are a large number of Chinese and Japanese on the Islands. They are an industrious lot.

Considering the many advantages of this climate and the

profusion with which nature has scattered her gifts on these islands, I wish that Hawaii could annex the United States if we could only share in these blessings.

Honolulu is two thousand one hundred miles from San Francisco and three thousand four hundred and forty from Yokohama. The group of islands is composed of eight inhabited isles, upon five of which is the great bulk of the population. They are near the middle of the largest body of water on the globe. The combined area is six thousand seven hundred and forty square miles. The islands are a considerable distance apart. From Honolulu to Molokai, the leper settlement, is fifty miles; to Maui is seventy-three miles, to Kauai one hundred, to Hawaii one hundred and fifty miles. The combined population was one hundred and nine thousand. Of these thirty-one thousand were pure Hawaiians. The Americans and Europeans numbered only fourteen thousand.

The wonderful volcano of Kilauea is on the Island of Hawaii. It is not a cone, but is a lake of fire three miles in diameter, with perpendicular walls from three hundred to six hundred feet high. The lava is continually boiling in a furious manner and dashing against the banks in fiery waves and throwing up clouds of molten spray. It presents the vivid picture of what we are told of the infernal regions. This wonder of the world is two hundred miles from Honolulu.

The Postoffice at Honolulu is a peculiar building. The roof extends about eight feet beyond the walls. Under this extension stamps are purchased, the mail is delivered and letters are posted, at the places designated. There is no free delivery system.

At about 8 p. m. Mr. Regan and I called at Fire Department Headquarters. Fire Chief James H. Hunt had gone to the steamer to meet the Boston Chief, but left word for Mr. Regan to wait in case he came in the meantime. Soon Chief

Hunt returned. The meeting was very cordial between the chiefs. Mr. Hunt also hails from the old Bay State. After going through the fine stone structure, Mr. Regan declared that in his long experience he had never seen the equal of that fire department building. That certainly spoke well for Honolulu's enterprise.

Chief Hunt said: "Before you gentlemen go I want to give you a 'hook-up.'" He sounded the alarm. The horses sprang instantly to their places, the men came sliding down the poles, and in less time than it takes to write it, all was ready for a gallop on the road. I asked Chief Hunt the time, and he said that they did all this in six seconds, and from the first sound of the alarm they would be on the way to the fire in twenty-six seconds. What fire department can beat that record?

Speaking of fire engines, I said to Chief Hunt and Chief Regan: "In Cleveland the fire engines built by Mr. Thos. Manning are considered the best."

Mr. Regan said: "The Manning engine is a very good engine, one of the best. Let me also say that while you have one of the best, if not the best, fire department in the country, the Cleveland fire chief is the most honest and the most competent chief I have ever met." Chief Dickinson could not have had higher praise, and I was pleased to hear it.

Chief Hunt drove us to the other fire engine houses and then drove us to the steamer, where we arrived only some minutes before its departure for Yokohama.

A steamer from Australia arrived just before we left the dock.

We passed the Island of Molokai. Here Father Damien sacrificed himself, condemned himself to a living death, that he might minister to the lepers. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." This Father Damien did. His heroism has diffused a halo of

Christian light in these later days throughout the world. When he fell a victim to charity, his brother, also a priest, took the martyr's place with the knowledge that his exile is to be crowned with martyrdom. A band of Sisters are also on the island to minister to the lepers. They have left father and mother, home and friends, to nurse the victims of a most loathsome and contagious disease. Before them is death in its most horrible form, but above them is the sure crown of immortal life—the reward of the martyr. When they are called home, other pure souls will plead for the privilege of self-immolation on that altar which is emblazoned with the love of God and the love of neighbor.

The days of heroes and of heroism are not past. The spirit of self-sacrifice is fostered by the Church. Her children seek not the applause of the world, but gladly follow Him who meekly went to Calvary to give his life that we might live.

In New Zealand there died a few years ago a missionary who had spent thirty years of his life among the Maories. In these thirty years he never tasted fresh meat, but identified himself with those among whom he lived by partaking of their humble food of rice, fish, or whatever could be got. During all that time he never tasted wine, but lived precisely as the Maories did. The missionaries make themselves all things to all men.

We were struck in Honolulu by the palatial homes of the Protestant missionaries.

I asked: "How could the missionaries get so wealthy?"

A non-Catholic gentleman said: "By investments in land, followed by the "booms," etc."

"The etc.," said Mr. Regan, "consisted in a great part in the selling of rum to the natives."

"Well," said the gentleman, "as for that they sell rum to-day and are in business."

What a contrast to the Catholic missionaries. Some time ago at Shanghai there was a meeting of some eighty missionaries representing about forty creeds. The Chinese very justly said: "Before you come to teach us, why don't you agree among yourselves?"

Father Damien was confined and restricted with the lepers to the island of Molokai. It might be called both a prison and a charnel house. As time went on, how he longed for the grace and strength and consolation that comes from the Sacrament of Penance. The ways of Divine Providence are inscrutable. A steamer bearing a Bishop passed near Molokai. He longed to land to pay a visit to Father Damien. The captain refused, but finally agreed to make a short stop and sound the boat's whistle. A canoe put off from the shore. It contained Father Damien. But he was not permitted to board the steamer. The Bishop leaned over the ship's side. Father Damien knelt in the frail canoe and made his Confession to the Bishop in Latin. No one else understood. What a subject for the artist and the poet. The religion that inspires such heroism for the sake of the unfortunate must be divine.

Father Damien landed among the lepers in 1873. By great care he avoided the disease until 1884. For five years he suffered but worked cheerfully and constantly until Holy Week, 1889. He had his Easter in Heaven.

Among modern pagans we sometimes hear that selfishness is the strongest motive impelling men to action. Selfishness has no reserve power and its scope is limited to the individual seeking to escape impending evil. It ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with the spirit of consecrated charity performing for Christ's sake and the love of the afflicted, acts of self-immolation. The command to love our neighbor as ourselves, the example and teachings of Christ, the lives of the Saints, all inculcate self-sacrifice and

condemn selfishness. The Scriptures declare that many will be condemned on the last day because they did not feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, or clothe the naked.

The poet Stoddard has written a poem on Molokai and Father Damien. I quote two verses:

"Crowd on more sail! Though clouds were looming;
Better the tempest's roar and strife,
Better the wild waves' shock and booming
Than that dread land of death in life—
A land where exiles ne'er cease mourning,
Where rank disease doth hold foul sway;
A land from which there is no returning—
The lonely Isle of Molokai.

"Yet one long look ere sight be weary—
Earth's holiest spot, in angel ken,
Is where one, like the Son of Mary,
Doth give his life for sin-cursed men;
And as the home of God-like mortal,
Who in such death can calmly say
'Thy will be done!' It seems Heaven's portal
This hallowed Isle of Molokai."

CHAPTER VI.

OFF FOR YOKOHAMA—CHINESE GAMBLERS—A LOST DAY—CHINESE SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR OF THE DEAD—THE ENGINES OF THE PERU—ANOTHER STORM—A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

We were out again on the blue waters and the lengthy swells of the grand Pacific. For fourteen days the ship was our floating home. Among the first cabin passengers were many prominent in the walks of life. Some had left us, and remained in Honolulu. I referred before to Rudolph Spreckels, the son of the sugar king. With him was a prominent attorney of San Francisco, C. S. Wheeler. These gentlemen filled the offices of president and vice president of a sugar company that has a plantation of forty thousand acres on the islands. Mr. Wheeler told me that last year's yield amounted to fifteen thousand tons—sweetness by the ton. Mr. Wheeler was prominent and successful in the Fair will contest. He also told me that one of his college chums became a minister, but aftewards became a convert and is now a priest, Father Ramon, of the San Francisco Cathedral. I had the pleasure of meeting him.

Mrs. E. F. Ames and her two daughters, related to the former governor of Massachusetts, stopped at Honolulu.

Two Cubans, interested in sugar and coffee plantations, were also making " the grand tour." They were very dark complexioned.

C. C. McMahan, one of the proprietors of the famous Bartlett Springs of California, was a passenger from San Francisco.

W. C. Taylor, one of the proprietors of " The Engineers'

Review," was on his way to Japan to study the railroad question.

Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse was booked to Corea to organize a railway and to turn it over complete to the government. The contract covered only one page of letter paper. It made no specifications except that "the locomotives were to be of American make and the cars were to be of English make." If the twenty-five miles specified proved satisfactory, a new contract for three hundred miles was to be signed. Mr. Rittenhouse was deathly seasick all the way from San Francisco to Yokohama. Such a siege is a most woeful one, and I pitied him very much. His home was in Colorado Springs. As I sat in his state-room one day, he said : "No doubt my wife and children think that I am having a lovely time on this Pacific trip. O ! if they only knew."

Mr. Bramhall carried on the business of a silk merchant in Yokohama. He was an American but had lived in Japan seven years. He kindly made out an itinerary through the country for me.

R. A. Cram, a prominent architect of Boston, was of the firm of "Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson." Mr. Cram is a convert. He wrote some time ago an article in the Catholic World on church architecture. He was then building a large Catholic church at Fall River. He says that there are many who draw plans for Catholic churches with little idea of what is required. This fact is now patent to all concerned. Mr. Cram expected to get the contract to draw plans for the Parliament buildings. He was bound to Tokio, the capital of Japan, for that purpose.

One night after nine o'clock I went with the doctor to visit the Chinese below decks. Many were asleep in their shelf-like bunks, but a large number were up and busy. At what, think you? At gambling. In two groups of ten each a game was played with dominoes. There was a banker, and

a good deal of money was in sight. As far as I could learn the one holding twenty-one points, or the nearest to that number, got the "pot," or the pile. Another group of six were playing a game of cards. Cards were dealt one at a time. On a second deal some took more and some took less, according to the discard. In response to a question of mine, the doctor told me that the game was "poker." Silver dollars were in evidence. I was told that as much as $800 had changed hands in one night. Poor as they are, the Chinese will gamble—bet all they possess, and sometimes bet themselves—by losing they become virtual slaves to the winner, and remain so until they cancel the debt. The passion for gambling consumes the Chinese. They are the most inveterate gamblers in the world.

An improvised opium den was in operation. Two confirmed victims were there "hitting the pipe." It appeared to me that one of them would not long survive. He was dead in two days.

The gamblers were in cool attire. They wanted little clothing there below decks.

The traveler going west loses one hour in each fifteen degrees, or one hour in one thousand miles. When half way around the world from Greenwich twelve hours are lost. Therefore it is customary to drop a day in mid-ocean when the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude west and east from Greenwich is passed.

The year 1898 was, for me, a "leap" year. I lost a day. I retired on the evening of February 6th, and though I slept only seven hours, when I awoke, February 8th had dawned. February 7th was a dies non, a lost day, a day dropped entirely out of the calendar as far as I and my fellow passengers were concerned. Were we older or younger than we would have been had we remained at home? The traveler

coming in the opposite direction has a day thrown in. He gets a week of eight days.

"O! Old Father Time grows tender and mellow
As, roving the round earth, the sturdy old fellow
Year in and year out, keeps going and coming,
In winter's wild wreck and in summer's green blooming."

The sea has many moods, and we found quite a number of them during our nineteen days' sail. With water everywhere and sky above we had quite enough of the ocean for some time to come. However, most of our voyage was pleasant. Captain Friele very considerately took the Southern course from Honolulu to Yokohama, giving us warm weather and fair seas until he had to steer north for the coast of Japan.

I learned that the Chinese who died in the opium den on the steamer was named "Yung Sing." After being embalmed his remains were placed above the cabins. This was kept a secret, but confided to me by Dr. O'Neill.

The Chinese always stipulate that in case of death they are to be embalmed and brought to the Celestial Kingdom for burial. The embalming costs $30. If there be a lack of funds in the personal effects of the deceased, a collection is taken up among the Chinese. But the Chinese have a superstition that it is not lucky to give something for nothing. Hence the collector carries loaf sugar; a lump is given to each contributor, who thus gets something in return. Possibly some of those who fail to contribute in the churches would have their hearts and pockets opened by a lump of sugar. Who knows but what they are related to the Chinese and may be tainted with the superstition of the Celestials? Good Christians know that for every sacrifice made through the love of God the reward is great in heaven, and often on earth in the form of temporal blessings.

The Chinese have a superstitious fear of the dead. They

don't want to go near a corpse. The first officer told me of a mischievous cabin boy who knew of the dread of the Chinese. Empty coffins are kept over the cabin roofs for cases of emergency. When the boy knew that it was about time for the Chinese crew to clean in that part of the ship, he got into one of the coffins. When the scrubbing was going on he made a noise and attracted their attention. As the coffin cover began to move, the Chinese let a yell and bolted in a body for the hold. No persuasion or threats could get them back on deck. Difficulties and dangers were accumulating when the cabin boy confessed his practical joke. When finally the Chinese were convinced that the ghost was not a real one, they insisted that the precocious joker should be discharged. A labor union formed under those circumstances succeeded in its demands.

A large steamship is a thing of beauty and of power. We often look at grand effects without giving a thought to the causes that produce them. As the "Peru" plowed through giant waves or rode over them, I thought of the mighty propelling power hidden down below. Being seated at the table between the doctor and the chief engineer, I expressed a desire to see the engines. After dinner down we went. What a marvelous machine! I will not pretend to describe it. When pushed to its full capacity it develops two thousand eight hundred horse power. In addition there is the electric dynamo engine, the whole ship being lighted by electricity. There is also a distilling engine, by which the salt water is made fit to drink. The boiler room is about forty by fifty. Six large boilers are used. There are two fireplaces under each. Seventy-five tons of coal are consumed daily. I pitied the poor stokers. They were Chinese and twenty-nine of them. They work four hours on and are eight hours off. The heat reflected from the fires, the boilers and the iron floor is intense. The doctor called one of the firemen and showed

me his face. It was broken and looked like meat partially cooked. I heard that a few trips before one of the stokers came on deck and leaped into the ocean, committing suicide. It is surprising that men can be hired to work in such ovens.

I was given a practical illustration of antithesis, by being conducted from the furnace room to "the cooling room." It should be called "the freezing room." The meats, etc., of the ship are kept there. The freezing apparatus is a success. From the walls I took a handful of congealed frost and made a snow ball with it. I told the engineer that he ought to run a few of those pipes into the fire room.

The steamer "Peru" is three hundred and sixty-six feet long, and is one of the smallest boats of the fleet. Her displacement is three thousand five hundred tons.

For thirty-six hours, beginning on Saturday, the 12th inst., we had the experience of another storm at sea. The sight was thrilling, fascinating and fearful. The majestic spectacle out upon the ocean and around the ship lured me, with some trepidation, out upon the deck. Holding on to a rope rigging, I was awed by the mighty power of the angry ocean. Valleys formed with the valleys of the deep, and crest rose upon crest, and swept on in foam as far as the eye could reach. I could not very well measure the height of the waves as they came sweeping in with a might and magnificence that I cannot adequately describe. Viewed from my position they appeared "mountain high." As the steamer mounted the crest of a mighty wave, and I looked down into the deep valley and saw it backed by a rolling mountain of angry water, I felt the sensation of approaching annihilation. The ship appeared to sink beneath my feet; down, down we slid, the lower we sank the higher above us rose the towering mass of foam-covered water, ready to engulf our frail floating home.

Then came to my lips the prayer, "De Profundis clam-

avi." Our ship rose as upon invisible wings, and in a moment mounted the angry precipice of the sea.

> "Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
> And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
> White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
> Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud;
> Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears;
> And instant death on every wave appears."

The battle and the victory were repeated nearly every succeeding minute for hours. Driven away by shipping seas I gradually got back to the stern of the steamer. There the grandeur grew upon me, and the sense of danger was increased. I could see the whole length of the steamer as she presented a steep incline rushing down into the abyss and confronted by the mountains of water lashed into fury. How the ship rose so buoyantly and so quickly was a mystery and an inexpressible fascination to me.

The waves of the Pacific, I am told, are much higher than those of the Atlantic ocean. I wondered why it was that away on the boundary of the horizon all around us I could see the waves mounting high. I supposed that at such a distance they would be lost amid the intervening waves and present no individuality.

Speaking of the storm and its continuance to the captain he said that February is the worst month of the year for storms. I said then that the prospects were poor for my ocean voyage around India.

"No," he answered, "our winter is their summer, and the best season for such a trip." So I had that assurance for my southern trip on the tour around the world.

The storm, the rough seas and the head-winds delayed us very much. In twenty-four hours, ending at noon on Sunday, we made only one hundred and seventy-four miles. The next twenty-four hours we made only two hundred and fourteen miles. We were about two days late in Yokohama.

There was but little sleep aboard during the nights of the storm. The rolling of the ship was communicated to the passengers in the bunks, to the trunks, to the valises and everything moveable in the rooms.

When I came in from the deck after viewing the storm a woman said: "In a sea like this it is time to pray." Many had prayed. When great power menaces us we certainly feel our weakness, and are impelled to call upon Him who can still the waves and calm the storm. But we ought not to wait until we approach the shadow of death before we acknowledge an utter dependence upon Him Who made us. The powers and terrors of an angry sea are but a shadow of what will come to pass in "that dreadful day" when the heavens and the earth shall be moved.

Our thoughts more than once wandered back to the warning of the old man on the dock at San Francisco when we ascended the ship for our wanderings upon unknown seas.

Shakespeare was both witty and wise. In his advice to those who wander wide from home he says: "Think of thy friends when happily thou seest some noteworthy object in thy travels and wish them partakers in thy happiness,"

Many times I thought of friends and wished that they were near enough orally to share my thoughts as I wandered through strange lands and amid strange peoples.

Before leaving home I had promised to write in turn to the school children in the different rooms. When they heard that my travels and observations "around the world" were to be put into book form, they insisted on the publication of at least one or two of the letters to them. Hence I insert the following letter. It may also interest other readers :

The Pacific Ocean, Feb. 8, 1898.

My Dear Children and Dear Teacher:

I greet you and wish you every blessing, and I hope that you are all in the enjoyment of good health.

I think that I promised, at your request, to write you a letter

during my trip. Then it is well to begin it here in the midst of the Pacific Ocean.

I have missed you all very much, and my thoughts have often "wandered back again" to the children of St. Bridget's School. While going farther away each day, every hour brings me nearer to you. This is a paradox. But what is a paradox?

Yesterday—but we had no yesterday. Yesterday was drowned in the blue waves and surging swells of the Pacific. Last night was Sunday night, and this morning is Tuesday. Before I left I told you that this misfortune—a lost day—would come upon me and upon those aboard. Time is precious. How we value it as it flies, especially when advancing years make us appreciate it the more. You are making good use of it in your studies. I am glad of your progress. Make also good use of it advancing in virtue, a coin without which Heaven is not purchased.

This morning, before breakfast, while seated on deck, I saw a flying-fish skipping over the waves. I was glad to witness this novelty. On the coast of California I saw on the rocks rising out of the sea about one hundred seals. I got near enough to hear them bark, but not near enough to feel them bite. Every few minutes a seal would come climbing out of the ocean. I saw several swimming in the water. There were enough to make sealskin cloaks and coats for you all. But then they would have none.

A whale spouted near the ship at Honolulu. It was near midnight, but being on deck I saw him. How many of God's wonderful works are covered by the waves of the ocean. We only get a glimpse of some of them for a moment.

The gooney-gulls, large brown birds with immense wings, circle about the steamer and follow in her wake. I often wonder how they live fifteen hundred miles from any land. They sail and sail and circle about and dip and rise for a very long time without a movement of their outspread wings. They gather in the rear and watch with open eyes for any refuse thrown from the ship. Then they have a feast. With feet in water, but with wings carefully guarded, nothing, or very little, is allowed to escape. I suppose they rest on the waves at night. The steamer moves on, but being swift of wing, they race after us at daybreak and soon overtake us.

There is also another sea bird, called the frigate-bird. This bird is small but saucy; sometimes small beings are saucy. The

frigate-bird is pugnacious. When a fish puts his head out of the waves or gets near the surface the sea gull pounces on him and the poor fish never sees home again. But if the frigate-bird sees the sea gull with the fish, he pounces on the gull and takes the fish from him. It does no good for the sea gull to get mad and call names. "What can't be helped must be endured."

The weather is "perfectly beautiful." The sun is shining, a refreshing breeze is blowing, the passengers sit on deck in summer clothing reading and talking, playing chess, singing, etc. Some of the Chinese help and sailors have their sleeves rolled up and their shoes and stockings put away. I wish I could send you some of this weather. I send you the "ship's log" for about ten hours after the start from Honolulu. In the twenty-four hours the ship goes three hundred and twenty-eight to three hundred and thirty miles

We have got about two thousand miles to go of the three thousand five hundred and forty-two before we get to Yokohama. We expect to get there on St. Valentine's day. On Candlemas day I celebrated Mass in Honolulu on St. Joseph's altar. I did not forget to pray for you all, for your teachers and for your parents, because I know that you were praying for me. I was glad to have St. Joseph's altar. I had with me his statue in the pocket case given to me by your good teacher. Hence I was pleased to celebrate Mass on the altar of the Spouse of Our Lady.

I need not give you any news of Honolulu, as I have sent that to "The Universe," where you all may read it.

We are "rocked in the cradle of the deep." The rocking is sometimes, most of the time, from side to side, and sometimes from prow to stern of the ship. Under the circumstances, now and then I have found it difficult to stay in bed all night. The trunks and valises were having a good time skating from side to side of the state-rooms.

To-night we had a magnificent sunset. We all got on the prow. One man took his kodak to get a picture. But no canvass and no brush can ever do justice to the great works of the Almighty.

When we came from supper the bright full moon shone out from the rear of our steamer and lit up the waves of the ocean so that they shone like molten silver. But changes come quickly in this part of the world. It is now raining with tropical profusion.

As we approach Japan I am learning a little of the Japanese

language. Today I learned the numbers from 1 to 20: (1) ichi, (2) ni, (3) san, (4) shi, (5) go, (6) roker, (7) shichi, (8) hachi, (9) ku, (10) ju, (11) juichi, (12) juni, (13) niju, etc.

On the 16th inst. I expect to go to Tokio; 17th and 18th to Nikko; 19th, on train; 20th and 21st, Kioto; 23, Kobe; and then take steamer for Nagasaki and Hong-Kong.

I will be so busy in Japan that I hardly think that I can write to anybody from the land of the Mikado.

While this letter is for you, because you especially requested and to you I promised it, let all the rest of the family in the other rooms know of my progress and present to them and their teachers my special remembrance and best wishes.

Some have been very seasick and are not well yet. They say: "Oh, I wish I was on dry land." One said: "Speak well of the sea, but stay on land." Yet the sea is grand. How magnificent in its power! How it shows the omnipotence and wisdom of God. Out on the deck late at night, when all others have retired, I sometimes go to say the Rosary. With the sky above and the moving sea beneath thoughts crowd on the mind for meditation.

The sea in its immensity reminds me of eternity. May your eternity be with God, Who made you, and may you never forget your Creator in the days of your youth or the years to come.

To you and to Sister Joseph, your teacher, and to the other Sisters, good-bye. I will expect still your pious prayers. When to-night, on deck, people were talking of the dangers of the deep, I said that I felt a special protection. "Why?" asked they. "Because," I replied, "there are many prayers said to that end, and among them the good prayers of my children, three hundred innocent souls petitioning the good God for a safe voyage."

"Well," said those around me, "we are glad, Father McMahon, that you are with us, because we will share in those prayers."

CHAPTER VII.

HARBOR OF YOKOHAMA—BOATMEN—ASHORE—FRIENDS—THE BLUFF—THE SISTERS OF THE INFANT JESUS—THE JINRIKISHA—A QUEER CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES—JAPANESE THEATRES.

We neared Japan at midnight of the 15th of February, and anchored outside Yokohama at 1 a. m. on the 16th. I remained up alone with the officers anxious to get a glimpse of the Sun Land. But I could see nothing except the lights that marked the many forts between which we sailed.



YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

Late to bed but early up I got my first view of the magnificent harbor of Yokohama. Vessels of all nations were at anchor and among them a number of warships. Our navy was represented by the "Concord." Looking toward the city from our anchorage, a quarter of a mile away, I saw a fleet of about forty small boats coming towards us with the scullers bending to their work with all their power. I asked the first officer if that was an early morning regatta. "Oh, no," said he, "those are boatmen making for our steamer for freight and passengers." I asked him how it came that all started at the same moment. He said that they were not allowed to leave the docks until the policemen gave the signal. As far as authority could arrange, all were getting an equal start in the race for their daily bread.

How they did pull! Were the prize a costly gold medal donated by the Mikado, they could not have exerted themselves more. We needed heavy overcoats. They came on bare-headed to a man, and some of them bare-legged, as their flowing garments showed. The first man up got the gang-plank, or stairway. The others fell into place in order. Each appeared to recognize the rights of the winners in the race, and took their turns. The victors were not too greedy. On the principle of "Live and let live," each took only a fair load, or a medium load, giving the others a chance for some passengers and cargo.

The cabin passengers waited for breakfast and then boarded a tug for shore. At breakfast comments were made upon the voyage and the unexpected roughness of a portion of it. Some said that they had prophesied a pleasant trip all the way across. I said that Josh Billings declared that the hen is the best prophet. Several asked why. "Because she never prophesies until after the event."

After the laugh was over, Mr. Tayler, of the "Engineering Review," said: "Father McMahon, why did you keep

that hidden all the way across the Pacific?" I said that there had been no occasion for it to get off its roost.

We passed the custom-house examination without trouble. As Mr. Rittenhouse, the railway organizer, and I walked away, he spoke of his gladness to be on terra firma, because he had been seasick, very seasick, all the way over. I said to him: "You are in a condition now to appreciate the declaration of the Scotchman." "What was that?" he asked. I told him that the Highlander had taken a boat to cross an arm of the sea. He got very sick. After landing he silently walked up the hill. When he had reached the summit he turned around and shook his fist at the sea and said: "It will be a long time before ye get a chance to dance wi' me on your back again."

As Dr. O'Neill and I walked along the landing and turned up the street leading to the city I was surprised to notice about one hundred bare-headed Japanese men standing in front of little gigs. There were no carriages and no horses and no drivers.

"Shall we ride?" asked the doctor.

"In what?"

"In the 'jinrikisha,'" he said, pointing to the little two-wheeled gigs.

"Certainly, we will ride," I replied.

The doctor held up his hand and two of the little black-haired, bare-headed, bare-legged men trotted out. The "rickshaws" as a rule carry only one passenger.

"Where shall we go?" asked the doctor.

"Anywhere," I said.

Off started the horseless gigs at good speed. It looked like playing horse to me. I was back again to childhood. I wondered that business did not stop to see the little man pulling one twice his size.

We went to the United States Consul to get a passport

for Japan. This cost one yen, equivalent to one Mexican dollar, fifty cents. It was sent towards evening to the hotel.

After leaving the legation we called at the Catholic Church. We found that the priest in charge was "Le Abbe Alfred Pettier, Missionaire Apostolique." He had been in Japan for thirty years. He told me that progress towards the Church among the Japanese is slow but steady. From other sources—non-Catholic—I found that the missionaries are much respected, and the only missionaries that are really respected.

The church building was undergoing reconstruction. It was to be dedicated the 27th of February. The Fathers treated us very kindly and requested me to stay with them. I told them I would probably leave for Tokio, the capital, that night, as I wished to utilize my stay, and get a steamer at Kobe, three hundred and fifty miles away.

After returning to the hotel and while speaking to some of the passengers on the sidewalk, a man stepped up and asked: "Is Father McMahon, of Cleveland, here?"

Some one in far off Japan asking for me! You may imagine my surprise at this question. He then said: "My wife saw your name in the list of passengers this morning. She had also received a letter stating that you were to make a tour of the world. She knows you and would like to have the pleasure of meeting you." He then presented his card, and I saw that his name was Mr. Myers and that he was in business at Yokohama. He said: "We shall be glad to make your stay here a pleasant one. My home is on 'The Bluff, No. 58.'" I promised to call. This incident almost made me look upon the immense Pacific as only a lake, and realize that the world is not so large as we sometimes imagine.

In the afternoon Dr. O'Neill and I took jinrikishas to go to "The Bluff." "The Bluff" is the portion of the city set

aside for foreign residents. From it a good view of the city and the bay is presented. Up the hill we met a bevy of fair bicycle riders. This scene was out of harmony with our ideas of Japan. But then we remembered that we were in the foreign settlement.

In the cities of Japan places of business and residences, etc., are known by numbers. You tell the rickshaw man the number, mentioning no street. For instance, I told him in the forenoon to bring me to 78, to 284, to 80, etc. That was all the information he needed to bring me to the Catholic Church, to the bank and to the American Consulate.

We soon found ourselves at 58, the home of Mr. Myers. I found that Mrs. Myers had been a Miss McDermot, who formerly lived in Kent, Ohio. Her parents having died, Father Cahill became her guardian. He brought her to the convent in Cleveland and on his way stopped with her at the parochial residence of St. Bridget's. I remembered the call. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Mrs. Myers. She had been married and living in Yokohama for four years. Her husband had made it his place of residence for some fifteen years. The wedding took place in Chicago.

Mrs. Myers took us to visit the convent of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus. The Mother Superior was still in office and in active duty at eighty-four years of age. She took no exemption from any rule on account of her age.

The Mother Superior had been in Yokohama for twenty-five years. There were a large number of children in charge of the Sisters. They look after orphans, and have many of them cared for in private families. These children have to be brought once a month to the convent by their foster parents. The Sisters look closely after the proper care of the children. Once a month the Sisters pay the agreed stipend to those who care for the orphans.

This plan, it appears to me, is most commendable. It

gives the orphan what he most needs and what he cannot get in the asylum, a home training. The Sisters in our asylums do all they can and make many sacrifices for the children, but for the orphans as for others, "be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Among the Sisters were six native Japanese nuns.

Yokohama is one of the free cities of Japan. It is more modernized than the cities in the interior. Yet Japanese life and customs are everywhere in evidence, though jostling with European methods. The city contains about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, only a comparative few of them being foreigners.

Time and again we met the jinrikisha, called for short the "rickshaw." I was much interested in this, a small two-wheeled covered cart or rather gig. Jinrikisha means "man power wagon." It was, strange to say, introduced into Japan by an American missionary. There are now some two hundred and fifty thousand of them in Japan. I went to no place, town or city, where I did not find the "rickshaw." They line along in dozens.

For a short journey the charge is ten "sen" (five cents); for an hour, fifteen sen, or fifty sen for a half a day. After dark the charge is twenty sen an hour.

The rickshaw is the thing. There are no hacks; carriages cannot compete with the little men and the little gigs. The rickshaw men are generally bare-headed, but many of them wear a big hat that looks like a large inverted mushroom. It is held above the hair by a framework. None of them wear boots—some are bare-footed, or apparently so, others wear straw shoes, or rather straw soles, others wear a cloth covering for the foot with a pocket for the big toe. This fits into a fastening on the sandal. Knee breeches are the rule, but stockings or leggins are not. While waiting for customers I noticed that a half dozen or more of the

men would cluster about a pot of lighted charcoal on the street corners. Sometimes one would be reading a newspaper while the others would listen and be on the lookout for customers.



JINRIKISHAS, TOKIO.

The jinrikisha men carry Japanese or Chinese lanterns at night. Pedestrians appear to do the same. To warn people of his approach the rickshaw man calls out : "Hi-i ! hi-i-i-i !" The streets are used as sidewalks. These are seldom found, and not at all in the towns or cities of the interior.

Japan has suffered much from earthquakes. In 1891, ten thousand people were killed by them. The Sisters told us that Yokohama had quite a shaking the Sunday evening previous to our arrival. The scientific man explains the causes of earthquakes by "gravitation," "density," "pressure," etc. To the common people of Japan the cause is plain enough. They

say it is the "jishinuwo." This is the great earthquake fish something like a monster catfish. This fish, they say, is seven hundred miles long and holds the world on its back. Its wriggling makes houses fall and the ground crack. With his tail up in the north and his head in the region of Kioto, he can shake all Japan. If the god, Kashima, did not hold him down with the "rivet rock," he would destroy the whole country.

This reminds me of the darkey who was explaining the working of the telegraph to another colored man who said he could not understand it. "You see," he said, "the telegram is like a dog. You pinch a dog's tail and he will bark on the other end. Now suppose a dog that would reach from Cleveland to New York. You squeeze his tail here and he will bark there. So when the wire is squeezed here it barks in New York."

I learned while there that there are a number of superstitions peculiar to the people of Japan.

The doctor and I visited the Yokohama nursery. The skill of the Japanese gardeners is remarkable. How they manage to stunt the trees I cannot tell. Some with trunks three inches in diameter were not more than fifteen inches high and were in flower pots. Two I saw were trained to represent peacocks in their form.

The Japanese have a great fondness for the theatre. "Theatre Street" is a feature in each city. Long and fantastic streamers indicate the play houses. To attract the crowd the front of the theatre, which is on the ground floor, is thrown open, and part of the performance is given. Like a continued story, people become curious to know the outcome. Between performances the doctor and I entered a place to see the monkey actor. For a small offering the monkey was brought on the stage and put through his part. He was grey with age, but at command of the manager he

began and continued the performance. By gesture and grimace he manifested joy and sorrow, fear and affection, love and hatred, entreaty and passion, supplication and rage, disappointment and satisfaction, in a manner truly astonishing. It appeared that the performance was "a take off" on some local actor.

Japan was not opened to the nations until 1853. American sailors and whalers shipwrecked on the coast had been badly treated. On the 7th of July, 1853, Commodore Perry, with four of the finest vessels in the United States navy, cast anchor near the present Yokohama. With the men-of-war he soon brought the "Great Tycoon" to time. A treaty was signed making two open ports for the supply of coal, provisions and water to ships. Sailors were to be treated kindly, and an American Consul was to be permitted to reside in Japan. But trade or residence of citizens was not then allowed. On September 3, 1856, the American flag was raised at Shimoda in front of the Consulate of the United States. The Commodore Perry referred to here was not our Oliver of Lake Erie fame, but Matthew C. Perry, his younger brother. In 1859, the foreign settlement at Yokohama began. A new treaty had been made in 1858.

CHAPTER VIII.

A JAPANESE RAILWAY TRAIN — TOKIO — THE CITY BY GAS-LIGHT—CATHOLICITY IN TOKIO—BUDDHIST PRIESTS AND TEMPLES — THE MUSEUM—STORES—GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS — A JAPANESE HOUSEHOLD.

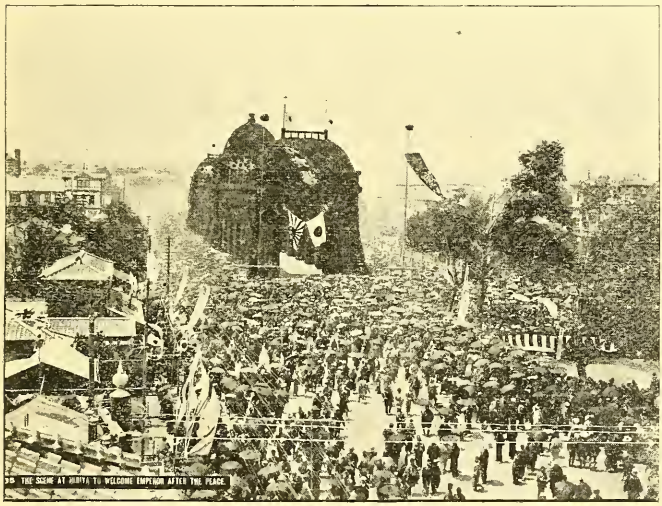
Having "done" Yokohama, I started for Japan's capital, Tokio, on the night of the 16th of February.

I noticed at the depot and many times afterwards that although the United States opened Japan, England has the "inside track" and furnishes the railway supplies. The engines have the Manchester brand upon them and the cars came from the same country. The employes are now all natives of Japan. The principal railway is operated by the Japanese Government, as is also the telegraph system.

The railway coaches are constructed as they are in Europe. There are three classes of coaches, the first, second and third. When $1 is charged for a third class ticket, $2 are charged for a second class and about $2.75 for a first class ticket.

Before the train started the tickets of all the passengers were punched and then the compartments were locked. No conductor appeared during the trip. When we stopped at Tokio I found that to get out of the depot the passengers had to surrender their tickets to the gateman. I began to look for mine, but I searched in vain. All the other passengers had gone and I was left alone and of course soon attracted attention. I explained the situation as well as I could. I was then brought into the ticket department where a half dozen officials talked Japanese without punctuation marks. On my way to the tribunal I petitioned St. Anthony to get

me that ticket. The officials looked puzzled. I told them whence I came. I also offered, if necessary, to pay cash for the ride if they had any doubts on the matter or if the rules required it. After some consultation a long book was taken down and some entry was being made and I had the ticket money ready if required. Just then a man came running into the office. He laid my ticket from Yokohama on the counter.



ASAKUSA TEMPLE, TOKIO—A WELCOME TO THE EMPEROR.

All the officials bowed profoundly and smiled sweetly, and I was given the freedom of Tokio. Accidentally my ticket had dropped to the floor of the car before I got to the station. I thanked St. Anthony for coming to my rescue so promptly.

In front of the depot I found the ever-present jinrikisha man. The crowd having gone, no customer was expected, hence the rickshaw man had his back to me. I said to myself: "That is a mere boy, I will not ask him to pull me." But

when he turned around I saw that he would never grow larger. By the way, I have learned that tall men would not be licensed because they would necessarily hold the thills so high that the rickshaw would be uncomfortable for the rider. However, I don't know where they keep the tall men in Japan. I did not see them among the common people, the police or in the army or navy.

When I hailed the little fellow in front of the station, I found that he could not understand me. I was glad of it. Another rickshaw man came running up. He understood "Imperial Hotel." He darted away, and in due time we arrived at the hotel.

It was after supper, or "dinner," as it is called, and I had to put up with a cold lunch. I told the clerk, who spoke some English, that I wanted a guide immediately, and some jinrikishas, as I wanted to see the largest city in Japan and study its people by night.

Tokio is a city of one million six hundred thousand people. The buildings, as a rule, being but one and two stories high, it covers much ground—about fifty square miles.

The guide soon came. With him were four men, two for each rickshaw. The guide wished to know where I desired to go. I told him that I was a stranger and I wanted to go through the city merely to see it under the gas light and to learn what I could about it.

With a grey mackintosh about me and wearing a gray traveling cap, we started out into the darkness to "do" as well as might be, the capital of Japan. I had to entrust myself to the honesty of the five heathen strangers. The thought of danger flashed upon me, but I put it away, saying to myself that a timid person should not leave home to go around the world alone. Off we went at a six mile an hour rate.

We were soon in very narrow and very crowded streets.

Some of the streets, not so wide as our alleys, appear to do much more business than is done on the principal business streets. The crowds reminded me of election nights when people assemble down town to read the bulletin boards. The rickshaws tore along among the crowds with the frequent cry of "hi-i, hi-i" from the pullers. The people parted before the rickshaws as the water before the steamship's prow. All appeared to know instinctively on which side to step out of the way. Collisions appeared inevitable with the numerous rickshaws coming in the opposite direction. There was in many cases only room for two rickshaws to pass with good management. For a time I was on the lookout for a collision and an upset. Having had many apparent narrow escapes, I lost all fear and made my observations as we spun along to—to somewhere. We went six miles through a perfect maze of streets and by-ways before we stopped. After walking around four or five blocks with the guide, to study Japanese life and customs, we again mounted the jinrikishas and started back another way to the Imperial Hotel. We arrived there at 11 p. m., having been gone two hours.

The guide's charges were $2.50, and the four men $2.60 in Japanese money. The total bill was settled by $2.25 of our money. I engaged the guide to return the next morning at 9 o'clock. The guide's services are $2.50 for an hour, or the same for a day, with fifty sen added for each person, when there are over two in the party. K. Ishigami was my guide's name.

The next morning I started off to find the Cathedral. I met there the pastor and the Archbishop. His Grace was a fine appearing and pleasant dignitary. He told me that he had been in Japan for twenty-five years and that there were in Tokio three thousand native Catholics, besides a few foreigners. He had met Bishop Gilmour in New York. He kindly invited me to dine with him that evening at 7 o'clock.

I asked him for his photograph. He had none, but took an engraving from a book and gave it to me. The Archbishop said that all was then peaceful in Japan, and that the outlook was encouraging.

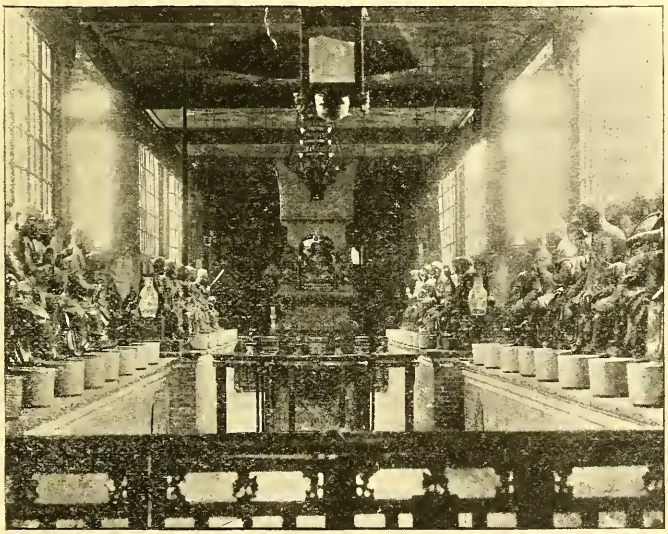
There were then four Catholic churches in Tokio and a native priest at the Cathedral. The church is of the Gothic style. The greater part of the church floor was covered with mats in Japanese style. Upon these the congregation kneel and sit. There are a few benches or pews on the side for Europeans. The church will seat about six hundred.

The guide who came in the morning was not the one I had engaged the night before. I learned that he was sick, and had sent this substitute. The guides have a guild and a regulation card price.

Mr. and Mrs. Regan arrived from Yokohama, and with myself, the guide, and four rickshaws started first to visit the celebrated mortuary temples of the Shoguns and Shiba and Uyeno Parks. The finely woven, exquisitely clean mats and polished floors in the temples would be marred, if not ruined, by the tread of coarse and dirty leather, so the guide provided us with cloth pockets to encase our shoes. The bronze temple doors are famous for their fine workmanship. A mint of money must have been spent on these temples. Gold was used very lavishly in the decorations and upon the shrines. The carvings are very finely executed and cover a wide range of subjects in the animal kingdom.

We went to one of the temples while service was being held. Six Buddhist priests in a squatting posture before the altar were engaged in singing a chant to the beating of some metal instrument. They wore vari-colored vestments similar to our dalmatics and copes. No one was present in the vast temple except Mr. and Mrs. Regan, the guide and myself. After a time the chanting ceased. One of the priests then covered his mouth with a piece of white cloth that appeared

to be arranged so as to stick to his cheeks. He then approached the altar where lights were burning, and profoundly and reverently genuflecting, he placed the offering upon it. He then went to the side altars and went through a similar ceremony. After this the services were over and the priests withdrew in silence.



IDOLS IN BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

Between the place reserved for the people and what might be called the sanctuary there is a kind of fence four feet high. The three horizontal rails are about a foot apart, permitting a good view.

The Shoguns were fifteen in number. They usurped and exercised royal power for nearly eleven hundred years, while keeping the Mikado under their control. They were the Tycoons. Many suppose that the Tycoons were the Em-

perors. Under this impression our country made the first treaty with the Tycoon. Townsend Harris, our first consul, discovered the imposition. He had much difficulty afterwards to get the Mikado at Kioto to sign the treaty. The last of the Shoguns was defeated in 1868. He is now a member of the House of Peers. "The Tycoon," as such, does not now exist. Many of the Tycoons had temples built during their lives to insure themselves divine honor. These are scattered through Japan.

Asakusa temple appears to be the most popular Buddhist temple. Here religion and amusement go hand in hand. One form of devotion which I noticed consisted of the worshipers making a spit-ball of a prayer written on paper and then throwing it at the wire screen that stood before the altar. If the spit-ball stuck it was a good omen. If it did not stick the worshiper tried again and again with more spit-balls. There was an object lesson of perseverance in prayer. I also saw there the praying-wheel. These wheels work by hand or water power. The prayers or petitions are attached to them. The wheel revolves in honor of the deity. The place reminded me of the Midway Plaisance at our Chicago Centennial Exposition.

But the park and the streets around were much more crowded, and the entertainments more numerous and varied. I was glad to get some good pictures of all these places.

At Uyeno Park I saw the trees planted by President and Mrs. Grant when they were making their tour around the world.

We passed through the Government Museum at Uyeno Park and the bazaar for the sale of goods of Tokio manufacture. It was both interesting and pathetic to view the relics of persecution in the Museum. There were broken beads, shattered images and disfigured crucifixes. We saw the crucifix imbedded in wooden blocks. The Catholics in centuries past

were called upon to trample on the sacred emblem of redemption or suffer the alternative of death. The blood of the martyrs is bearing fruit in the many conversions that mark modern Japan.

As a rule the stores have no windows. They are not needed as the whole front is open. The buildings are mostly of one story, sometimes of two. When of two, the second story is closed by lattice work. The shop is on the lower floor. When you enter there is a space of four or five feet on the ground. Then you come to a raised platform one or two feet high, eight or ten feet deep. This is the shop for the sale of goods. Before the customer enters the shop proper he leaves his clogs or sandals on the first floor. The high platforms are highly polished or have mats of fine workmanship and texture. These mats are all three by six feet. By counting them you can tell the exact size of the shop. The shop-keeper and the customer squat down on the mats and begin the trading. They often first smoke a pipe together. But the Japanese pipe only holds about a third of a thimbleful.

The Japanese are very industrious and hard working. They do a great deal of carting themselves. I was often surprised at the size of the loads one man would pull on his two-wheeled cart. Sometimes he was helped by a boy. In pulling a cart loaded with ship timbers three or four men would be employed. Now and then we would notice a ringed ox harnessed to a cart doing this or similar work. I saw on a number of occasions one man pulling a cart loaded with stone, or brick, etc. Now and then we would meet a man leading a horse pulling a load; I never on such occasions saw the man ride. He always walked before the rather medium-sized, in fact, small-sized horse. On account of their deep bangs I could not see the horses' eyes. But they must be vicious, as most of them were muzzled. I understand that

European or American horses cannot be used there as they become victims of rheumatism. The streets are kept in good repair.

While in Tokio we called at the United States Legation. We met there Mr. Willard D. Baker, of Maine. We applied for permits to visit the Royal Palace at Kioto. He said that he would secure the permits from the government and forward them to us at Yokohama in two days.

In Tokio we saw the Government Buildings, the Castle surrounded by a double wall and a fine large moat. We were near the marble bridge which leads to the Mikado's Palace, but no one is allowed unbidden to enter on or go across it. We saw the soldiers on guard and witnessed the drilling of infantry, cavalry and artillery. We were passed by the equipage of U. S. Minister Beck. His Japanese driver and footman had on their collars the U. S. national coat-of-arms.

The guide brought us to visit a Japanese house. I was glad of this, as I wished to see the interior and notice the customs of household life. The house was spacious and the grounds beautiful. The ladies of the house met us at the entrance. On their knees, but leaning back on their heels, they awaited us. When we arrived at the threshold they bowed profoundly and bade us welcome. We then removed our shoes as custom demands and entered in our stocking feet. The Japanese would be as much outraged by our entering with our boots on as would we were our callers to walk around on our chairs, sofas and tables with their usual footgear. The six by three mats which cover the floors serve as chairs and tables for these people. In visiting the house we found that the apparent walls consisted of light, sliding partitions. A way in or a way out was easily made by sliding one of these.

At tea time we got down on the mats—i. e. on the floor. We had not the knack or the training of our hosts, and hence

we were very awkward about it. We were served with tea in very dainty cups. Neither sugar nor milk was used. The cake was very nice. A very nice young girl waited on us. She was grace personified as she sank down beside each in serving the tea, etc. I was indeed glad when "tea" was over as I was anxious to get a chance to straighten out. Mr. and Mrs. Regan and I restrained our risibility with difficulty as we glanced at each other trying to appear comfortable. The girl who conducted us from room to room sank on her knees in each apartment and said some short vocal prayer in honor of the deity to whom the room was dedicated. In each room there is a little raised platform in one corner sacred to the penates. When we left the ladies took their position at the door and bowing low uttered their "sayonaras" (good-byes).

Were we to judge by the temples we should consider the Japanese to be a very religious people. In Tokio alone there are one thousand two hundred and seventy-five temples. There are also one thousand two hundred and twenty-five schools.

There is a street horse-car line in Tokio, and there are over one hundred native newspapers. Many fine bridges span the river. I noticed that the dredging is done by men in small boats. They take up the dirt by hand-scoops. While this method is not modern, still it gives employment to a large number of men.

CHAPTER IX.

OFF FOR NIKKO—FARMS AND FARMERS—NIKKO—EN ROUTE TO KIOTO—FIRST NEWS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE—KIOTO—OSAKA—EXPERIENCE TEACHES WISDOM—PARTING COMPANY AT KOBE.

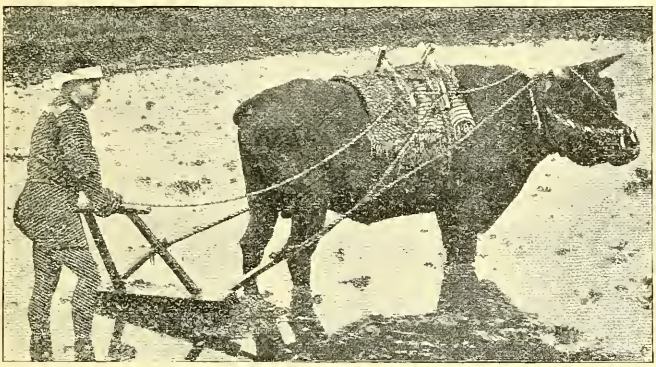
Nikko is one of the most beautiful places in Japan. The Japanese have a proverb which says: "See Nikko before you see Kikko." Kikko means splendid. Nikko is ninety miles north of Tokio. It is the Saratoga of Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Regan and I had arranged to go there by rail. We engaged three jinrikisha men to be at the hotel at 6 a. m. to take us to the Nejens depot, three miles away. Breakfast was served in our rooms.

The morning was cold, so cold that a heavy overcoat and laprobe were needed. We were then told that the rickshaws were ready. I found my man with only light, short cotton trunks, a light sleeveless jacket and bare-headed. I looked at him in mute astonishment, and said: "Mr., I did not want to miss the train but neither did I want you to come in such a hurry as not to dress. Go back and put on your trousers and a coat." He merely smiled good-naturedly, showing that he did not understand. Mr. Regan said: "Don't mind him, Father; he hasn't got horse-sense, if he does pull a gig." Off we went. I felt ashamed of my rickshaw man. But in a little while I met other rickshaw men who had evidently got up in as much of a hurry as mine so I held up my head and looked about me, pretending not to notice the fellow.

The ticket agent would not sell us tickets to Nikko until we showed our passports from the Japanese government.

Neither would hotel-keepers outside of the free cities entertain us unless we were supplied with the necessary document.

On the way to Nikko we noticed how carefully and how well the Japanese till the land. None is wasted, even the steep hillsides are terraced. Looking out on the extensive rice fields with no house in view, a stranger would come to the conclusion that the farms in Japan are very extensive, but he would notice numerous villages about a mile and a



PLOWING FOR RICE.

half apart. Therein live the farmers. They congregate together, no matter how far away their land may be, but it is, as a rule, within the radius of a mile. The Japanese believe in "a little farm well tilled." At least the majority of such farms, so called, do not exceed an acre. Some of the more prosperous have ten-acre farms. All the land, nominally, but only nominally, belongs to the Mikado.

Japan, next to China and Central Hindo, appears to be the most thickly populated country on the globe. It is only half the size of Texas and yet contains forty-two million people.

On the way to Nikko we passed through a number of flourishing towns. At one of the stations I saw several criminals tied together. They were on their way to the penitentiary. Crime is as broad as the world.

We changed cars at Netsunomija. I saw there a gang of Japanese section hands at work on the railroad. They were raising the track. Instead of the old-fashioned tamping-bar, one end of the pick was shaped like the end of the old bar. They chanted an "all-together" song. Every pick went up and came down as if handled by one man. No wheelbarrows were used. The dirt was carried by means of baskets at the end of a pole, each basket between two laborers.

Nikko is very fine in winter, but it must be grand in summer. It is up among the mountains. Crystal streams of water flow down the side of the main street. The temples are magnificent. Near the bridge which spans the river is the so-called sacred bridge. No one has ever crossed it but the Emperor's daughter, and she but once. The tombs of the First and Third Shogun are there. Two magnificent rows of large trees cover the avenue for miles and miles. In the days of old, great and imposing processions of pilgrims and Shoguns and Mikados marched on the journey for days and days from Yeddo, now Tokio, to the temples and shrines of Nikko. There are about twenty-five hotels at Nikko.

We got back to Tokio after midnight. It was raining hard. The rickshaws landed us at the Metropole Hotel at 1 o'clock a. m.

The next morning at 8 o'clock we started for Yokohama. We left there that afternoon at 1:30 for a ride of seventeen hours to the heart and center of old Japan, the city of Kioto.

There are no sleeping cars in Japan. We had hoped that by taking a first class coach we would get sufficient room to stretch out on the long cushioned seats. Two passengers were in the small compartment. One of them from

his dress, I judged to be an Episcopal minister. We exchanged cards. I found then that our companion was Archdeacon Shaw, of Tokio. He was going to a town about forty miles away. We had a pleasant chat about the country and its inhabitants. I asked him when we could get the best view of Fusiyama, the famed Sacred Mountain of Japan.

When he replied: "Just after you leave the second last tunnel," I said to him: "If that is not 'a bull' it is near one."

"Why?"

"How can a perfect stranger tell when he is leaving the second last tunnel?"

After a long pause, he said: "Ah! Ah! Yes, that's so."

When the Archdeacon and some others left, we had the car to ourselves. While we were rejoicing, the car was cut off to lighten the train across the mountains. The first class passengers were gathered into one car, so there was little hope for a sleep.

We passed through some grand mountain scenery during the afternoon. As night wore on we longed for the American sleeping car. An English "missionary," his wife and three children monopolized much of the car. They evidently had contracted the habit of looking out for number one and apparently had little regard for the Golden Rule.

While riding in the gloomy car, I fell into conversation about midnight with a young man who hailed from England. He was traveling for a commercial house. He said: "I perceive that you are from America. I read among the dispatches to-day that the United States Battleship Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and many lives lost." I was anxious to know how the explosion had occurred, and other particulars, but he could give no further information. How strange to have heard of that portentous event in that way, at midnight on a train in Japan! It must have been

five days after the explosion. From time to time, as I traveled in the Orient, I learned of war preparations.

At midnight a guard opened the car door and said that there was room in the car ahead for two to stretch themselves. A gentleman and I quickly left our car. While in the car ahead I used my valise for a pillow and the steamer robe for a blanket. The night was very cold. An attempt was made now and then to heat the cold car by pushing in an iron hot water heater. An influx of passengers about 4 a. m. drove me back to the original car.

We got to Kioto at 7 a. m., on Sunday. We went on rickshaws to the celebrated Yaami's Hotel. I immediately got ready to find the church. I wandered through the streets until I came to the church.

I celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. That illustrious saint had honored Kioto with his consecrated presence. The church is a very nice and commodious Gothic structure. The pastor had been in Japan for nearly thirty years. He himself had baptized one thousand three hundred and twenty-six Japanese. A Japanese served my Mass. The pastor told me that the Buddhists are hopelessly divided. Division is an essential concomitant of error.

Previous to leaving Yokohama, I telegraphed Mr. Baker that the promised permits for the palace at Kioto had not arrived. He telegraphed back: "Permits mailed this morning."

We visited the Hongwanji temples and the temple of the three thousand three hundred and thirty-three gods. For three cents the great bronze bell, eighteen feet in height, was rung for us. This was done by means of a beam swung as a battering ram. The Gigashi Hongwanji temple is the largest, the finest and the newest temple in Japan. It was built to replace one which was burned. It covers fifty-two

thousand three hundred and eighty square feet, and is one hundred and twenty-six feet high.

The city of Kioto has two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully situated and is surrounded by mountains. Two streams of water, separated by an embankment, run side by side through the center of the city. For centuries Kioto was, until 1868, the royal city and home of the Mikados. The houses and streets are much like those of Tokio. I walked through them back from church seeking to find the hotel. I lost my bearings, but it did not much matter as I saw something new at every turn. I knew the general direction in which I should go and hence was not alarmed. When I finally got to the hotel Mr. and Mrs. Regan took the jinrikishas to go to the last Mass. The Kioto season begins in April.

Monday we departed from Kioto. After a ride of sixty miles we arrived at Osaka, the second largest city of Japan. Osaka is sometimes called the Venice, and sometimes the Chicago, of Japan. It deserves both names. Its numerous canals are spanned by three hundred bridges. The hustle and hum and extent of its trade would remind you of the great city on the shores of Lake Michigan.

After supper I requested the proprietor of the Osaka hotel to get me a rickshaw, as I wanted to see the city by night. Mr. and Mrs. Regan preferred to remain in the hotel, so I started alone.

My ride was somewhat similar to the one I had enjoyed in Tokio. Business and trade were being pushed in manufacturing and sales even to a late hour. The streets were crowded by an orderly, good-natured multitude. The population of Osaka in 1895 was four hundred and ninety thousand.

Much of the history of Japan was made within the Castle of Osaka. It was erected In 1583 by one of the Shoguns, and the last act of the Shogunate was played there in 1868.

Univ. of C.

There are many temples in Osaka and the National Mint is located there. We visited the large commercial bazaar.

We called at the Cathedral. I was sorry to find that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatian was absent. The Bishop, I learned from the pastor, had been a classmate of Archbishop Ireland in France. I had the pleasure there of meeting a native Japanese priest. He laughed heartily when on leaving I saluted him with "sayonara" (good-bye). The Cathedral is a fine building and is located on a beautiful site.

The police are always on the lookout for foreigners who stray into the forbidden cities. Osaka is not a free city. We had not been there an hour when our passports, our Japanese passports, were demanded by the officers, who came to the hotel for them. We had taken the precaution to be properly supplied.

The jinrikisha man after my night ride tried to impose upon me. The Jehu appears to be alike the world over. I had looked up a little of the Japanese language on my way across the Pacific and asked him, when we returned from the ride: "Ikura" (how much)? He said: "Roukju sen." I replied: "Not by a good deal—niju sen." He had asked three times the stipulated amount. I called the proprietor. When I found that he was veering around to the side of the rickshaw man, I said to him: "Instead of co-operating to fleece your guests, you should protect them from imposition. I suppose you think an American is fair prey." I threw down the proper amount (niju sen) and left them. The next morning I would not hire the same rickshaw man. Moreover I made them agree upon the price for a half a day for three rickshaws before we started. Experience teaches wisdom.

In my travels through Japan I had tried first and second class passenger cars. I had told Mr. Regan that I would try a third class for the hour's ride to Kobe. But after standing in line with about one hundred and fifty men still ahead of

me at the third class window, I gave up the idea, fearing I would miss the train.

We arrived in Kobe, the seaport city, in the afternoon. It is quite Europeanized and not of very much importance to the traveler from America. Hence, I did not care to remain there very long.

We went to Kobe to take the steamer "Coptic" for Hong-Kong. It had not arrived even at Yokohama, three hundred and fifty miles away. It was then two days late. There was no news from it. I learned afterwards that it was caught in the storm in which we were on the Pacific, and had fared badly. It was much torn and battered, and for sixty hours no meals could be served on board owing to the fierceness of the storm. It proved to be seven days late.

Mr. Regan had Cook's tickets and had to wait for one of Cook's boats, of which the "Coptic" was one. I was free. I found that the steamer "Hohenzollern" was soon to leave. I had no time to spare if I wished to keep my program and reach Jerusalem for Easter. I had just time to get the steamer. So with regret I had to part company with Mr. and Mrs. Regan. We had had several weeks of pleasant companionship. Feeling deeply the separation, and especially among strangers, we had little inclination and not much time to talk. We expressed the hope that we would meet again, and possibly cross the Atlantic and go home together.

CHAPTER X.

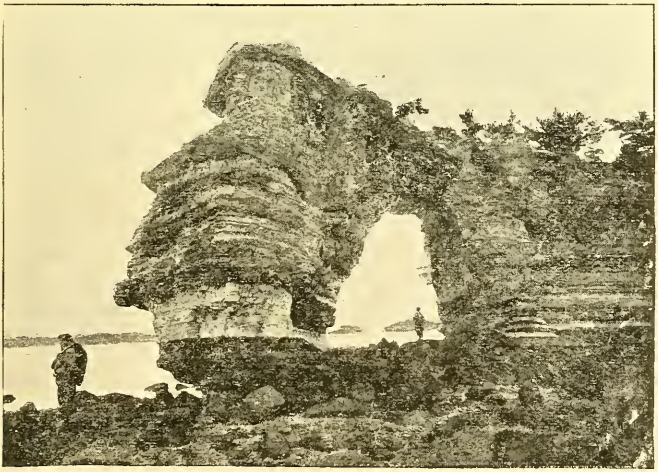
THE FAR-FAMED INLAND SEA — AT NAGASAKI — HUNTING A CHURCH—RELICS OF THE MARTYRS—THE HOLY HILL —THE PAPPENBERG—MARTYRS OF JAPAN— FAREWELL TO JAPAN.

By making haste I got my ticket from Kobe to Nagasaki and reached the waiting tug as it whistled its last call before starting for the "Hohenzollern," which was anchored some distance out. In honor of some officials the tug carried a brass band, which busily regaled us with good music. The shades of night had fallen and the waves threw the spray over the tug. With some difficulty and not a little danger we got from the dancing tug to the ladder on the steamer. I got a state-room, but soon found that it had been pre-empted. When I laid the case before the German steward he looked on his list. On finding the cause of the mistake he used some strong language in his native tongue, which he evidently did not suppose that I understood. However, I got satisfactorily located and "all's well that ends well."

Kobe lies at the entrance of the far-famed Inland Sea of Japan. I arose early in the morning to enjoy as much as I could of the entrancing scenery. As the voyage to Nagasaki occupied two days and two nights, I had a good opportunity of seeing the beauties, the grandeur and the surprises that revealed themselves every hour. We floated in and out among mountainous islands and terraced hills which, covered with foliage and clad in verdure, came down to kiss the blue waters of the land-locked sea. At some places the channel is so narrow that a stone could be thrown to either shore. At times it appeared that we had gone astray and were hope-



THE INLAND SEA.



A BIT OF NATURE.

lessly lost amid the conical islands, grotesquely formed hills, bluffs, inlets and headlands. With these all around us and no outlet visible, I was often surprised at the pilot's finding a hidden way out. I understood from one of the craft that special pilots have to be employed to guide the ships through the Inland Sea.

We floated on, glad to be in the midst of so much beauty and hoping that the ship would "slow down" to let us enjoy what seemed more like a lovely dream than a mundane reality. Little brown hamlets here and there upon the hillsides and occasional huts upon the shore added the charm of human habitation. At night the changing scene was enhanced in beauty by an atmosphere clear and exhilarating. The moon shown down in brightness, and turned the sea into one sheet of rippling silver. All was quiet. Those who spoke spoke in whispers, as all appeared to realize that they were in one of nature's sanctuaries and that the God Who made it was near and sought from us recognition of His goodness and His omnipotence.

As the "Hohenzollern" disengaged itself from the maze of islands, we turned towards the beautiful scenes we had left and in the sweet language of Japan said: "Sayonara (farewell), thou home of beauty."

We reached famous and beautifully situated Nagasaki on Ash Wednesday morning about 7 o'clock. Hailing a sampan I was rowed ashore. The sampan is on the water what the jinrikisha is on land. I saw hundreds of them at Nagasaki. The ships all anchor some distance from shore. There is plenty of work for the sampans and for light freight and coal boats. Nagasaki is the coaling station for all passing steamers. It is a sight to witness the coaling of a large steamer at Nagasaki. From the coal scows alongside, lines are formed of men and women, boys and girls, and the coal is passed up the high sides of the ships in baskets that hold

about half a bushel each. I was much interested in watching the process. As the ships are numerous the loading is going on continuously.

After getting on shore I took a rickshaw. I told the man that I wanted to go to the Catholic Church. He started off, but he had no idea of what I wanted. He did not inti-



NAGASAKI HARBOR.

mate that to me, as he wished to retain a customer. After some time we came to what appeared to me to be a saloon. The proprietor was evidently a European. To my question he replied in a French accent: "The church, yes, it upstairs." I looked up at the half-story and said: "Is it possible?" I found that by "upstairs" he meant up the hill.

Up the hill I went, and a big hill it was—some five hundred feet. When I got to the summit I saw no church. On

looking back over the city I thought I recognized a Catholic Church about a mile distant. Thinking that the Frenchman did not mean to deceive me, I kept on. In a few minutes I saw a church with a cross, about a half a mile away in another direction on a hill with a valley and a river intervening. After getting tangled in two or three blind alleys, I reached the church. Then I found that it was only about three blocks from where I had taken the rickshaw.

The church proved to be the Cathedral. Pontifical services were just about to begin for the solemn blessing of the ashes. I was assigned to the altar of the Blessed Virgin. In the hands of the statue was a pair of beads. It looked rather ancient and worn. Father M. A. Salmon, the Vicar-General, afterwards told me that the Rosary was made of different parts that had been collected from various scattered families in which these relics had been preserved from the days of persecution—three hundred years before.

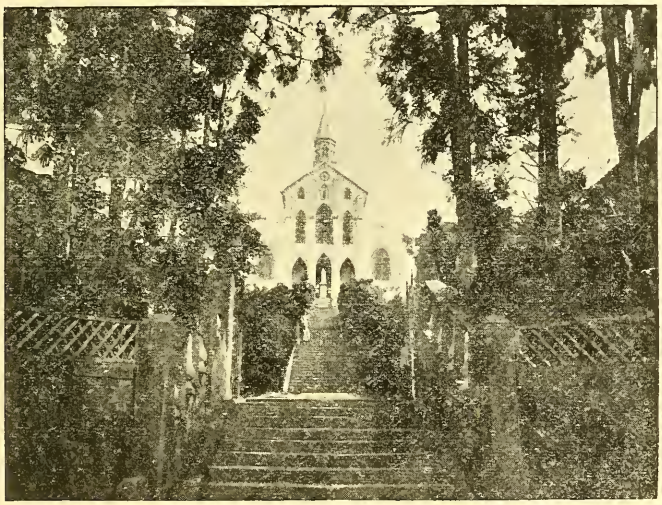
On the right of the altar was an etching of the Blessed Virgin and St. Ann. This had been executed in Japan three centuries before. It had been sent to Pius IX. as a relic of those old days of suffering for the faith. He wrote an inscription upon it and returned it, saying that the proper home for that picture was the land whence it came.

I asked Father Salmon where the relics of the Martyrs had been found. He said that the relics had been found in the very church in which I had said Mass. Sure enough, the place where I stood was holy ground.

I asked him if they knew the exact hill upon which the Martyrs had been crucified. He said that the records pointed out the place, and that a memorial church had been built upon the ground. I then found that the church I had seen from the summit was the structure. He said that it was in charge of native Japanese priests, and that they themselves, not being natives, were not permitted by the government to

dwell there, though they might visit the place during daylight.

Taking a rickshaw I started for the holy hill. I overtook on the way the funeral of a British marine conducted with military pomp. The rickshaw man walked leisurely behind it for one quarter of a mile, so that I appeared to be one of the chief mourners. The self-satisfied air and slow gait of the



NAGASAKI CATHEDRAL.

rickshaw man may be accounted for by the following Japanese superstition: It is considered a good omen to meet or to overtake a funeral procession, but it is a very bad sign to be overtaken by a funeral. When a Japanese finds that he is about to be placed in this unfortunate position he will make a break for any place so as to avoid the very bad omen.

I found the Japanese priests at home. They could not understand or talk English any more than I could converse

in Japanese, so we had recourse to Latin, the universal language of the Church. The memorial structure is the finest and largest Catholic Church in Japan. It is of Gothic style. It is constructed of stone and brick and will accommodate about fifteen hundred people. The sanctuary is very large. There are six side altars.

The priest and I ascended the long and high hill that was made sacred by the sufferings and blood of the twenty-six Japanese martyrs crucified upon it as upon another Calvary. I felt that I ought to remove my shoes, for the place where I stood was holy ground. I gave away to the inspiration of prayer: "Blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice sake." Looking down from that hill which had been saturated with the blood of Martyrs, I could not but think of how history repeats itself. The hillside and the bay had been lined with thousands on that eventful day, and after the terrible tragedy the persecutors went down congratulating themselves that with this crowning act of many previous cruelties Christianity had been obliterated forever from Japan. Yet by my side stood one of the twenty-three native Japanese priests then in that diocese of Nagasaki, and around them clustered thirty-five thousand of their countrymen ready, if need be, to emulate, with God's help, the example of the twenty-six who crowned that hill with glory to themselves and to their faith. True, indeed, it is that "the blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians."

We have the office of the Japanese Martyrs on the 5th of February. But Japan has many more martyrs interceeding for her conversion than the twenty-six of that festival.

At the entrance of the harbor of Nagasaki is a very high precipice named the "Pappenberg." In 1673 thousands of Christians were thrown from its perpendicular face to martyrdom because they would not apostatize. They were given the alternative to trample on the crucifix and upon the

sacred images or to be hurled to death on the rocks below. We know which they gladly accepted.

At Tokio in the Royal Museum I saw the crucifixes and images that they had refused to desecrate. Those crucifixes and medals of the Blessed Virgin, Rosaries, etc., are there as they were in the days of trial, fitted into blocks of wood. Some of the crucifixes are twisted, burnt and disfigured. I rejoiced that the government has preserved these emblems as an object lesson of the heroism of the Christians of those far-off days.

Not far from Nagasaki is the village of Mogi, where thirty-seven thousand Christians were put to death.

When it was supposed that the Christian religion had been exterminated, all foreigners, except the Dutch, were expelled from Japan. The Dutch were permitted to occupy a small plot of ground, Deshima, at Nagasaki. In 1647 two Portuguese men-of-war came to Nagasaki seeking to share the trade of the country with the Dutch. But when the Japanese confronted them with an army of fifty thousand men and a fleet of six hundred ships, the Portuguese sailed out of the beautiful land-locked harbor of Nagasaki.

Rt. Rev. J. Cousin was the venerable Bishop of Nagasaki. He had been in Japan for thirty-two years. Hence he is the patriarch of the Church of the Mikado's kingdom.

Very Rev. M. A. Salmon had been in Japan twenty-nine years. Being sickly, it was not thought that he would live more than six months anywhere, so it was concluded that he might as well go to Japan. He was then well and active and very busy. He told me that as late as 1870 the Catholics were deported and scattered by the decree of the Japanese Government, but that in 1873 they were permitted to return.

A Preparatory College and Seminary are institutions at Nagasaki. The Brothers of Mary have a flourishing school

and were constructing one of the largest buildings on one of the highest hills of Nagasaki.

The harbor of Nagasaki was full of warships from all nations. The "Concord" was the only one that carried the United States flag. I had seen it in the harbor of Yokohama. It was then, I understood, under sealed orders, steaming in the direction of Manila. It gave a good account of itself in the battle of Manila Bay. Little did I then suppose that trouble was brewing between the United States and Spain.

Japan is an island of forests and flowers, the land of the chrysanthemum and the cherry blossom. It is a country of mountains and valleys and its islands are said to number four thousand. Fusiyama, with its snowy summit, kisses the sky and can be seen for many miles from the vicinity of Yokohama. I have referred to it before as the far-famed Sacred Mountain of Japan.

All religions are now tolerated in Japan. Let us hope that the Catholic religion, the religion of the Cross, will soon illumine with Divine light the "Land of the Rising Sun."

I now leave the land of little men and little women. The men average something over five feet, the women average four feet five inches. Most of the men go bareheaded, and I think all the women do. At least, I saw none with hat or bonnet, and I came across no millinery shop. Even if the women have no hats they have raven black hair, and with little black oblique eyes and puffy red cheeks, they appear to be pleasant and good-natured on all occasions.

Every Japanese boy of seventeen years of age is expected to enter some branch of the army. After he becomes a man he must serve seven years as a soldier. The school-boys at recess are put through a military drill.

The little men of Japan think they each weigh a ton since they polished off the warriors of the Celestial Kingdom, toward the shores of which I then steered my bark.

CHAPTER XI.

HONG-KONG—REDCOATS AT MASS — OFF FOR CANTON — THE SAMPANS— INCIDENTS OF A RAMBLE — IN A PAGODA — THE UNITED STATES CONSUL—RIVER LIFE — PUNISHMENTS—A COFFIN FACTORY—POLICEMEN.

Nagasaki to Hong-Kong is eleven hundred miles. We passed through the Yellow Sea and the China Sea. As a general thing those waters are very rough and we experienced some of that kind of weather. Many ships have been lost on those seas. We passed a shipwrecked bark on February 23d. It had evidently been a coaster. The regular line of ocean steamers do not experience much real danger in battling with the waves there. However, they get tossed about at a rate that excites the fears of the passengers. The sunsets in these regions are splendid. It is hard to describe their magnificence. Never had we seen such an array of cloud and color. The vapory tissues of the sky reflected the rich but varying shades of opal, ruby, sapphire and turquoise blue, changing and interchanging, so as to make the scene most gorgeous.

We arrived in Hong-Kong from Nagasaki on Sunday morning, February 27th. I immediately hastened away to see the Cathedral in order to celebrate Mass. Climbing the high hills on the curving roads I came to a church-like building surmounted by a cross. This I felt sure was the place for me. The Chinese door-keeper kept me waiting some time. Being somewhat tired I again summoned him, having in the meantime conceived some doubts as to the orthodoxy of the building named St. Paul's. The Chinaman told me: "She soon come."

"Whom do you mean?" I asked.

He said, "Miss Tamm, this church in charge of Miss Tamm."

"Tamm?" said I, "I don't want to see her."

After some more walking and inquiries I came to a church, through the open door of which I saw a number of redcoats. That, I thought, must be an Episcopal Church. But on looking around I perceived a grotto in the garden with a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Then I felt at home. Entering the side door I perceived that the priest was in the pulpit. After his Mass, he said: "I wish I had seen you before I went into the pulpit; the soldiers and the people like to hear a sermon from an English speaking priest. I am an Italian." I told him that the notice would have been very short, but that under the circumstances I would have been pleased to preach.

The soldiers and mariners formed ranks outside and to the number of about two hundred and fifty marched away to the strains of music. I celebrated Mass then. The only person in the body of the church at that time was a devout Chinese. The Cathedral of Hong-Kong is a very fine stone structure of the Gothic style.

After breakfast I took a look around the city. It is beautifully situated, and has a very large and fine harbor. The flags of all nations float from the masts of the shipping. All prominent nations are represented by men-of-war. Hong-Kong is an English possession, and has been for over half a century. The city cannot be properly judged by the view from the harbor. With a population of over two hundred thousand, only about ten thousand are Europeans or Americans. Yet the tonnage of this port is only exceeded by two or three other cities in the world.

The level space does not extend back very far from the shore. High hills crowd the space and hence the business



MAIN STREET, HONG-KONG.

part is very compact, and very stirring. Made ground was being formed quite extensively when I was there.

The Bishop and some of his clergy came down to the landing in the afternoon and took a tug to visit a French steamer that had just arrived from Europe. The arrival of a steamer from Europe is always an event in that far-off

country. It brings the mail, the news and is a connecting link with those at home.

I had resolved to visit Canton, as I wished to see a real Chinese city. Hong-Kong is more English than Chinese, as it belongs to the English and they control it. I started one evening with Capt. T. Austin for the city of Canton, China. Upon the steamer were about four hundred Chinese. I was the only "foreign" passenger. I had read and heard much of Chinese pirates. The captain, to make me comfortable and to assure me, said that only the week before on one of the branches of the Canton River, pirates had robbed a steamer and all the passengers aboard.

At 6 o'clock the next morning I was on deck getting my first glimpse of famous Canton. The river scenes surpassed my imagination, although I had read much about them. The sampan boats surrounded and captured our steamer before she came to anchor. A very peculiar feature is that the captains and scullers of the sampans are women. Barefooted and bareheaded, they bore down upon us and made fast and with surprising agility were soon aboard. I was captured and taken ashore before breakfast, as I wished to celebrate Mass. A Chinese woman rowed me to the shore with much skill and not a little volubility. She steered her sampan safely through the mass of ships and moving boats.

To get through Canton a guide is necessary. I secured "Leap Chee," or rather he secured me. He wanted a testimonial in his book after we had "done the town" and I wrote that "he speaks English—after a fashion."

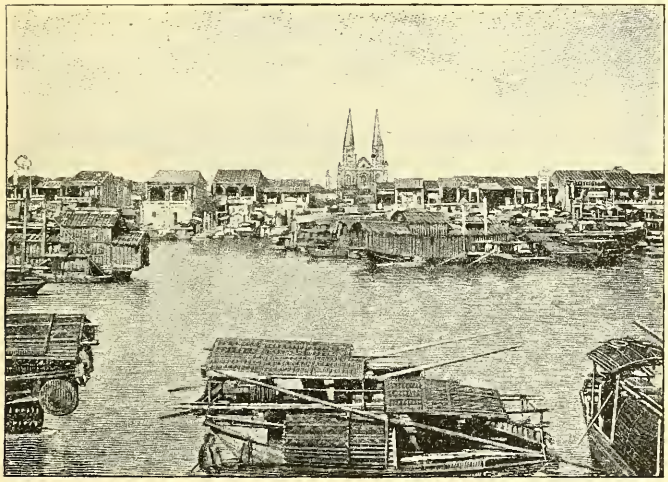
After getting inside the wall, the gates of which are opened at 6 a. m. and closed at 6 p. m., Leap Chee brought me into what I thought was a very narrow alley. It was full of people, mostly men. What a bedlam! How they stared, and the younger portion followed open-mouthed after me. Four men could not walk abreast. I looked up to see

if we were within or without. I could just see the sky through an opening that was now and then a foot wide. Just before entering this place Leap Chee asked:

"Have you a gold watch?"

I said: "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, many thieves, many bad men, he perhaps will take it."



CANTON FROM THE RIVER.

"No, I have not a gold watch. I have only a $3.00 timepiece, and no thief will get it."

"Belly well," he said.

I first thought that we had entered a narrow passage to a street. But I found that we were upon one of the principal streets. All were alike. Leap Chee ordered chairs at my expense. I favored walking, but when I found that the passages were slippery and crowded, and that not much headway could be made afoot, I consented to getting the

chairs. Three coolies carried him. It took four to tote me. Then the fun began. The coolies kept up a continual cry of warning. Men in hundreds had to press themselves against the walls to make room as we went by. When we met other chairs, then came the tug-of-war.

By waiting or by backing into doorways or by a tight squeeze we passed. Now and then I could hear the complimentary "fainquoi" (a foreign devil). A hiss came occasionally, and one grown boy puckered his lips to spit at me. I held up my fist and looked cross, so he desisted. If he had not, I probably would have hurt his feelings, but the action would have been imprudent, as the Chinese fairly swarmed about me. The noise, continued and incessant, was somewhat like the loud cackling of a large flock of ducks suddenly frightened at early morn.

In one street we met a lot of soldiers in single file. They had hardly room to walk two abreast. After them came an officer on horseback, then some men with gongs, followed by a chair containing a Mandarin. He was followed by other guards. Under the circumstances the Mandarin got quite near me. The horse the general rode was the only one I saw in Canton with its two million inhabitants.

I got to the Cathedral too late to celebrate Mass. I met the Bishop. He invited me back to "tiffin," as the 1 o'clock meal is called. The Cathedral was a surprise to me. Gothic, spacious, all stone to the apexes of its two spires and capable of accommodating three thousand people, it overtops everything else in Canton, as the above cut shows. The church, the episcopal residence and seminary occupy a square. I understand that it was built from funds furnished by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. I took a cup of coffee with the Bishop.

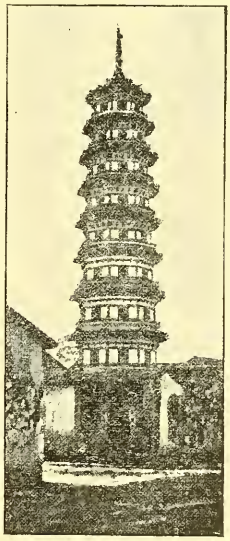
Again we started to see and be seen. We made our way to the walls of the city. There on a high hill we ascended to

the top of the five-storied pagoda. We then got a fine view of the city. It looked as if it were covered with a continuous roof. In the pagoda were several idols. The attendant handed me the visitor's book. The last entry the very day I was there, February 28, was Mr. and Mrs. Home, New York City. They probably had come in another steamer.

After taking lunch I looked over the register. I saw the entries: L. W. Deshler, Columbus, Ohio, September 19, 1893; Julian Reynolds, Elmira, New York, 1893; John C. Judge, of Chicago, Ill., had signed February 24, 1898. The whole world was represented between the covers. I found there, under date of August 28, 1893, the following:

"Two fools on pleasure bent one day,
The sights of Canton came to see,
But devil a penny they had left to pay
And all they could get was a cup of tea.

"H. J. Austin, London,
"Hugh Lewis, Belfast.
"Tired, hungry, worn out and sore."



FLOWER PAGODA.

Wong Cho wrote: "This is the first time I have been here since my life."

The following is part of an inscription dated August 23, 1896:

"But we must go
Time is too strong
And, will we or no,
Drives us along.
Now for the stairs,
Awfully steep,
Down to the chairs
Coolies asleep."

I called on the United States Consul, Mr. Edward Bedloe. He was very kind and wished to know of what service he could be to me. Learning that I was going to Rome he showed me a medal on his watch chain. It had been blessed by Pius IX. and he was very proud of it.

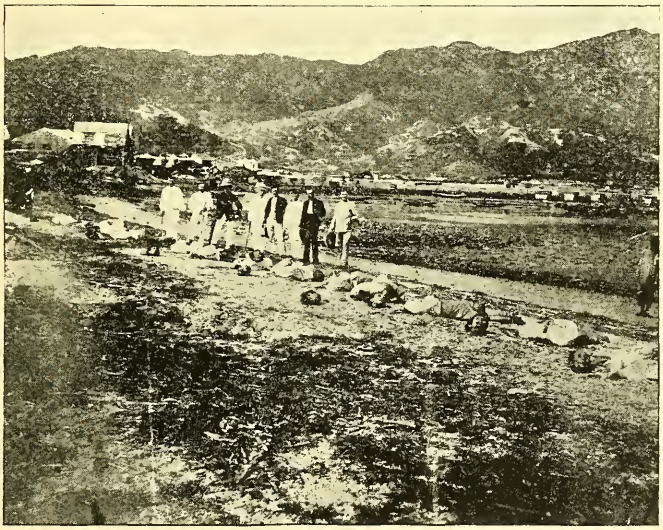
Contemplating river life from the deck of the steamer "Hio Ting," opposite Canton, I was much interested in the kaleidoscopic panorama. The river is "Home Sweet Home" in the sampan boats to one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. The captain told me that one million people live there in the boats. But the captain is an "old salt," hence his story needs to be taken with much of saline ingredient.



MR. EDW. BEDLOE.

Instead of pulling on the oars the Cantonese stand and push on them, facing the prow of the boat as they do so. Observing a number of large stern-wheel boats but seeing no smoke-stacks I looked for the motive power. I found it was furnished by from fifteen to eighteen coolies, stripped to the waist, who worked a treadmill arrangement in the rear of the boats, on the principle of the trashing machine propelled by horses, boxed in and treading on rollers. Girls of nearly all ages were passing an apprenticeship in sampan management under their mothers' direction. Babies fastened to the backs of mothers or sisters as these manipulated the oars were a common sight. A peculiar shake and step supplied the cradle movement. In Japan I had frequently noticed the infants asleep on the backs of brothers and sisters as these played at hop-scotch. Though the heads bobbed up and down and fell from side to side the babies slept on, or did not whimper while awake.

I was reminded in Canton that the Church follows the Scriptural advice and makes herself "all things to all men," as I saw almost hidden under the Bishop's cassock quite a vigorous "pig-tail," although he was a Frenchman. He had just told me: "Here we are all Chinese."



CHINESE PIRATES BEHEADED.

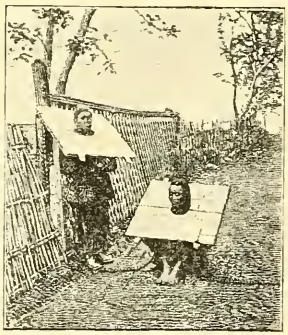
We visited a Chinese weaving establishment. The work done is very fine and delicate. Ten cents was again demanded before I was permitted to pass out.

Knowing that some six thousand Chinese are beheaded every year I asked Leap Chee where the execution grounds were. He said as coolly as though he was talking of beeves: "They no kill to-day." I told him that I did not wish to witness an execution, but merely to see the place. In the prison I saw a number of criminals chained by their feet. I

was let in free, but I had to pay to get out. I suppose such contributions are part of the turnkey's perquisites. I went to the prison to see what I might. I soon learned that I was an object of greater curiosity to the prisoners. Those who could, gathered around and chattered away at a great rate.

Whenever I stepped into a shop I was sure to attract a crowd around the door.

There are eighteen provinces in China. The governors and officials in each see to the enforcement of the laws. If a boy commits a crime he is not only punished himself, but his parents, his elder brothers and his teacher share in his punishment for not having brought him up properly and for failing to teach him to observe the law.



THE CANGUE.

For small offences the guilty parties are compelled to wear about their necks a framework of heavy boards called a cangue (kang.) It weighs from twenty-five to ninety pounds. The wearer cannot lie down or reach so as to feed himself. Upon the cangue is written the nature of the offence committed so that as the culprit walks around passers-by may stop and read about the offence.

Custom and religion give almost unlimited authority to the parents over their children. To strike a parent is death. Obedience to parents continues even after the child marries. I heard of a wealthy married Chinese who was invited to dine with the American Consul. He said that he thought he could accept but that he must first ask his parents.

In our rounds the guide showed me a coffin-factory. The

cost of a casket is $2 and up. It is cheap to live and die in China, but no Chinese wants to be an undertaker. Men have to be forced in a manner to handle the dead. In one place I saw two coffins having occupants. In almost every store and often before the doors, lights and sticks of incense were burning before shrines. A coffin is the most acceptable present a child can make to his parents. They keep it in the best room and exhibit it with evident pride to all their visitors as an evidence of filial love and reverence.

Many lights and burning incense sticks were displayed in the temples. There also the beggars were lined up seeking alms. Story-tellers and fortune-tellers plied their trades within the gates. I was much interested, noticing the awed attention of the customers and the animation and mysteriousness of the readers of the future. The fortune-tellers appeared to be all men. Old women monopolize the trade in our country and their customers are of the same sex.

The barber-shops were many and primitive, nearly all of them being on the curb or roadside. On high, round chairs or stools sat the victims. Judging from appearances this is the right word to designate the customers. Some of them held a hand glass; others held a pan to catch the falling hair. The tonsorial artists, like the fraternity at home, appear to be very loquacious.

Meeting a number of rather listless looking policemen, I asked the guide what salary they received. "Seven dollars a month," was the reply. This represents $3.50 of our money. What do "the finest" think of that pay?

The policemen whom I met in Hong-Kong were tall, dark-faced and black-bearded Sikhs, natives of India, and trained there in the British army. They wear long coats and turbans of a bright red color.

Who has not heard of the small feet of the Chinese women? Not many women are seen on the streets of the

Chinese cities. The higher class keep, as a rule, within doors. The feet of the boat-women are of normal size. In passing a rather pretentious dwelling I saw two women whose feet were extremely small, in fact, to me they appeared deformed. The feet of a three-year-old-child are as large. They walked with apparent difficulty and it looked as though they would topple over if some one would cry "mice" in Chinese.

The ladies in China do not bother the clerks in the silk stores—they do not go shopping. Since "Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mahomet." The clerks bring their samples to the homes and there the ladies make their selection.

Canton is not a clean city or a city of sweet smells. I saw in the center of the city a small pond thickly covered with a green scum. No wonder that the plagues cause such havoc in those dirty Eastern cities.

Two days before I arrived there was a large fire in Canton. A custom officer told me that the water pipes are run on top of the houses. This does well enough until the house under the pipe gets afire. The heat and the falling building destroy the supply pipe and give the fire-fighters a rest.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME PECULIAR CUSTOMS—STICKLERS FOR ETIQUETTE—ART OF PRINTING—CHINESE SCHOOL BOYS—DUCK FARMERS—CATHOLICITY IN CHINA—EXAMINATION CELLS—THE GREAT WALL—COURTSHIP—HONG-KONG AGAIN.

There are many curious customs in China. No Chinese gentleman would for the world ride in the same carriage with his wife ; etiquette does not permit it.

The Chinese in meeting friends do not shake hands, each shakes his own hands in token of greeting. In the matter of canes the Chinese go on the principle that "a cane is a young man's weakness and an old man's strength." Hence old men alone carry canes. In entering a house the polite custom is to keep the hat on.

Fashion, at least among the officials, is regulated from Peking. When a bulletin comes from the capital that "the Emperor has put on his summer hat," all the officials don summer attire irrespective of the temperature, which in Canton and in other places is often different from that in Peking.

The office of "Viceroy of Canton" is a high position. The Chinese recognize the grades of dignity, and are sticklers for the observance of the etiquette of grades. In the office of the Viceroy there are three entrances ; a high and large door in the center and a smaller door on each side. The center door is opened only to a caller equal in dignity to the Viceroy. The foreign consuls had to enter the official residence by the smaller doors. When they finally understood the reason they fell back on their own importance and protested that it would be an insult to the dignity of the

nations they represented should they enter by any other than the central door. They got such a curve on their own dignity that the centre door had to swing open for them. Going through the big door no doubt increased their importance in the eyes of the Chinese.

This point of international etiquette kept business back for years. It entailed a large amount of correspondence and diplomacy. The Viceroy finally yielded. Now Mr. Bedloe, whom I met as the Consul of the United States, when he calls on the Viceroy of Canton, enters by the big middle door, "with its big brass knob."

The consuls and foreign population at Canton live on a large and beautiful island "with all the comforts of home." I landed upon it. A large stone bridge connects it with the city. A guard stands at its iron gates. No Chinese is allowed to pass unless he is in the domestic or official service of some one on the island, and even then he must show a permit.

Many may be surprised to learn that the Chinese had acquired the art of printing five hundred years before the Europeans discovered it. But they have not advanced much from the original rude wooden blocks. However, they print their laws, etc., and eight-tenths of the people can read and write. This fact ought to convince us that the Chinese are not so benighted as we imagine.

There is not much play for the Chinese school boy. He begins at five years of age and goes to school seven days in the week and sticks to it nine hours a day. He is not allowed to mope. He studies every lesson by shouting it out at the top of his voice. The quiet boy gets the bamboo. No smart boy is kept back by a dull class—there is no class. When ready, each boy brings his book to the teacher, turns his back to the pedagogue, that he may gain no inkling, and

recites his lesson. This method of training may account for the bedlam in the streets of Canton.

It is different in Japan. There the boys and girls attend school. When the teacher wishes to call a class, he rises and bows to the pupils. The pupils rise and bow still lower and then enter the recitation room. They remain standing until the teacher bows. They then bow still lower and seat



CHINESE BOYS.

themselves. At the close of the lesson the teacher bows and they bow lower and pass out. Follow them. You will find them ranged in a line outside near the door. The teacher comes out and bows. The pupils bow lower and hurry away. Away to games? No. On the school grounds the boys are put through the manual of arms and military drill. I saw a number of schools in Japan where they were being taught the tactics.

Along the rivers of China the traveler may observe duck farmers. At night he keeps the ducks in a shed, but lets them out early. He requires them to be back at a certain time. Requires? Yes, requires and insists on obedience. About sunset the ducks hurry to the shed. A stranger wonders at their haste as they scramble over each other to get in. It is soon explained. The duck farmer is awaiting them with his long bamboo stick. This stick comes down on the back of the last duck in. The ducks are "brought up" in the knowledge that "the devil"—the bamboo stick—"will take the hindmost." There is nothing slow about the ducks of China when it comes time to go home.

Nearly all Chinese boats have a large eye painted on the bow. Captain Austin told me that he never saw one that hadn't. The Chinese give as a reason: "Him no eye, how him see? Him no see, how him go?" They evidently think that a blind boat would get lost.

About one-fourth of the people of the world live in China. A conservative estimate places the population of the Empire at three hundred and ninety millions. Nearly all of these are pagans. The Catholic religion is making some progress. In China, including Tonquin, there are two millions. A person might ask: "What are those among so many?" It is true. Means are much needed to carry on the work. There are many earnest converts. One day at Ning-Po there came a Christian Chinese woman to the priest at 6 p. m. She said: "Father I wish to go to Confession and to receive Holy Communion."

"You may go to Confession, but I am sorry to learn that you are so poorly instructed as not to know that you must be fasting to receive Holy Communion," he answered.

She replied: "Father, I know that I must be fasting and I am; my husband has prevented me all day from coming. He has now gone out. Please hear my Confession and give



Chinese, 382,000,000.

Indian, 286,000,000.

African, 210,000,000.

English, 116,000,000.

Russian, 85,000,000.

German, 80,000,000.

French, 52,000,000

Spanish, 44,000,000.

Japanese, 40,000,000.

Italian, 34,000,000.

The relative proportion of persons speaking the chief languages of the world is represented by this series of national types. The total population of the world is 1,452,000,000. The languages not represented in the above illustrations include Javanese, Turkish, Brazilian, etc.—all with less than 35,000,000.

me Holy Communion that I may get back before he returns." It was done. Many proud but cold children of the household of Faith may have to give place to those called in the eleventh hour.

The converts have great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. I saw a number, perhaps a hundred, making a visit before the altar in the Canton Cathedral. In the church they kneel the whole time and often sing their prayers together. Most of the young men go to Confession every week.

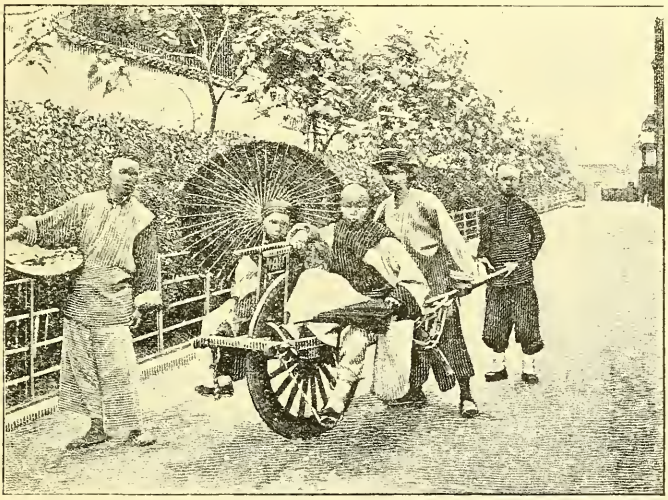
There is also great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The girls in Catholic villages recite together the office of the Blessed Virgin daily.

There is a law in the United States restricting or preventing the immigration of Chinese. From what I have seen of the habits and methods of living of the millions of pagan Chinese, the law is, to my mind, justified on the principle of self-preservation. The Chinese have reduced poverty to a science. They can live on ten cents a day. I would consider it a species of crime to open wide the doors and let these people come in vast waves to compete with our workingmen. We know the fable of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Were our people compelled to live as do the Chinese, how quickly the manufacturers would find consumption reduced to its minimum and their markets gone. We do not know that the Chinese grieve very much over their exclusion. They are philosophical. One of their proverbs is: You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nest in your hair.

China has a very ancient history, a history which dates farther back than the foundation of Rome. They have a country that is immense, rich in minerals and fertile in its land. The people are very industrious, but to us, very peculiar in their habits and customs. Were they to admit modern

machinery we wonder where the multitudes would get work. They oppose, and with some reason, the introduction of labor-saving machines.

Wheelbarrows serve in place of the jinrikisha. Those kinds of passenger wheelbarrows are found in some large cities. Mule carts are used for rapid transit in some places.



THE PASSENGER WHEELBARROW.

There is plenty of "cash" but not much money. Coins with a hole punched in the center for the purpose of stringing is called "cash." It takes one thousand of them to make one dollar. Mr. George Sevy, a friend of mine who was in China while I was there, told me that he had $50.00 in "cash" to deposit. In order to get it taken to the bank he had to get a Chinese with a wheelbarrow, and then the coolie had a load.

I found that the Mexican silver dollar is much in use all through the Far East. Fares and tickets costing dollars really mean half-dollars in our money. Hence, travelers are sometimes led astray by the figures. Some agencies in America will point to the "dollars" and not explain that Mexican dollars are meant.

I noticed in Canton that "fresh fish" means "fresh fish," as the fish are kept alive. The market I saw was a good market with many kinds of meat, game and vegetables. The Chinese are very fond of pork. I saw many a roasted hog taken from the temples.

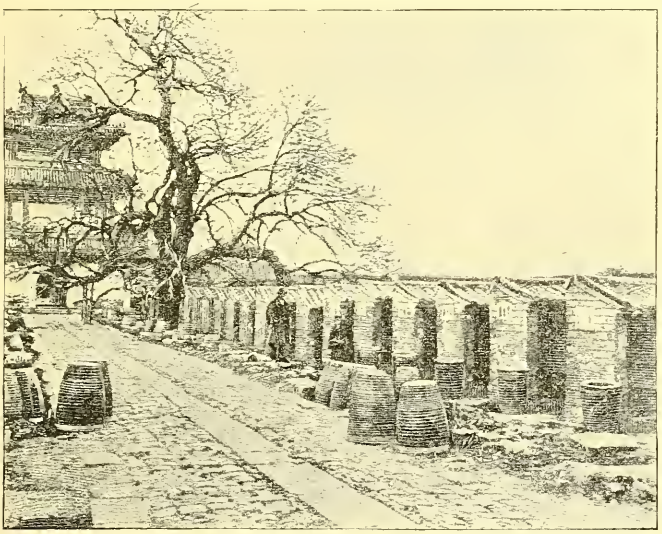
Cats, dogs and rats have their sellers and buyers. I looked on the stock with interest but not with any craving appetite. The dried and skinned rats were fastened to the walls. When a dog is prepared, scalding water removes the hair and then it does not look unlike pork. A little fur is left on the end of the tail, especially if the canine was black, as black dogs and black cats are favorites on the bill of fare.

Promotions to official positions in China are awarded on civil service principles. The candidates go one by one into little brick cells. They are first searched, to see that they do not carry books or notes. All begin at the sound of a gun. They remain therein for three days and nights and are watched by soldiers. Those who pass creditably are appointed to office. The one who gets the highest percentage is honored in the whole land. It would be well for our government if it had such cells and fewer political "pulls."

All have heard of the Great Wall of China. It is over twelve hundred miles long, about twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet high. On the wall that surrounds Canton I observed cannon placed at intervals. On examination I found them rusty, uncared for and containing more or less pebbles

and stones. They did not impress me as very savage "dogs of war."

There is not much time lost in China by company-keeping. There is no chance there for the dilatory young man to increase gas bills and blight prospects by just calling and calling, and staying and staying, until the pater familias



EXAMINATION CELLS.

must wish he could drop him, with his timidity or imposition, through a trap door into China. The Chinese girls are not courted. Marriages are arranged by the parents through professional match-makers.

The Chinese do not kiss. They shake their own hands. In bowing to one another they bend nearly to the ground. They keep their hats on while making a call. The Chinese wear white as an emblem of mourning. When the days of

mourning are over they give a feast to their friends. In reading they begin at the back of the book, thus reversing our method. A play in a Chinese theatre is like a continued story, and is carried on during the day time. The natives are not fond of bathing—once or twice in a life-time "will be a plenty." They remind me of the man who said: "I take a bath once a year whether I need it or not."

I wrote of the gambling of the Chinese while crossing the Pacific. I saw much of the vice in China. Cock fighting is common and quail fighting almost as common. In the United States, out West, men sometimes gamble on a chance that a fly will first light on their piece of sugar. In China men may be seen kneeling about little bowls watching intently and betting on the fighting qualities of two crickets or two spiders. They are urged on by being tickled with straws, and fight to the death.

Department stores are not in vogue in China, but stores selling the same lines of goods are generally close together.

Faint-hearted people may purchase ground tigers' bones to give them courage, and extracts of the flesh of rats to make their hair grow.

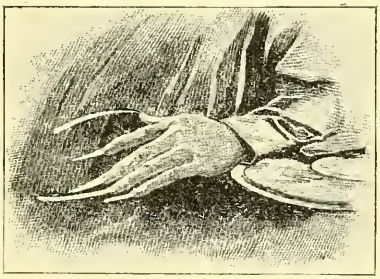
The Chinese make china and perhaps they are the inventors of porcelain, as they produced the ware seventeen hundred years before the time of Christ.

Visitors to Canton may sleep and board on the steamers. They are permitted to change from the night to the day boat, and vice-versa.

Noticing children just able to crawl playing on the row-boats as they sped in and out among the shipping, I wondered that they did not fall in and drown. I then found that small lines were tied about their waists, and little barrels strapped to their backs, so if they went overboard, they could easily be hauled back home. The barrels kept them afloat until help came.

I was not a little astonished to notice in a bank a Chinese clerk who had finger nails longer than the fingers themselves. I found that this custom is quite common among officials and professional men. Ladies sometimes put silver shields over their nails to prevent them from breaking.

On the 1st of March, the month of St. Joseph, we got back to the city and island of Hong-Kong. This island is eleven miles long by from two to three miles wide. It is one of the greatest ports in the world. The English have given to the city the name of Victoria, but Hong-Kong holds its own. If you told a man to "go to Victoria" he would want an explanation, but if you told him to "go to Hong-Kong" he would quickly understand.



LONG FINGER NAILS.

In Cleveland an Irish street car conductor had some warm words with a passenger. Becoming exasperated at some insulting remarks the young Irishman told the passenger to "go to h—." The passenger reported him and he was laid off. After waiting a week the conductor sought work. He was a good man and the company did not wish to lose him, so he was told that if he apologized to the offended passenger he might get his position back. The conductor then went to the office of the offended man and opening the door he said. "Do you remember where I told you to go last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've come to tell you you needn't go." On reporting that he had properly apologized, he got his punch back.

The hills about Hong-Kong's beautiful harbor vary in

height up to four thousand feet. More than sixty thousand ships and junks visit it every year from all parts of the globe. Most of the steamers that cross the Pacific from America end their voyage at Hong-Kong. This island is ruled by a Governor sent out from England. I saw his pew in the Catholic Church.

I found that the plague was raging in India. I had intended to sail for Calcutta, but not wishing to be quarantined for weeks or months, I had to go by the way of Singapore to the island of Ceylon, on the "Chalydora," a large steamer, one of six used in the opium trade. Each carries a cargo of opium worth $800,000. Had I known a few hours sooner concerning the plague in India, I could have taken passage on the fast German mail steamer, the "Sachsen." I had the disappointment of seeing her steaming out of the bay as I learned of the plague in India.

CHAPTER XIII.

HONG-KONG TO SINGAPORE—HALF WAY AROUND THE GLOBE—SINGAPORE HARBOR—ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF LIFE IN SINGAPORE—MALAY DIVERS—PENANG—ITS PEOPLE.

Having "done" Hong Kong, I looked about for a steamer for Singapore. I found that the "Chalydora," Captain John Davis, was to leave at 3 p. m. that same day. At the office I secured a ticket for a "first class passage." In that department I found plenty of room. I had the entire first class to myself. There was no "second class," but there was a Chinese class. There were six hundred of them on board in the steerage, bound for Singapore and Penang. Just before taking passage I had learned that the small-pox was raging in Hong-Kong. Captain Davis, speaking of the Chinese, said: "I hope none of the beggars will take the small-pox before we reach Singapore." My amen was fervent. I daily inquired with much solicitude about the health of my fellow passengers in the Chinese department. I took a look at the Chinese every day; I could see them quite easily by walking out on the bridge. Being the only white passenger on board for six days with the six hundred Chinese, I had plenty of time for reading and contemplation and the study of the Chinese and of the Chinese language.

From Hong-Kong to Singapore is one thousand four hundred and forty miles. From Singapore to the Island of Ceylon is one thousand five hundred and fifty miles.

Speaking to Captain Davis, who, by the way, was a native of Wales, and only thirty-one years of age, of the cheap rates for Chinese from Canton to Hong-Kong, he said: "We

carry them and board them to Singapore for $6.00." My ticket cost me $50.00. But this money was Mexican, or one-half in our money. To be boarded for nearly six days and to be carried one thousand four hundred and forty miles for $3.00 sweeps the deck for bargains.

Half way around! Singapore, as I make it out, is just half way round the world from Cleveland. The Forest City is just beneath on the opposite side of the globe. I could hardly realize that physical fact. I then knew that each advance was getting me nearer home. I was no longer like the wanderer mentioned by Goldsmith,

"Drawing at each step a lengthening chain."

The chain was getting shorter. However, I do not wish it to be understood that I was not enjoying my strange experience in foreign lands and among foreign peoples. Had some friend been with me, no doubt I would have enjoyed it more. However, I can talk to myself without as much conceit as had a certain man addicted to that habit. Someone asked him why he talked to himself so much. "For two good reasons," said he; "I like to hear a sensible man talk; and I like to talk to a sensible man."

We entered the picturesque harbor of Singapore early in the morning. We were at the opening of the Malacca Straits and only about sixty miles from the Equator. The Island of Singapore is about thirty miles long and about fifteen miles across. The nature of the merchandise piled on the docks indicated the products of the island. From Singapore are shipped tapioca, gambia, cocoanut oil, tin, indigo, coral, gutta-percha, tiger skins, camphor gum, etc. I remember very well in passing through the large varnish factory of the Glidden Varnish Co., in Cleveland, to have seen a great variety of gums used in the manufacture of fine varnishes. Mr. F. H. Glidden explained that much of their

gums came from Singapore. Little did I then think that I would ever see Singapore.

Balmy were the days and bright the beautiful moonlight nights in those tropical climes. One is tempted there to stay on deck all night. Light white clothing constitutes the becoming suits of the officers on deck and the well-to-do on land. Much less is sufficient for the "coolies."

Singapore has a fine harbor, and was full of ships from all nations. A number of men-of-war were at anchor. An Italian man-of-war arrived while we were waiting for the health officer. The usual salutes were fired and returned.

With wise forethought the English purchased Singapore from the Sultan of Johore in 1819. It is an important port between the Far East, Calcutta and England. The city is divided into the European, Chinese and Malay quarters. It is strongly fortified. England has guarded her way by a line of possessions and fortifications from London to the Far East. Consider her strongly fortified outposts, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Hong-Kong. When war threatened lately in China the question was asked: "Where would the German men-of-war get fuel, since the above islands are in possession of the British?" A ship that burns from one hundred to four hundred tons of coal per day must have supply stations not too far apart.

The Malay Archipelago may be said to embrace the Islands of Singapore, Penang, Borneo, Sumatra and Java. The Philippine Islands, some four hundred in number, may be said to constitute the Northern part of the Archipelago. We were not very far from these islands on our way from Hong-Kong to Singapore. Had I known then how important a part they would play in American history in the war that began in less than two months after my visit to Singapore, I certainly would have gone to the Philippines.

When I wished to go ashore Captain Davis said that the

regulations permitted no one to land until the health officer had cleared the ship. I had to wait until that important official came aboard. The captain said, in the meantime, speaking of the Chinese : "I hope the beggars will all pass." It would be bad to be on board a quarantined ship. The health officer and his assistants came out in their steam launch at 8 o'clock. In single file the Chinese passed and repassed for examination. One poor fellow was set aside for "the island." The health officer made no examination and asked no questions of the only passenger in the "first class."

The center of the city of Singapore is about three miles from the steamboat landing. I was driven there behind a little pony on a road that was as level and as smooth as a floor. The driver, a Malay, sat on the shaft. We passed a number of his countrymen in airy costume working on the road-bed. Their ebony skin glistened in the sun. They are a fine looking lot of people, but as slow moving as we find them in the tropics. We passed many Chinese and many Chinese shops. I found in a number of banks and offices the Chinese acting as clerks and in responsible positions. It appears that they are very capable and many of them are quite wealthy.

On the streets I noticed a number of small white hump-backed oxen driven single or double at a good trot, or pulling large loads.

Singapore is a very healthy place. There is a perpetual Spring with an unvarying temperature. The sun rises and sets at 6 o'clock the whole year. It does not vary five minutes. However, there are some drawbacks to the floral beauty and spice-laden air. There are a number of dangerous snakes, scorpions, mammoth spiders, lizards and savage tigers. Tigers are said to devour about three hundred of the people annually. They often swim over from the mainland for their victims. A beautiful botanical garden containing

a very fine aviary is located a couple of miles from the town. Money has a greater purchasing power than with us. While laborers on the docks get only fifteen cents a day, those inland get less; but they can go into the jungle and get a dinner of fruit at any time. When I went to the steamboat office to purchase a ticket for Ceylon the agent did not know the value of American money. He sent a Chinese clerk out with me to ascertain its market price. He took me to a little shop and explained matters to the Malay in charge. This swarthy son made a gesture for me to hand out the money. Instead of doing so I said to the Chinese clerk: "You come on to the bank, I will not deal here." Then the Malay showed a very fine set of teeth. He was evidently displeased. At this bank for a $40.00 American Express Co.'s check I got $86.10 in the money of the country good at the ticket office.

I was very much surprised when the steamship agent told me that there was no room on the "Sachsen," the German mail steamer. This was the steamer which I nearly caught in Hong-Kong. On account of its delay in Singapore I overtook it. When I found that there was no room in the first cabin. I managed with difficulty to get a berth in the second cabin. There were two others in the state-room. That night while the others were on deck, I took "the lowest place." When they came in I did not pretend to understand German, so I did not have to go up higher.

While the "Sachsen" was pulling in her lines for departure, a fine large French mail steamer from Europe came alongside and prepared to make fast to the next mooring. The decks were crowded with passengers. Among them I noticed wearing their cassocks a Bishop and a number of priests, and also six or eight Sisters of Charity—"The Coronets." No doubt they had come to supply some wants of

the missionary land. I think that they were all bound for China.

While in the hárbor of Singapore the steamer was surrounded by Malays ranging in age from six to thirty years. They darted hither and thither in their small canoes seeking to entice passengers to throw coin into the sea. Then down they would dive and often get the coin before reaching bottom. But sometimes they were so long under water that they must have had to go to the depths. No coin appeared to escape them. It was a mystery to me to know how they got into their narrow canoes without capsizing them.

Those southern seas are full of life. Porpoises often come to the surface, and flying-fish are numerous. Sometimes they are attracted at night by the lights and fly on to the deck. One night one flew into the state-room. The wings fold so closely to the body that a person without examination would suppose it to be an ordinary fish. One scientist has secured and classified over five hundred distinct species of fishes from this division of the Indian Ocean. Some are as gay in color and as various as the tropical birds and flowers.

There was a fine ship's band on board the "Sachsen." It played often. The decks at night were cleared for the dance. People's tastes differ. A wealthy representative Chinese said, after looking on at a dance: "I don't see why those people do not hire others to do that hard work for them." Some of these on board appeared to enjoy "the hard work" and plenty of it. All classes of people representing different nations were aboard the steamer. Most of them were English and Germans on their way home after a long stay in foreign lands.

The Island of Penang is three hundred and seventy-six miles from Singapore. It resembles Singapore very much in people, climate and products. The island is about thirteen

miles long and ten miles wide. Neither Penang nor Singapore is troubled with malarial fevers. Perhaps no places on earth are better adapted to the corporal wants of primitive man. The people are very fond of ornament. Men and women pierce their ears, noses and lips for the purpose of wearing therein brass, silver or gold rings. They also cover their arms and ankles with metallic rings.

Captain Francis Light received Penang in 1786 as a marriage portion with his dusky bride from the King, her father. He afterwards transferred it to the East India Company.

I planned to reach Jerusalem in time for Holy Week. That sacred place is about four thousand miles from the island of Ceylon. Hence I was then almost as far from the Holy City as though I had not left home.

CHAPTER XIV.

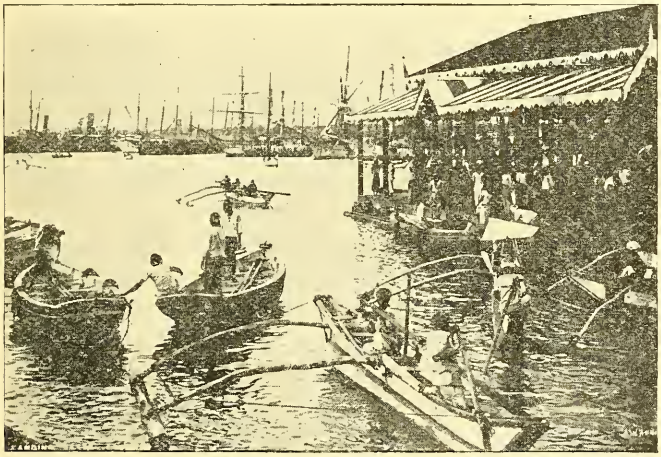
COLOMBO, CEYLON — LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR — THEIR HOME — CATHOLICITY IN CEYLON — VICTIM OF PREJUDICE — MATERIAL PROSPERITY — KANDY — ELEPHANTS — AN IDEAL PLACE.

Bright and early on Saturday morning, March 12, the steamer "Sachsen" steamed into the spacious harbor of Colombo, Ceylon. The flags of nearly all nations were represented in the emblems that floated from the mast heads of the many vessels at anchor. The American citizen in a tour around the world is seldom cheered by the sight of the Stars and Stripes. If I am not mistaken, I think the absence of the flag is due in a great measure to the restrictions placed on trade by a high protective tariff. Even patriotic Americans of means are inclined to save money by getting their ships built in a free trade country, though they must sail them under foreign flags. However, I do not intend to enter into a disquisition on the relative merits of free trade and protective policies as effecting national commerce and prosperity. After the years of political discussion on the subject the American people ought to be thoroughly posted on the question. I merely wish to call attention to an undeniable fact—the absence of the American flag on the highways of commerce.

Colombo on the island of Ceylon is about thirteen hundred miles from Penang and fifteen hundred and sixty-six from Singapore. Our steamer made from three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and fifty miles in the twenty-four hours. Colombo is a port of call for ships from Australia, China and part of India. This fact accounts for

the large number of ships and fine steamers in the spacious harbor.

Very soon after our arrival in the harbor we were surrounded by the natives in their peculiar canoes. These are long and very narrow, being simply the trunk of a tree hollowed out. To prevent them from rolling over they are balanced by a long heavy log, pointed at both ends, floating



LANDING AT COLOMBO.

alongside at a distance of ten feet and attached to the canoes by two strong bamboos tied on at right angles.

The steamer anchored about one-third of a mile out from the shore. To get to the landing we had to take boats. I was the first off. Once in the canoe there was no room to turn around. I was wedged in, so narrow was the space. The natives soon brought me to the landing for twenty-five cents. On getting ashore I was confronted by the following sign in large letters : " Beware of Sunstroke ! Remember

the fate of poor Hardy and others. Use your umbrellas." Fortunately I had mine with me. I found the necessity of it before the day was far advanced. The thermometer ranges at Colombo from 78° to 96°, but the heat to a stranger is very oppressive.

I got a guide and one of the many conveyances at the landing. I immediately directed the guide to have me taken to the "Little Sisters of the Poor" on Darley Road. We arrived at the "Home for the Aged" in about fifteen minutes. I found the institution beautifully situated on the edge of an arm of the sea. The old gate-keeper let us into the beautiful grounds, embracing ten acres. I found the buildings spacious and airy and well adapted for the warm climate. On showing my letter of introduction from the "Good Mother" in Cleveland, I received a very cordial welcome. Preparations were quickly made and very soon after my arrival I had the happiness of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

During breakfast I had the pleasure of meeting the nine Sisters of the community. Their names were Sisters Stanislaus of St. Augustine, Hortense of bon Pasteur, Arsine of the Seven Dolors, Sister of St. Augustine, Mary William of the Sacred Heart, and Veronica of All Saints. One of the Sisters was from Troy, New York. Her brother, Father Hayden, then at The University at Washington, D. C., was ordained at Albany, September, 1897. The Sisters had one hundred and twenty-two old people in the Home. Passing through the house I found that all the inmates were natives. Some were blind, others were paralyzed, and all in need. They go in as pagans, but nearly all die in the faith. Some thirty-two were baptized during the previous year. Such a charity is a puzzle to the natives. At first the Sisters were looked upon with suspicion, but now they are much esteemed for their noble work. However, the natives understand little

of charity. A handful of rice is their usual contribution. Were it not for the generosity of the Europeans residing in Colombo, and those passing through on ships, the Sisters could not continue their good work. The week before my arrival Prince Henry of Germany stopped there on his way to China. He contributed to the Sisters £50, or $250.00. The Sisters realized that they had received a princely gift.

Next to the Sisters' Home is St. Joseph's College and St. Charles' School, conducted by "The Oblates of Mary Immaculate." The pupils numbered five hundred. The grounds were very well kept, and embraced ten acres. A large new brick building, four stories high, was being added to the group. I met several of the Fathers. One of them was Father John Lanigan. I told him that his name reminded me of home, as there were some of that name in my parish. He hailed from Ireland. Passing through the college I noticed on the marble tablet among the list of benefactors the names of Mr. and Mrs. F. McMahon, Limerick, Ireland. Strange to say, months afterwards, I met those same people in Limerick.

The pupils graduate with honors equivalent to the London B. A. On leaving the grounds I witnessed a match game of cricket. Quite a number of spectators were present.

After driving about and around the town I made a call on the priests of St. Philip Neri. I found Father Wilkinson, of Tipperary County, and Father Burke in charge. They were fine specimens of physical manhood. The church was a very beautiful structure and was situated on the bank of a small lake—an ideal location. To that church the Catholic soldiers of the British army stationed there march on Sundays to the strains of the military band. There was a Soldiers' Catholic Club with a large membership. That club and the other Catholic soldiers were to attend High Mass on the Feast of St. Patrick and have charge of the evening's enter-

tainment. I was invited to remain for the celebration but I had not time to stay that long. I considered it quite novel that soldiers of the British army would in that far-off land be found celebrating the Feast of Ireland's patron Saint. How times have changed! Not long ago the Irish soldiers in the British army wearing shamrocks subjected themselves to court-martial. Now they are entitled by Victoria's order to wear the

> "Chosen leaf
> Of bard and chief,
> Old Erin's native shamrock."

Inquiring about Catholic matters from Father Wilkinson I received the following information: There were in the city of Colombo nineteen Catholic churches. The Archbishop resides there. There were then thirty-six thousand Catholics in the city. The Catholic population on the Island of Ceylon was three hundred thousand. The total population of the island, including pagans, was three millions. The Catholic population was increasing at the rate of four thousand per annum. This does not include immigration, which is very light. The entire Protestant population of the island is thirty-nine thousand. In the one diocese of Ceylon there are three hundred and thirteen Catholic schools. The schools are helped by government aid in proportion to attendance and results. Of the Catholic population, one in six attend school, but only one in twenty-one of the general population. All male teachers must pass an examination before being permitted to teach. Among the religious orders who teach are the Good Shepherds, the Franciscan Nuns, and the Nuns of the Holy Family. I met some of the Good Shepherd Sisters—one of them from Limerick.

There is a good Catholic newspaper published there, "The Ceylon Catholic Messenger." It is a bi-weekly. The Archbishop and the priests take great interest in it, recog-

nizing the fact that "a good Catholic newspaper is a continual mission in a parish." As far as I can recall there is no bi-weekly Catholic newspaper in English published in the United States. The number of our Catholic people and the interests of religion should support a strong Catholic press, and finally lead to a religious daily paper alert to defend Catholic doctrine and meet without delay misrepresentations and calumnies.



NATIVES.

In Colombo I found a victim of prejudice in the person of Father O'Doherty, of Australia. He was a vigorous champion of Catholic truth there, both in the press and pulpit. He had taken passage under the auspices of Cook & Son for a trip to Ireland, his native land, from which he had been absent six years. He sailed on a British & India steamer under Captain Simmons. On the trip it was stated that he

was subjected to persecution and insult by the captain on account of his religion. Father O'Doherty left the steamer at Colombo, and wrote a statement and strong protest to the B. & I. Company against Captain Simmons. He demanded an investigation. If Captain Simmons was not removed or severely reprimanded on the substantiation of the charges, the B. & I. line should get little patronage from Catholics. Such uncalled-for bigotry demands a proper rebuke. Father O'Doherty, I was told, also demanded a return of his money from Thomas Cook & Sons.

The streets of Colombo are smooth and hard. There is evidently a mixture of iron ore in their composition. A government engineer told me that there are some four thousand miles of good roads on the island, and the rivers are crossed by fine iron bridges.

Most of the native men and women whom I met were bare-headed. The men have glossy, long, black hair held back from the face by a semi-circular comb. The women, as a rule, fasten their hair back with silver pins. All the people appear to have brown eyes.

On the streets and roads the traveler is attracted by the pretty little bullocks with humped necks and silky hides harnessed to both small and large carts. Instead of bridles, they are guided by ropes passed through their nostrils. We marveled at the loads some pull and at the speed others exhibited as they trotted along. The drivers of the bullocks which pull the heavy loads carry no whips. However, they are not as kind as appearances would indicate, as they urge the animals on by a violent twist of the tail.

Ceylon is famous for its cinnamon, its spices and its tea. An Englishman told me that the planters raise from four hundred to one thousand pounds of tea on each acre. This tea sells in Colombo by the wholesale for from twenty-six to twenty-eight cents a pound. It requires the services of one



ROAD TO KANDY.



A SCENE IN KANDY.

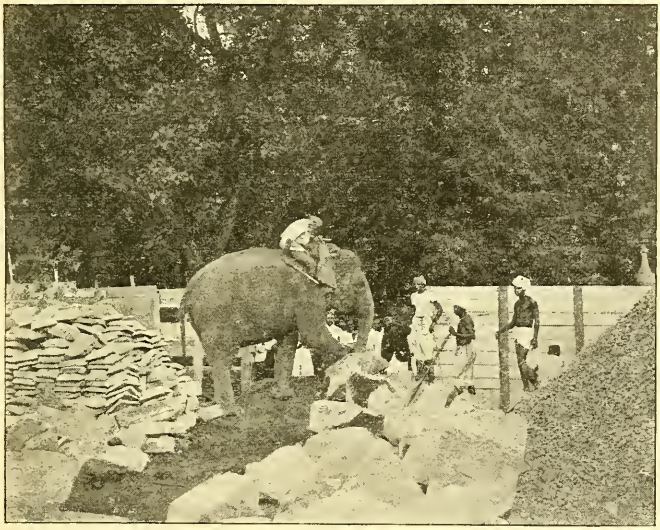
native for each acre or for each acre and a half. But wages are small. Father Wilkinson told me that one of the largest planters of the island was Patrick McMahon. Rev. Father O'Doherty went to spend some days with him on his plantation.

The Island of Ceylon is about three hundred miles long and about one hundred and thirty-five miles wide. A government railroad makes communication quite easy. It runs from Colombo to and beyond Kandy. Kandy is the ancient capital of the island. It is seventy-five miles from Colombo. A Bishop resides there, and also the Apostolic Delegate for India and Ceylon. Kandy is six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The scenery along the railway is very fine. The traveler passes through large rice fields and tea plantations. A so-called tooth of Buddha is preserved with great care in the Temple of Kandy. It is said that the King of Siam's offer of $500,000 was refused for the tooth. It is an ivory fang about three inches long. It is exhibited on rare occasions, and then with imposing ceremonies.

The railway continues to climb until it reaches six thousand feet above the sea. The tea does not grow on the plains, but on the highlands of Ceylon. I asked the government railway engineer if the railway was a paying investment. He told me that it is probably the best paying railway in the world. I was rather surprised by this information. Some places the railway is so steep that two engines are required to move a train of three cars. Fares are about the same as those in India, viz: first class, one penny; second class, one half-penny; third class, one-sixth of a penny, a mile.

The Island of Ceylon has always been noted for its elephants. In the interior they roam in herds. While their food is various, they have an especial liking for rice. In a single night they have often devastated vast plantations.

But the slightest fence will keep them out. They could easily demolish the frail bamboo protection by a slight blow of the trunk or by their feet, but, strange to say they, never attempt to do so. They are not so numerous as they once were, as too many sportsmen have killed them off. Now there is a large fine imposed for killing a wild elephant.



ELEPHANT PILING STONES.

The Ceylon elephants are easily trained. I was told of one owned by a physician that followed him about like a dog. One day in passing through the camp hospital the doctor administered a pill to a Malay soldier. The soldier dropped the pill. "Jack," the elephant, quickly picked it up, inserted it into the man's open mouth and with a puff blew the pill safely home. "Jack" also learned to go hunting with his master, acting the part of both stalking-horse and retriever.

Elephants are often employed to shift logs and pile lumber in the saw-mill yards. They exhibit great skill and intelligence in this work. I was told that from among their own number they select a "boss." But when quitting time comes, without command or "by your leave" they "knock-off" an once and stalk off to the feeding ground.

An elephant is as fearful of a mouse as a woman is. He fears that it will run up his trunk. The elephant is a power as a stump puller and land clearer. He is trained to pull a plow and it matters little how deep it cuts into the soil. They swim rivers and climb hills and sometimes, if the hill be very steep, they squat and slide to the bottom.

Ceylon is an ideal place. No wonder that some claim that the Garden of Paradise was in this vicinity. Here they point out "Adam's Peak" and "Adam's Foot-prints." However, it would appear to me that the climate would have an enervating effect after a long residence.

Colombo has many fine public and semi-public buildings. The fact that Ceylon is an English possession is ever kept before the people by the presence of the symbols of her power in the English officials and in the representatives of her army and navy. I was not in Colombo five minutes before I met a military company, fully armed, out on a march at 7 a. m.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM COLOMBO TO ADEN — REMINISCENCES — THE CHIEF SEAPORT OF ARABIA — ACROSS THE RED SEA — SUICIDE ON BOARD SHIP — THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL — ISMALIA TO CAIRO.

An "around-the-world" traveler meets with some strange experiences in the line of the prices of tickets. A thousand, or two or three thousand miles does not count for much in the aggregate of cost in the Far East. Though Yokohama is some eighteen hundred miles farther from Europe than Hong-Kong, there is little difference in the cost. Hong-Kong is nearly fifteen hundred miles away from Singapore, yet the through passenger from Hong-Kong has to pay only $10 more than the traveler from Singapore. Australia is about seven thousand miles farther from London than is Colombo, yet the price of tickets is the same to both places. The cheapest method is to buy a through ticket from Yokohama with stop-over privileges. Yet by stopping over, the passenger must wait for a steamer of the same line and have additional hotel expenses. However, with plenty of time this is the better way. The traveler needs no "agency's" help, at least as far as Palestine.

When I went to purchase my ticket from Colombo to Ismalia I was told that the price was "three hundred rupees." I said to the agent. "I prefer to pay in marks."

"Marks? Our money here is in rupees."

"Yes, but you also have a scale in marks."

"Where?"

"In that book behind you."

He looked at it and said: "But it is cheaper in marks."

"That is the reason I wish to pay in marks."

After a consultation I paid in "marks" and saved $13.00 in our money. It is twice as far from Colombo to London as it is from Colombo to Ismalia yet a ticket to London costs only four hundred rupees—one hundred more than to Ismalia.

I noticed some peculiar examples of "English as she is spoke" especially in Japan. In Tokio there is a laundry sign: "We will wash our customers. We wash gentlemen, $3.00 a hundred. We wash ladies, $3.00 a half hundred." At Osaka, a jeweler's sign read : "Watch A Store," for "A Watch Store."

I had intended to remain two days longer in Colombo and take passage on the steamer "China." It was fortunate that I changed my mind almost at the last minute, as the "China" was shipwrecked after leaving Colombo on the rocks at Aden. It was a total loss. However, most of the passengers were saved, but all baggage was lost and for some days the passengers was subject to much suffering from exposure on the rocks.

The natives throughout the East look very innocent, but they are full of guile. They like to cheat "the big-fool steamboat gentlemen" when they can. Ceylon is noted for its native gems and jewels. But it is not safe for the "steamboat gentlemen" to invest unless they are experts. Some have found that instead of native gems they had invested in spurious imitations imported from Europe. I was urgently invited to take home some precious stones, but I told them I would have enough to do to take myself home.

When I took the canoe for the steamer at Colombo the sailing flag was up and the first starting signal had been given. The native boatmen recognized existing conditions. They knew that I was acquainted with the regular tariff, having inquired from an official. By many words and gestures they asked for an additional sum. Then they "slowed down"

and almost stopped rowing, intimating that they could hardly get to the steamer in time. My back was to the ship and in the very narrow canoe I could not turn. I finally took out an extra coin and held it in my hand. Instantly matters changed. The boatmen began a rowing-song and bent to the oars and soon brought me to the steamboat stairs.

Before I left Hong-Kong for the steamer anchored out in the harbor I inquired about the boatmen's tariff. When at the steamer I gave the coolie double the sum, he made the welkin ring for more. I told him that I had given him twice the fare. Then he pointed to the roughness of the sea through which we had come. I told him that he was a cheat. That ended our dialogue. Very few of the natives any place pretend to be satisfied with the compensation from the "big-fool steamboat gentlemen." Yet they will gladly work for one-fifth of the sum for the people who live among them and "know the ropes."

On a long voyage at sea passengers resort to various methods of passing the time. At our table the following were among some of the conundrums proposed in the last two days:

Query.—Why is a ship at sea like a diamond on a dandy?

Answer.—Because it is on the bosom of a swell.

Q.—What is that which the maker never sells, which the buyer does not want to keep, and which the user never sees?

A.—A coffin.

Q.—What is the best way to make a vest last?

A.—Make the coat and trousers first.

Q.—Whence does news come?

A.—From N. E. W. and S(outh).

Q.—If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in six days?

Q.—What is that which the more you take from it, the bigger it grows?

A.—A hole.

A man said: "That young woman across the street has the same father and mother as I, yet I have no sister."

After all had given it up, the relator said: "The man was a big liar."

There were games of all sorts. The tug-of-war was frequent, the teams being made up of men and women, boys and girls. Foot races were many. The music was busy, especially at night for dancing.

St. Patrick's Day dawned bright and beautiful. It was made eventful by a school of five whales that sported in the Indian Ocean not far from our ship. They "spouted" and plunged, giving the passengers a good view of "the monsters of the deep."

"The Day We Celebrate" had recognition on ship board. The "passengers of the first and second class" united in a concert and entertainment. Most of those who took part were Germans and English, there being very, very few Irish aboard. It was about 1 a. m. before the curtain went down. That formed one of the links in the chain of celebrations that annually reaches around the world.

There was an old gentlemen on board who was "the double" of the lamented Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour. In age, in height, in head and face, in nationality, in walk and language, he was the exact counterpart of the late Bishop. From time to time I started a conversation with him. He so vividly recalled the departed that the sensation was almost like talking to one risen from the dead.

Because of the number of vessels lost in the straits outside of Aden they are called "Babelmandeb," the "Gate of Tears." We passed through them safely on the Feast of St. Joseph.

Aden is the chief seaport of Arabia. It is a coaling station for the ships that pass on their way to Europe, India, or Australia. From Aden much of the far-famed Mocha

coffee is shipped. The city is some distance away from the anchorage. The brown and white houses are one and two stories high and made of sun-dried brick. There is not a blade of grass to be seen, and everything is dusty and dirty and thirsty. Water is sold and a certain amount is given out daily to the British soldiers. One would hardly suppose that the British Government would engage any place in selling water.

Before we sailed from the port of Aden, a large number of the natives came out to the steamer in boats. Dark, scantily attired and bareheaded, they brought with them various articles to tempt the passengers to purchase. Fine ostrich egg shells, ostrich feathers, long grey and black boas, antlers of the ibex, etc., constituted their stock in trade. They asked about three times the price for which they were eventually willing to sell. Many of the ladies invested in ostrich feathers. I told a gentleman who got on at Colombo that I thought the price was low compared to home charges. He said that unless a person was very careful he would probably get cheated, as the natives often skillfully split the original feather into four distinct parts, and sell each one one as a genuine and entire feather. One old gentleman warned the passengers not to pass any money until they had received the goods and the exact change. About ten minutes afterwards I was much amused to see that old man with a native in a corner trying to make him disgorge a sixpence due in change. The native pretended to be much puzzled at the demand. I said to the old gentleman, "the double" to whom I have referred: "The natives, from all indications, are not very honest."

"Honest ? They are scoundrels, sir."

Quite a good deal of tea was taken as cargo, but a large amount of coffee had to be refused for want of room. Black and barren as Aden is, I wondered that it had any-

thing to export. The tea and coffee came from the far interior. There is very little rain at Aden or in the neighborhood. Sometimes there is not a particle of rain for two or three years. Large reservoirs or tanks have been constructed to preserve all the rainfall possible, as the only source of fresh water supply. The water is not very fresh by the time the next rain comes. Strange that such a place, a place, by the way, very unhealthy, should be "Home, Sweet Home" for many human beings. I pitied the English soldiers who have to perform garrison duty in Aden. The harbor is a second Gibraltar. The high hills commanding the straits, are strongly fortified. It would be very difficult, if not impossible, for an enemy's fleet to pass through.

When the steamer was ready to depart, the officers and sailors had to force the natives from the ship, sometimes using cuffs and kicks with reserved power. As the natives found that their time was up, prices came down rapidly. Many who had purchased regretted that they had not waited for "the last call"—the bargain sales. How often it happens that when things get cheap and cheaper the ladies sadly find that they spent their money too soon.

As the boats made off, one of the passengers said: "Look at the hair of the natives. It is so hot here that the heat burns their hair to that peculiar red gold." I replied: "It is not the heat that causes that color, but a peculiar dye that the natives use for the purpose."

At Aden, as at Singapore and Colombo, the natives dive for coins thrown into the sea. When the silver strikes the water, the boats are emptied and down, down go the natives, forty, fifty or more feet into the ocean. Some one of them is sure to come up with the coin between his teeth. Then again rises the chorus: "Dive! dive!! dive!!! dive!!!!"

As we passed out from the anchorage we were given a graphic object lesson illustrating the dangers of navigation

in the vicinity of Aden. The top of a mast was seen over the water. On inquiring I found that it marked the wreck of a large French mail steamer which had gone down on the rocks.

In the Red Sea we experienced the largest waves and the coldest weather since leaving the Pacific Ocean. The Red Sea appears insignificant on the map, but it is over thirteen hundred miles long and from one hundred to two hundred miles wide, more than five times as long as Lake Erie, and about three times as wide. It is considered a dangerous sea for navigation. I do not know why it is called "red." A boy at school once answered by saying: "Because they caught red herrings there." The waters are as blue as those of the ocean. The waters of the "Black Sea" are not black, nor are the waters of the "Blue Danube" blue. One gentleman aboard told me that the red seaweed, which I noticed floating now and then by the ship, gives the name to the sea.

At the steamship office in Colombo I met a fine young German, a good specimen of physical manhood. He was about thirty or thirty-five years of age, six feet two or three inches tall and built in proportion, and of light complexion. I recognized him as having been a fellow-passenger from Kobe to Hong-Kong. He had for some years been in business in Yokohama, Japan, and was on his way home to Germany. I noticed that for the first few days he joined his German fellow-passengers in their native songs. I also noticed that he played a good game of chess. After that I perceived that he was much alone, apparently avoiding all company. Friday and Saturday night, March 18 and 19, several others and I slept in our steamer robes, on the upper deck. It was so hot that we found more comfort on deck because there we got what breeze was moving. The young German slept near me. He appeared to be restless. Finally I fell asleep. When I awakened, I found that he had

attempted to commit suicide by leaping into the sea. A fellow-passenger fortunately prevented him and gave the alarm. A watch was then placed upon him. Sunday night, at 1 o'clock, I noticed him walking on the upper deck. I saw no watch near, but a number of passengers were about. I remarked to Mr. Orr, a Scotchman: "That young man will probably make another attempt at suicide. Such persons do not stop with the first attempt. I have not noticed any guard on his movements all the afternoon. He is in a dangerous mood." It being cold I retired that night to the state-room. At 2 a. m. Mr. Orr awakened me. He said, quite excitedly: "That young man has gone over the side of the ship; he has leaped into the sea as you said he would." I hurried on deck. The steamer had been stopped, and a boat sent out to find him, but it was pitch dark and the waves were quite high. In about half an hour the boat was called back; no trace of him had been found. The captain said, in justification to himself, that he had placed two men to watch him after 10 o'clock.

I learned that the young man had been in business for some years in Yokohoma, Japan, and was gladly on his way home to greet his aged mother. I also learned that the mother, a widow, anxious and impatient to meet her long absent son, had planned to surprise him on the ship at Genoa. She could not wait for his arrival at Bremen. How sharp and heavy a sword of sorrow must have pierced the affectionate heart of the loving old German mother when there was broken to her the sad news of the terrible death of her only son, the staff of her old age. May the good Lord have comforted her in the long and dark night of her unspeakable grief. The captain was requested by the passengers to telegraph to Bremen to prevent the mother of the suicide from starting for Genoa.

While walking the deck the next night about 10 o'clock

I noticed a man in a dark place looking intently into the sea. With my mind on the suicide, I was curious about this individual and his apparent gloom. I mentioned the matter to a gentleman in my state-room. The next morning I learned that that man had been drinking rather much and that the captain had him locked up, fearing another case of suicide.



ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

The sea appears to have a depressing effect on some. Having left home and friends and finding no congenial companionship, they may be inclined to drink and go to excess and drift into melancholy. The young German, however, did not appear to be under the influence of stimulants.

What strange beings these mortals are ! There was evident depression among the passengers Monday, and the band

did not play that night. But it played at 11 a. m. Tuesday. Then this notice was posted: "All the passengers are invited to an entertainment at 9 o'clock this evening, on the hurricane deck. The Committee." The sea is very changeable, but man in his moods keeps pace with its ebb and flow. The large trunk of the suicide had been brought from his stateroom and was visible to all, yet in sight of that sad memento the command is given: "On with the song, and the play and the dance."

On a clear day Mount Sinai may be seen from the steamer's deck as it nears the western end of the Red Sea. The world's most famous mountain was pointed out to me. How strange and startling to be so near that summit from which God spoke to Moses and gave to man the Ten Commandments. The condition of eternal life is: "If thou wilt enter into life 'keep the Commandments.'"

We would not have been in that vicinity in a trip around the world had not the genius of Ferdinand de Lesseps brought to a successful termination the Suez Canal, uniting the Rea Sea with the Mediterranean. It was opened on the 16th of November, 1869. The nations joined in the grand festivities of an event so important to commerce. Their representatives assembled at Ismalia, where I landed the 23d of March. Ismalia is midway between Suez and Port Said, the termini of the canal. The success of this artificial water-way has surpassed all expectations. The annual income from the tolls levied on the ships that pass amounts to $53,000,000.

The canal very much shortens the distances between important points. Formerly ships had to pass around the Cape of Good Hope. The distance from London to Hong-Kong was over fifteen thousand miles, now it is eleven thousand one hundred; to Bombay it was twelve thousand five hundred, now it is seven thousand. From Marseilles it was twelve

thousand miles, now it is only five thousand by the canal. The canal is eighty-seven miles long. It requires eighteen hours to pass through when the way is clear. The speed is regulated to a maximum rate of six miles an hour so as not to damage the canal by the steamer's wash.

Eighty-six per cent of the commerce passing through the canal sails under the English flag.



ARABS ON A JOURNEY.

We arrived at Ismalia on the night of March 23. We had expected to be detained many times by passing ships, as two cannot pass unless one of them takes to the slip. But it was very remarkable that in a journey of nine hours we met not a ship in the canal. At Ismalia we passed a large P. & O. steamer bound for Australia.

The canal passes through a desert. The ride was very

hot and uninteresting. We were roused now and then by seeing Arabs in the distance astride the "ships of the desert." Six of the passengers landed at Ismalia and twenty-one boarded the ship. As we were departing on the steam launch the passengers gave us three cheers as a send-off. We got through the Egyptian custom-house examination without much difficulty. We had to wait until the next day at 2 o'clock for a train to Cairo. I passed the time in looking about the town. I had an invitation to ride a "gooda looking donkey, a very gooda donkey," but I took a carriage. Five shillings were asked for a drive. I expressed a disinclination to go on account of the heat, and the price was lowered to two shillings. Ismalia is built in the desert. I do not understand how the people live. Most of them occupy mud hovels. There is a fresh water canal connecting Ismalia with Cairo. The carriage driver brought me so far from the town and into such a lonesome place that I began to wonder if he had designs on me. I made him return.

The ride from Ismalia to Cairo on the railway is very varied. For two hours we passed through the desert; for two more hours through a very fertile country. On the way we passed the cemetery where the English officers and soldiers killed in an Egyptian battle were buried.

Very primitive methods are used in tilling the land. There does not appear to have been any change since Biblical times. Some places we saw a camel yoked with a cow to pull the old-fashioned plow; sometimes two cows or a cow and an ox furnished the power. Irrigation appears to be necessary in all the farms of Egypt. Mud hovels are the dwelling places of the tillers of the soil who live in villages.

It was very hot and the ride oppressive. There were two clergymen of the Church of England in the same car with me. One of them was overcome by the heat. He was restored to consciousness with difficulty.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PYRAMIDS—THE SPHINX—THE CITADEL AND MOSQUES—AN IRISH TURK—FAMOUS STREETS AND BAZAARS OF CAIRO—A SURFEIT OF DONKEYS AND GUIDES—OFF FOR JERUSALEM.

We arrived in Cairo at 5:30 p. m., on the eve of the Annunciation. I took up quarters in the "Victoria." I called on the Franciscan Fathers, who have charge at Cairo of St. Joseph's Church. I celebrated Mass there the next morning at 8 o'clock. There was a large congregation present. After my Mass a Bishop and a priest came in. We



GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO.

introduced ourselves. The Bishop proved to be Rt. Rev. A. Gaughran, of Kimberly, South Africa, and the priest, Father Lennon, of Liverpool. I found that they had just returned from Jerusalem and were on their way to Rome. At Jerusalem they had met the American pilgrims and among them four priests of the Cleveland diocese.

Bishop Gaughran and Rev. Lennon, not liking the fashion, the noise and the crowd, at Shepherd's Hotel, came that day to the "Victoria." We formed a congenial trio and made our excursions together.

No one but those who have had personal experience can understand how universal and persistent are the demands of the natives for "baksheesh" (gifts). If one picks up your glove he holds out his hand and asks for baksheesh; if he points the way there is another demand; even if he does nothing at all he wants baksheesh from you. I intended to give half a franc, which is a half day's wages there, to one who carried my bag into the car. Instead of making change he took the franc and went off with himself and it. I could not miss the train so I missed him. I was then quite ready to agree with the Bishop and Father Lennon to cut off the baksheesh unless for services rendered. We tried it on our visit to the Pyramids. What a retinue we had! How the swarm of guides clamored and crowded and demanded "baksheesh." They wanted to show us the Pyramids. We told them that they were quite evident. They said it was "their business" to show the Pyramids. We replied that the Pyramids were very much in evidence, and that they had no business with us, as we had not hired them. From fifty cents they came down to sixpence. We told them we would not give them a "piastre." We had a battle all the way, but we conquered.

The Pyramids are very imposing and the most ancient of monuments. We saw them long before we entered Cairo.

They appeared near, but are eight miles away from the city. The largest is four hundred and sixty feet high and each side is seven hundred and fifty-five feet long at the base. In other words, they cover about thirteen acres. They are so solidly built that not a particle of settling can be seen. This is remarkable when we consider their bulk and the time they have existed.

It is not so very difficult to climb the Pyramids, but it is very fatiguing. The descent requires care and even a climber of experience should not disdain help, as a mis-step or stumble would be fatal.

The Sphinx is near the Pyramids. It is believed that it is much older than they. The body and head of the Sphinx are hewn out of the rocky cliff which juts out of the desert. The body is one hundred and forty feet long. From the forehead to the chin is about thirty feet, and the head is fourteen feet across. The front paws are fifty feet long. The height of the figure must be nearly seventy feet. When I looked upon this mysterious figure the first thought that came to my mind was the tradition that the Blessed Virgin and the child Jesus rested in its lap on the flight into Egypt from the malice of Herod. I felt that I stood upon a spot consecrated by the sacred presence of the Holy Family. "Near the Pyramids, more wonderous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but its comeliness is not of this world."

From the base of the Pyramids we looked with interest over toward the old site of Memphis, the city of Pharaoh, where Joseph interpreted the King's dream. That once great city has passed away; no trace remains. How literally fulfilled has been the prediction of Jeremiah, God's Prophet: "Memphis shall become a desert; she shall be forsaken and become uninhabited." The Word of God "shall

not pass away." We then turned and looked away to the Land of Goshen, where the sons of Jacob once fed their flocks. How full of history, both sacred and profane, is the land of Egypt!

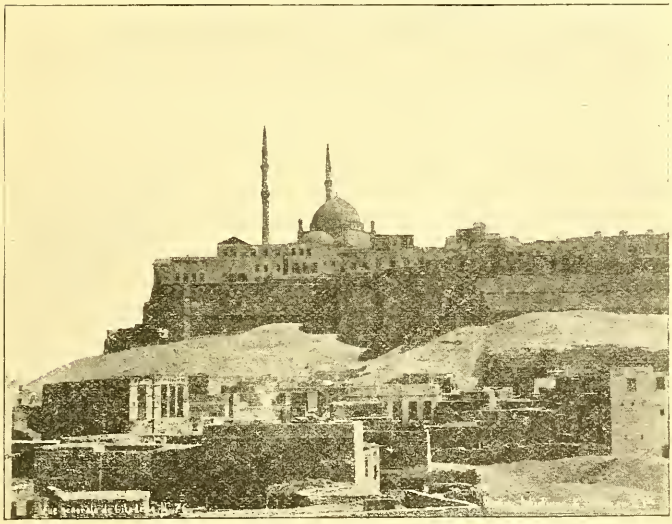
The road from Cairo to the Pyramids is hard and smooth and well shaded nearly all the distance. In the drive we passed several palaces, fine gardens and picturesque villas. We met strings of camels, heavily laden, on their way to the City of the Caliphs.

On Saturday, the 26th, we visited the famous Citadel of Cairo. This mediæval fortress is one of the most interesting of the historic buildings of the Egyptian capital. We entered between high and heavy stone walls that enclose a narrow road.

We walked along the scene of the most dastardly and terrible massacre mentioned in history. It took place there in the year 1811. Mehemet Ali invited the Mameluke Beys to a feast in their honor. They came mounted on their magnificent steeds and all wearing their richest uniforms, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. After a most flattering reception they were requested to parade in the court of the Citadel. They entered the fortification unsuspectingly. When the last had passed, the portcullis fell behind them. In a moment the Mameluke Beys recognized the treachery of the Pasha and their doom. Nothing was visible but blank walls and barred windows. The bullets from one thousand muskets rained upon them. The blue sky was soon darkened by the smoke as volley upon volley was poured upon them. It is said that one, Emin Bey, escaped. Spurring his charger over a heap of his slaughtered comrades, it sprang upon the battlements. It was a dizzy height, but in a moment he was in the air, another and his steed was crushed and dead on the rocks below. Amid a shower of bullets he escaped to tell of the terrible

slaughter. As we stood upon the brink of "The Bey's Leap" we realized the miraculous nature of the escape.

The Citadel is intimately connected with the history of Cairo and of Egypt. It was assaulted by Napoleon I. and captured. Some of the marks of his cannon balls are still pointed out to the tourist. The Citadel is now in possession of the English army of occupation. "Those who hesitate



THE CITADEL.

are lost," is an old saying. When France hesitated and lost her opportunity in 1883, England took possession "temporarily" to guarantee the payment of the Egyptian loans. Lord Granville stated at the time that England would be glad to vacate when Egypt met her monetary obligations. An opinion prevails and is growing that England has come to Egypt to stay. The story of the camel is well known. It

only wanted to put its nose within the door at first. It then inserted its head and neck, and finally got its entire body in and dispossessed the man of the house.

Doubtless England will find "reasons of state" for "holding on" to Egypt. From what I have seen and from what we know of the "Tight Little Isle" there is not much danger of England voluntarily letting go of a good thing. I have not much love for England, but from what I saw I think that the "English occupation" is a good thing for Egypt and her people, and especially for the Christians of the country. There is now system and uniformity in the distribution of taxes, and the finances are improving wonderfully. We find native Egyptians in the offices and filling the different posts under the government, but nevertheless there is a supervision and management and direction under English control. It is not obtrusive, but is nevertheless firm and watchful.

There are a number of English military barracks in different parts of the city. The cannon on the walls of the Citadel can sweep the town in case of necessity. Major Darras holds command of the forces in the Citadel. In manners and language he is a typical Englishman. Bishop Gaughran, Father Lennon and I sent our cards in to him. We were cordially received. The Major, without hesitation, knelt to kiss Bishop Gaughran's ring. On my being presented the Major said: "I have seen this Father before." I was surprised, and asked: "Major, when and where did you ever see me before to-day?" The Major replied: "I assisted at the Mass you celebrated at 8 o'clock on the Feast of the Annunciation in St. Joseph's Church." We then knew that the Major was glad both to profess and practice his religion. Cigars and soda and something else were ordered by the Major. It was quite evident that the treatment the Major gave us raised us in the eyes of the Mahometan guide.

By the direction of Major Darras we were conducted to the various portions of the Citadel.

Within the walls of the Citadel is the beautiful alabaster Mosque of Mehemet Ali. One of the Mahometans told us that it is the most beautiful mosque in the world. It is very large and very imposing and the minarets are lofty and elegant. It is filled only three times a year. I learned this on questioning the young and intelligent Mahometan who accompanied us. It is the tomb of its builder, Mehemet Ali. It was constructed only about seventy-five years ago. The Persian carpets that cover the floor cost, I was told, over $10,000. From the lofty ceiling and dome are suspended one thousand lamps.

We were informed that there are three thousand mosques in Cairo. I asked what need of them, since a lesser number would suffice for the attendance of the people. The Mahometan said: "They are not for the people primarily; they are for God. The Koran says that whoever builds a mosque builds for himself a home in heaven, the magnificence of which will be in proportion to his expenditures for the House of God on earth. Therefore, all Mahometans of sufficient means try to build mosques, and others to contribute to their expense when necessary."

The sacrifices of the Mahometans for religion on the word of an imposter ought to shame the neglect and the parsimony of many Catholics, who should often call to mind the promise of Our Divine Lord, Who says that He will reward His followers in proportion to their works. "The Lord loves the cheerful giver."

On departing from the Citadel, we were surprised to be saluted by a Turkish official wearing a prominent fez and carrying a sword. We returned the salute and stopped to speak to the Turk. He spoke English. After a few minutes I said to him: "You are not a Turk."

"Indeed I am not; God forbid," he replied.

"Where do you hail from?"

"Well, I've been in Egypt about seventeen years, but I hail from the County Down, Ireland."

I asked: "From what part of it?"

"From Downpatrick, where St. Patrick was buried," he answered.

"Well, well," said the Bishop; "how strange to meet an Irishman out here looking like a Turk and wearing a fez and dressed in the Egyptian uniform. Do you know the Arabic language?"

"I do, your reverence."

"Well, don't you think you ought to go home, on a visit, at least?"

"I am going back to Ireland in the summer. I'd like to be there for the '98 celebration."

"Will you return to Egypt?"

"Indeed I will not; if I stay here much longer they will make a Mahomet out of me."

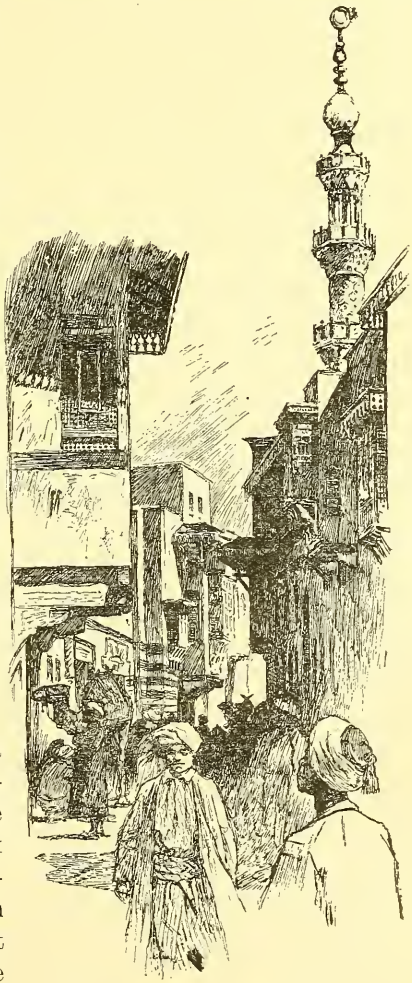
With a laugh and a hand shake we parted. As we did so I said to the Egyptian officer and Downpatrick Irishman: "Good-bye; I may meet you next summer in the County Down, at Downpatrick. That particular spot is on my program."

In my trip "around the world" I went no place where I did not find the exiles of Erin. They are scattered the world over. In strange lands, by native talent and ability, they work themselves into positions of merit, responsibility and reward with much more success than at home. Why? They get fair play and better opportunities, and are not so laden with pains and penalties.

In the afternoon the Bishop and I resolved to visit the street of the bazaars, or Bazaar Street. Father Lennon, being tired, remained at the hotel. All tourists are advised

to visit the bazaars on foot to get a good idea of Cairo life. The bazaars crowd a narrow street for about a mile and a half. They also occupy side streets which run off from the main bazaar street.

In resolving to go and return on foot we were actual "Innocents Abroad." We had not gone far on our way when four or five persistent natives invited us to take a ride on "gooda donkeys." We finally shook them off. The street being narrow, it was filled up by pedestrians, carriages, donkeys, etc. We had many encounters with the donkey and carriage men. Finally the Bishop suggested that we should go down a side street to reach a mosque with a fine minaret. We went, but we did not come back alone. There were donkeys and donkeys, men and boys to the right and left of us, in the front and rear of us,



BAZAAR STREET.

and it was not their fault that they were not on top of us. Our escort grew and our pace became necessarily much slower. It looked like a conspiracy to force us to ride and also to pay baksheesh. We resolved that we would not pay tribute, and that we would go to the end of the street. I reminded the Bishop of the American motto: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." After a time I said: "The donkeys block the way."

The Bishop said: "Indeed they do, but misery loves company."

"Not so much company as this; it only adds to the misery," I answered.

The din was awful. What lungs and persistence the natives have! "Come, Mister, I got a gooda donkey. He's Saladin. He no kick. You ride him for five piastre. My donkey is the bester donkey." Twice the police drove away our retinue, but our followers were loyal. They came again at the next block and brought some neighbors. I said to the Bishop. "There is no procedamus in pace here." Once, with a hand on the back of each, I swung myself between two donkeys. There was another crosswise at their head. I jabbed him with the umbrella, to the disgust of his owner. The Bishop and I both wanted to "lay on" like MacDuff, but our opponents were too numerous and not in very good humor at our persistence in refusing to pay tribute. I said: "O that we would meet that Turk from County Down."

We finally got to the end of the street. There we were confronted by a big and impassable hill. There was nothing to do but to return. We soon met our friends, the enemy. There were none but natives about us. We finally did welt some of the asses placed so as to block our way. I brought my umbrella point down with a little emphasis on the bare foot of one of the donkey men. He looked deeply hurt, but he appeared to be at a loss to know whether it was acci-

dental or intentional. I did not advise him, but looked blandly away. With a gaze of injured innocence he went away. I did not know whether he had gone to call his clan or not. However, I felt like the German who was prevented from sleeping in a Pullman by the snoring. One of the sleepers finally let a big snort and stopped. The old German then exclaimed: "Dank Gott, vone ist dead."



"WAIT FOR THE WAGON."

We finally made our way back to the Esbekyeh Garden and peace. I asked the Bishop, as we sat down, wiping the perspiration from our faces: "How did you like the bazaars?" He laughed and said, as he wiped his forehead: "They are fine, but they might be finer."

Father Lennon, at supper, wanted to know how we had enjoyed our walk. We told him that we would never forget

it. "Then I must go," he said. The Bishop and I looked at each other. Father Lennon did not catch our glance of amusement.

The Bishop remarked that he thought our treatment in the bazaar street indicated, in addition to avarice, a spirit of bitter hostility to Europeans and to the British occupation. In fact, a young Egyptian, a convert, told us that he thought that were the English to vacate Egypt, the natives would hardly wait a day to massacre the Christians.

The Bishop and I on another day visited Old Cairo and the Coptic Church there. There is an old tradition that the Holy Family rested there during the flight into Egypt.

We then took a boat and passed the spot at Rhoda Island where it is said that Moses while an infant was found amid the bullrushes by the daughter of King Pharaoh.

Near this spot is the Nilometer, by which the rise in the waters of the Nile were measured. It was also used as a meter for taxation. The higher the water rose, the higher rose the taxes. The people of Egypt had no more confidence in the Nilometer than most people have in the gas meter.

Among the peculiar street scenes in Cairo at night are the crowds in and about the cafes. Cairo is a city of cafes. It would appear that nearly all the people frequent them. Chairs and small tables cover the sidewalks and overflow half way across the streets. There are found people of all nationalities. Wine and beer and liquors, light refreshments and the water-bowled Turkish pipes and cigarettes are conspicuous. Father Lennon and I took a walk out one night on a tour of observation in the populous part of the city. Egyptian runners invited us to many places of amusements, but being suspicious of their character we refused. Of course, the natives did not know that we were priests and even if they had, that fact would not have prevented the depraved gang from extending their pressing invitations.

We returned at 11 p. m. The crowds were still at the cafes. Father Lennon said: "I wonder when do these people retire?"

I replied: "They may imitate a young man in the United States. A friend asked him: 'Was not that a beautiful sunrise we had this morning?' He said: 'I do not know, I never stay up that late.'"

The crowds were sociable, orderly and apparently happy. However, it was quite evident that the recruiting agents for vice were not absent from the night scenes in the streets of Cairo. In the words of the hymn:

"Temptation and danger walk forth in the night."

The donkey boys of Cairo are sharp and cunning, even if some of them be impudent. They give their animals very fantastic or very imposing names and many a one is designated: "The besta donkey in Cairo."

One evening I was waiting for a "tram-car" when one of the lads approached and asked: "Have a donkey, Miste—a very gooda donkey, the best in Cairo; only four piastre an hour?"

"No, I want no donkey."

"I got Lilly Langtry."

"No."

"I give you ride on Gladstone; he very gooda donkey."

"Go away, you rascal; you should not insult Mr. Gladstone's name."

"You Americain? I got Yankee Doodle—Yankee Doodle come to town."

I then got on the car and left the enterprising young Arab. Two street cars were attached. I took the rear one. When in the native quarter that car was cut off without a word of warning to me, and away sped the first car. I watched it until it got out of sight. In about ten minutes it came back, but did not stop on its way to the

city, and the conductor made no sign to me. I was in no great hurry and wanted to see what would be done with the abandoned car and "the passenger aboard left behind." In the meantime, I had many calls for baksheesh, and was also importuned to buy matches and a number of other articles. Quite a number of people were gambling on the curbs with dice, etc. The dwelling places were one-story huts made of sun-dried mud. There appeared to be no regularity of street lines in that quarter. Labyrinths of narrow passages were the means of communication with the main street. On the roof of one of the huts I saw a goat nibbling at a few blades of grass. The places swarmed with people of all ages and of almost every shade. I wondered how they managed to live. One or two rooms seemed to constitute the homes. They looked gloomy and cave-like. It appeared that the door was the only medium for light and ventilation.

After a time another car approached from town. It pushed the one upon which I sat to the end of the line and then pulled it back to where I had left the donkey boy.

Cairo is a lively, bustling city in the "season." But by the 1st of April the tourists begin to leave the Saratoga of Egypt, as the hot season opens about that time. The "turn-outs" are many and stylish. Before the aristocratic occupants, fantastic but richly dressed and fleet-footed men run, uttering warning cries to pedestrians or vehicles in the way. Often in these carriages one may notice Egyptian ladies veiled in white from the eyes down. Sometimes they are entirely veiled. Similar costumes are often noticed on the streets of Cairo.

While the Bishop and I were on the bazaar street, we were passed by a funeral procession. First came a large number of men walking four abreast. They wore long, dark robes and each carried beads, upon which prayers were being said. Then followed the coffin. After the coffin came

the widow riding, man-fashion, on a donkey. As she swayed from side to side in her wailing sorrow, she was held in place by a man on either side. After her followed a large number of women, also walking four abreast and praying on beads. There was not a carriage in the procession, and with the exception of the widow, all walked.

I had noticed on the streets of Cairo and in the cars a number with beads in their hands. At first I thought that they were pious Catholics. After a time I noticed that no crucifix was attached to them. I inquired from a Mahometan in regard to the prayers that are said on the beads. He told me that every good Mahometan is expected to say one hundred times a day: "God is God. There is but one God and Mahomet is His Prophet." The beads are used to indicate the number of times.

Tuesday morning I celebrated Mass at St. Joseph's and bade the Franciscan Fathers good-bye. They had been very kind. Brother Charles, who had been for a number of years in New York, was especially pleased to meet a priest from the United States. He gave me a relic as a memento of my visit and, I think, as a sign of his love for America.

I found an organized party going, under the direction of Mr. H. Clark, to Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, etc. I joined the party for at least an eight-days' tour. I found that the members of the party were all Americans, and all non-Catholics but myself. I was much gratified to meet Mr. and Mrs. R. C. White, of Cleveland, among them. The pleasure appeared to have been mutual. The "White" is well-known among the sewing machines of the world. Among the ministers were Revs. J. L. Campbell, D. D., New York; G. O. Gates, St. John's, N. B.; E. T. Sanford, Port Jervis, N. Y.; John K. McClurkin, D. D., Pittsburg; Thomas D. Anderson, Providence; and Rev. Jennings, Elmira. There were two doctors, Dr. Robinson, of Los Angeles, and Dr.

Shelleto, of Allegheny ; two lawyers, E. K. Snell, Pottstown, Pa., and H. Stillwell, of New York.

Before leaving Cairo I inquired at a forwarding office the price of sending a medium sized valise to London. When the agent named his price I said that I would give him the bag and its contents for half the sum. There is no check system. Baggage becomes a double burden. I advise tourists to travel light. As a rule I was always ready to pick up and go when necessary, as I could take my belongings in my hand. When leaving home take little with you in the way of baggage, and then take only part of that. Light marching order is advisable.

When my time was up in Cairo I bade good-bye to Bishop Gaughran and Father Lennon. Our days together had been very enjoyable, The Bishop said if I ever got into his part of the world he wished I would pay him a visit in Kimberly, South Africa. Since then I have learned more of South Africa, as the world has, by the war of the British with the Boers. At the siege of Kimberly I understood that the good Bishop was one of the besieged by the army of Oom Paul Kruger.

At Port Said I met Father O'Doherty, to whom I referred when writing about Colombo, and the incident concerning bad treatment on the B. & I. line. I was delighted when I found that he, also, was going to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE LAND OF PALESTINE—LANDING AT JAFFA—DODGING CUSTOMS OFFICIALS—ACROSS THE PLAIN OF SHARON —THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY — THE CASA NOVA.

When we boarded the steamer at Port Said we found the decks crowded with pilgrims from Austria on their way to the Holy City. There were a number of priests with them. Before closing their eyes for sleep all had public prayers, and sang some hymns. They slept upon the deck.

All the passengers were up early the next morning, eagerly seeking a glimpse of the Land of Palestine. After a time it loomed up through the mist. We hailed it with



JAFFA.

affection as the Holy Land from which came the great and unspeakable blessings of Redemption.

Our landing place was the city of Jaffa. As there is no harbor, it is often impossible to land. In such cases the steamers have to go to Beirut, one hundred and sixty miles away, and there land the passengers. At Beirut they must await favorable weather to return to Jaffa or go overland to Jerusalem, some two hundred miles. Fortunately the day was beautiful and the water calm. The boatmen came in large numbers from the shore and we were soon on terra firma.

We were told before leaving the ship that a Turkish passport or the endorsement of the Turkish Consul on our national passports would be necessary before we would be permitted to pass the custom-house. Unfortunately I had neither. Mr. Clark told me that I would not be permitted to pass without the Turkish passport. I had supposed my American document of State would do. But that alone had no force. I could hardly realize that a matter which appeared to me to be of such small importance would block my entrance to the Holy Land after coming so far. But when I noticed that the passengers had to pass through a large door guarded by two officials, who demanded the passports, I was in a dilemma. However, I determined to use a little strategy. I waited near until they were very busy examining the passports of others, then I quietly and quickly slipped by, expecting to be halted every moment. But evidently I had not been observed, and I was soon mingling with those who had been "o. k.'d." I drew a long breath and had no regret for cheating the Turkish guards. But the incident was not finally closed, as the reader will learn before my departure from Palestine.

Jaffa, while finely situated, is not inviting. The streets are narrow and unclean. It is, however, a very ancient city.

It is said that Noah built his ark at Jaffa. Having been destroyed by the Deluge, the city was rebuilt by Japhet, the son of Noah, and hence its name, Jaffa. It was from this place that Jonas took the ship from which he was cast into the sea. From Jaffa, Hiram, King of Tyre, sent the timber cut on Mount Lebanus, for Solomon's Temple. Judas Machabeus, to avenge two hundred Jews, burnt the city and its ships, and killed all who escaped the flames. The historian Josephus states that Certius pilaged Jaffa and killed the inhabitants and burned the city. Vespatian, at a later date, also captured the city and put the unfortunate people to death. The Crusaders captured Jaffa in 1099, and it became an episcopal seat.

The history of Jaffa has been one of warfare and pillage, destruction and death, for generations. It has witnessed, within and without its walls, the waving banners of Saladin, Richard the Lion Hearted, Frederick II., St. Louis, King of France, and Napoleon I.

Jaffa was the scene of a most remarkable miracle performed by St. Peter. He raised the dead Tabitha, or Dorcas, to life. It was at Jaffa that he had the vision of the pure and the impure animals.

Jaffa is sometimes called Yafa and Joppa. In Acts of the Apostles, ix. 36-42, we read as follows :

And in Joppe there was a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas. This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days that she was sick, and died. Whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppe, the disciples hearing that Peter was there, sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not be slack to come unto them. And Peter rising up, went with them. And when he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber. And all the widows stood about him weeping and shewing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made them. And they all being put forth, Peter kneeling down prayed, and turning to

the body, he said: Tabitha arise. And she opened her eyes, and seeing Peter, she sat up. And giving her his hand, he lifted her up. And when he had called the saints and the widows, he presented her alive. And it was made known throughout all Joppe; and many believed in the Lord.

Those who wish to read of St. Peter's vision at Joppe concerning the "great linen sheet let down by the four corners from heaven to earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth and fowls of the air," should read Acts of the Apostles, x. It marks a most important event in divine revelation.

Our first visit in Jaffa was to the house of Simon. "Send men to Joppe and call hither one Simon, who is surnamed Peter. He lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside." We found it by the seaside, old and weather-beaten. It is but one-story high and is built of stone. We ascended the outside narrow stone stairway to the flat roof where Peter is said to have had the vision. "Arise therefore, get thee down" (Acts, x.).

We then took a drive through the town. We noticed many orange and lemon trees in the fertile gardens. In the afternoon we began our journey to Jerusalem.

We soon entered the celebrated Plain of Sharon, very fertile and very beautiful. One of the remarkable events that took place upon it was the destruction of the harvest of the Philistines when Samson loosed three hundred foxes with lighted torches tied to their tails.

The traveler soon reaches Lydda, where the Apostle cured the paralytic Eneas.

And it came to pass that Peter as he passed through visiting all, came to the saints who dwelt at Lydda. And he found there a certain man named Eneas, who had kept his bed for eight years, who was ill of the palsy. And Peter said to him: Eneas, the Lord Jesus Christ healeth thee; arise and make thy bed. And immediately he arose. And all that dwelt in Lydda and

Sharon saw him ; who were converted to the Lord.—Acts, ix. 32-35.

St. George was born at Lydda. He was martyred by Diocletian at Nicomedia in 304. Ætius, Bishop of Lydda, assisted at the Council of Nice, 325. Between Lydda and Ramleh the Crusaders fought a victorious battle. We read of Joseph of Arimathea, who buried our Blessed Lord, in St. John, xix. 38-42. Ramleh is the ancient Arimathea.

In 1296 the Franciscans settled in Ramleh to preach the Gospel and to harbor pilgrims on their way to the holy places. During the French expedition in Syria they made the monastery their headquarters. When Napoleon departed the Musselmen killed all the Franciscans and pillaged the place.

We passed the ancient village of Beit Nuba, which was formerly known as Nobi, the City of Priests. There the great high priest Achimelech gave the holy bread and the sword of Goliath to David. Saul in revenge killed Achimelech and eighty other priests at Nobi. The people also were killed, and even the brute animals were slaughtered.

Tradition places the residence of Dismas, the good thief, at Latroun, some eight miles nearer to Jerusalem than Beit Nuba.

As we passed over the Plain of Sharon we were reminded that many a fierce battle was fought there by the Israelites against the Philistines and many other enemies. The plain is slightly undulating and very fertile. It is about seventy miles long and twenty miles broad. Primitive methods and implements are used in cultivating the soil. It was not a very unusual sight to see the ox and the donkey yoked together pulling the plow fashioned as in ancient times. As we got into the hill country stones and rocks abounded. We wondered how the people could live or animals exist. Terraces extending up five or six hundred feet indicated that

great efforts were being made to cultivate the bleak looking hills.

The narrow-gauge railroad winds in and out among the mountains of Judea, climbing on its way to Jerusalem. The average speed is about twelve miles an hour, and the cost about six cents a mile.

We crossed the Torrent Terebinthe, from which David took the five stones for his sling, with one of which he killed Goliath in that valley. As we got nearer to the Holy City we saw the dark outlines of the Mountains of Moab rising like an immense wall to the east.

Silence fell upon the party as we neared our destination, and all eyes were strained to get the first glimpse of the walls and the buildings of Sion.

Soon Jerusalem with its towers and its domes broke upon our eyes. At last! At last! we were in the City of the Prophets, the City of Promise, the City of the Cross and of Calvary. Here took place the final scene of the awful drama of the Crucifixion. What Christian heart could remain unmoved and what eye of faith could remain undimmed at the sight of the Holy Sepulchre?

In front of the Holy City the pilgrims sing the CXXI. Psalm:

1. I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord.

2. Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem.

3. Jerusalem which is built as a city, which is compact together.

4. For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord: the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord.

5. Because their seats have sat in judgment, seats upon the house of David.

6, Pray ye for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem: and abundance for them that love thee.

7. Let peace be in thy strength: and abundance in thy towers.

8. For the sake of my brethren; and of my neighbors, I spoke peace of thee,

9. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I have sought good things for thee.

The sun was just setting as we reached Jerusalem. I went with Father O'Doherty to the "Casa Nova," the hospice for pilgrims in charge of the Franciscan Fathers. It is a large stone building, five stories high. It was filled with pilgrims of almost every nation and from nearly all classes. Ten different languages were spoken at our table. The general language among the priests is the Latin, and that among the people French, although Italian is also much used. I was delighted to find a number of letters awaiting me. They had not followed, but intercepted me, having gone by way of Europe.



FATHER PHILIP, O. S. F.
SUPERIOR OF THE CASA NOVA.

The Monastery and the Church of the Franciscan Fathers are near each other. All pilgrims, regardless of national or religious distinction, are permitted to lodge and board in the Casa Nova. There were a number of women among the pilgrims at the Casa Nova. Each may remain sixteen days, when properly accredited, without charge. While the pilgrims are not taxed, I think each makes a fair offering before departing from Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASS IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—CHAPEL OF THE ANGELS—THE CHAPEL OF ECCE HOMO—SISTERS OF SION—SKETCH OF FATHER RATISBONNE—BETHLEHEM—THE HOLY GROTTO—THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

My first night in Jerusalem is deeply imprinted upon my memory. The moon shone brightly over the city as I stood at the open window of my room in the fourth story at the hour of midnight. My mind was busy with all I had read and heard of the sacred place from the days of childhood. Supplementary to this knowledge came the light and teachings of Divine Faith. I could see Mount Olivet in the distance, and the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The scenes of the first Holy Week came before me, and the emotions they excited in my heart brought me to my knees with my head bowed upon the window sill.

I was awakened in the morning at 4 o'clock by the tramp and the prayers of the poor pilgrims from Austria on their way to the Holy Sepulchre. I prepared to follow them. Within the entrance of the church is the stone upon which the Body of Christ was laid and anointed after being taken from the Cross. It was kissed devoutly by the pilgrims who knelt around it.

I was granted the great privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice on the main altar of Mount Calvary itself. I vested for Mass. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I ascended the Sacred Mount and approached the hallowed spot where our Divine Savior was nailed to the Cross. Another priest was just finishing his Mass as I came to the altar. Many pilgrims were kneeling in tearful adoration,

clustered as close as possible about the Place of Sacrifice—the Great Sacrifice of Good Friday and the same sacrifice renewed in the Mass.



EXTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

What a feeling wells up in the heart of a priest who kneels before that altar as he repeats the words: "Judica me Deus."

Quite a number of persons went to Holy Communion at my Mass, and among them were eight nuns. They reminded me of the eight at home engaged in teaching the children.

Mass was over. I had enjoyed a privilege altogether unthought of a few months before, and even hardly expected when I entered the Holy City.

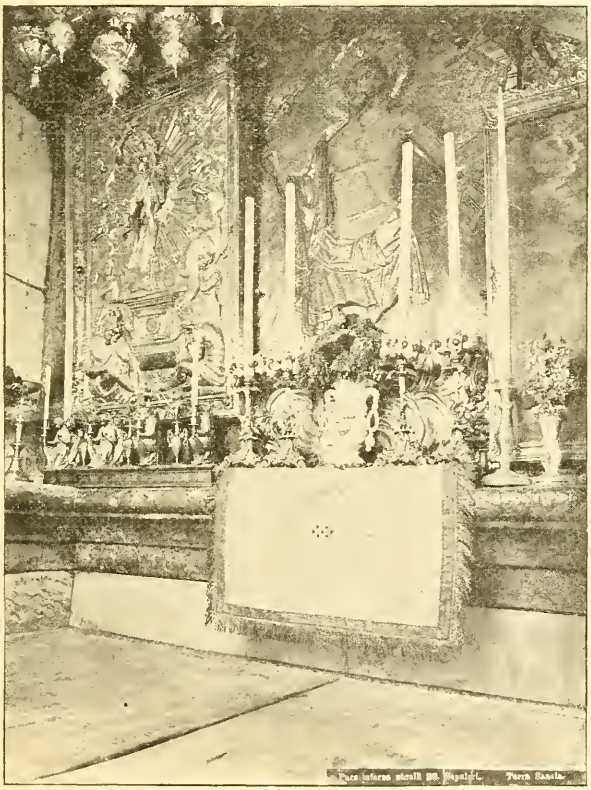
The Holy Sepulchre is in the midst of the church. It is surrounded by a marble chapel most richly decorated with innumerable lamps of great value and beauty. The ante-chamber of the Holy Sepulchre is circular in form, and is called the "Chapel of the Angel." Fifteen lamps continually burn within this chapel. From this ante-chamber, by a very small low door, entrance is had to the Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord. The walls are still of the natural rock, but are covered with marble to save them from the indiscreet devotion of pilgrims. There is the real tomb of our Loving Savior, hewn in the rock. We present a good cut made from a photograph taken for the purpose.

The first night of my arrival I had asked for permission to celebrate Mass within the Holy Sepulchre. I was told that but three Masses a day were permitted to be celebrated therein; that notice had to be given some time in advance and permission obtained, and that there were a number of Bishops and other dignitaries and many priests in Jerusalem, especially at this time of Holy Week and Easter.

I had not much expectation of getting the privilege, but I had some hope. Imagine my gratification that night, the second night of my arrival, when Father Philip, the Superior, said that he had arranged for me to celebrate Mass in the Holy Sepulchre the next morning, and that he would call me to go with him at 4 o'clock.

When his rap came in the morning I was ready to open the door. Strange to say, we were not the first at the

Sepulchre. When I was vested for Mass, a Bishop came to the vestry, but as he appeared I was just leaving for the Holy Sepulchre. Being a little fearful that I might have to give him precedence I started without delay.



INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

With profound feelings of awe and reverence, I passed through the outer door and found myself in the Chapel of

the Angel. Then stooping with my head almost as low as my knees, I passed through the small opening and found myself in the very tomb of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. With overpowering feelings there came to my mind the words and almost the voice of the Angel to Mary Magdalen : "Behold the place where they laid Him." Then came the other words of the self-same Gospel : "Be not affrighted."

In the Holy Sepulchre there is room for only the priest and the server. The people crowded into the Chapel of the Angel." They can get only a glimpse of the celebrant. How still and solemn were the surroundings, how overpowering the memories. I almost expected to see the angel "sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe."

The Mass celebrated on Calvary is always the Mass of the Passion of Our Lord ; the Mass in the Holy Sepulchre is always the Mass of the Resurrection. In that most sacred spot how realistic were the words of the Gospel :

At that time Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought sweet spices, that coming they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they come to the monument, the sun being now risen. And they said, one to another : Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre ? And looking they saw the stone rolled back. For it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe : and they were astonished. Who saith to them : Be not affrighted : you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen : He is not here : behold the place where they laid Him. But go, tell His Disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee : there you will see Him, as He told you.

I fervently prayed that we all may see Him forever in the Kingdom of His Eternal Glory.

The following morning I went as arranged and celebrated the Community Mass at 6 o'clock for the Sisters of Sion in the "Ecce Homo" Chapel.

The Chapel of the "Ecce Homo" is at the entrance of the house of Pilate. Just over the altar is a large opening spanned by a massive stone arch. Upon this arch is a large



OUR MOTHER OF SORROWS, CALVARY.

marble statue of Christ bound and crowned with thorns. At this place Pilate showed the "Man of Sorrows," so deeply wounded for our sins, to the people, hoping to excite their compassion with the words "Ecce Homo" (Behold the man.)

An excavation made at the convent reveals the pavement of the original street, which is some fourteen feet beneath the present street. How time deals with the works and the homes and the lives of men! With God "a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years."

The Chapel of the Sisters of Sion is very beautiful, very quiet and very devotional. It could not be other than devotional with its sacred memories and its situation on the Via Dolorosa.

After celebrating Mass I looked through the register. Many visitors evidently go to the Ecce Homo Chapel and Convent. Among the names I found several from the United States. On the list were the names of some Ohio people, viz.: Homer N. Clark, Sandusky; Newton Clalker, Akron; Wallace Taylor, D. D., Oberlin; Thomas Hibben, Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. John Walder and Miss Walder, Cincinnati; Paul Mathews, Cincinnati; Miss H. Sharp, Columbus; Jos. H. Marr, Hamilton; Henry C. Wick, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. White, Cleveland. The Sisters inquired with kindly interest and gratitude about Father Braun, of Akron.

The Sisters of Sion have an interesting history. They are a comparatively new community, founded by Father Ratisbonne, a converted Jew. They teach and care for orphans, regardless of their creed or nationality. They depend on charity for their support. The Sisters are engaged in a good work and are deserving of encouragement.

I think that the following sketch of Father Ratisbonne's conversion and work will be of general interest:

On the 20th of January, 1842, Alphonse Ratisbonne, a Jew, noted among his friends for his strong common sense and judgment, stood scornfully criticising the paintings of the Church of St. Andrea della Fratte, Rome. He was an inveterate hater of Christianity, especially that represented by the Catholic Church. He was smarting under the conversion of his brother to the Cath-

olic Faith, and enraged by the squalor he had just seen in the Ghetto of Rome, where he was spending some of the time intervening between his espousal and his marriage with his cousin, a lady of wealth, beauty and high attainments, with whom he was to receive his uncle's fortune and the bank at Strasburg, in which city he was born May 1, 1814. His letters and conduct and the testimony of all who knew him prove these statements to be true. Suddenly all the light in the church seemed concentrated and poured into the chapel on the opposite side. Without violence he found himself carried swiftly across the church to it and placed before the picture of St. Michael. There the Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him in the form represented on the medal of the Immaculate Conception, called the "Miraculous Medal," owing to the numerous miracles of which it has been the instrument. Ratisbonne had been induced to wear that medal partly out of polite condescension to a little child of his acquaintance, and partly to rid himself of her importunities. The Holy Apparition motioned him to kneel, when instantly he received infused knowledge of the Catholic Faith and of all the Ever Blessed Virgin wished to convey to him. The witness to this miraculous apparition and conversion was Theodore de Bussires, Bart, who entered the church at the time and found Ratisbonne kneeling, giving vent to emotions of repentance and gratitude.

Father de Villefort, S. J., prepared him for his abjuration and reception, and he was baptized into that legitimate continuation of God's true religion, the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, by Cardinal Patrizzi on January 31, 1842, in the Church of Gesu in Rome. To perfect himself in Christian virtue and to practice the evangelical counsels, Ratisbonne renounced the world and all the attractive advantages it held out to him and entered the Company of Jesus at Rome, where he remained till by an order from Pius IX. he formed at Paris, in conjunction with his brother Theodore, the Congregation of Notre Dame de Sion for the conversion of the Jews. He died at the age of seventy on May 6, 1884, near Jerusalem, at St. John's, in the Hill Country, where he is buried. The Daughters of Sion then had establishments of high-class boarding schools, orphanages and patronages in most capitals and other centers of the civilized world. They had four in England, four in America and three in the Holy Land, two at Jerusalem, one of which is the Ecce Homo Sanctuary and another near the Sanctuary of the Visitation at St. John's in the

Hill Country or Ain Karim. The members according to the census of 1892 numbered considerably over one thousand, including the fathers and brothers. There are one million and a half members of the Christian Mothers, who were also founded by Theodore Ratisbonne at the Sion of Paris. The priests of Notre Dame de Sion have two houses at Paris, one an ecclesiastical seminary; and an orphanage with college attached at Jerusalem, and chaplaincies in France, Egypt and Turkey. Their headquarters near St. Peter's Orphanage is on the traditional spot where Isaiah prophesied the birth of the Messiah (Is. vii. 14). Boys of all creeds and races, but especially Jews, are offered a home for seven years, during which time they receive an artisan's education, the trade congenial to their individual aptitudes being taught by competent masters, or are brought up for commercial or professional pursuits according to their talents. The boarding, clothing and other necessaries are maintained by voluntary contributions. The one hundred girls are brought up in a similar manner by the Sisters at the Ecce Homo, where there is also an efficient dispensary for the poor of all creeds and nationalities. There were one hundred younger girls at St. John's. Alms in money or kind can be given at any of the houses. The priests of Our Lady of Sion fulfill the command given to St. Joseph by the angel in Egypt: "Take the young child and its mother and go into the Land of Israel," Jesus being represented by the youthful seminarists, Mary by the Daughters of Sion and the Land of Israel by the Jews. The novitiates for the priests and Sisters are at Paris; that of the lay brothers at Jerusalem.

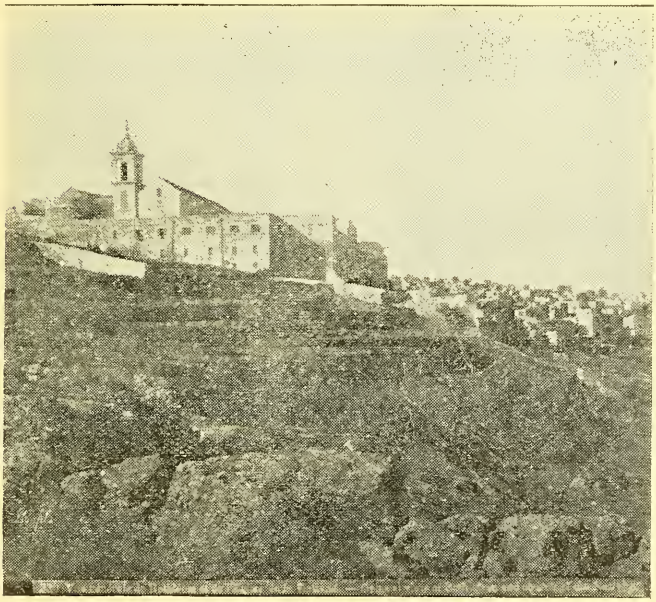
At St. Peter's, Jerusalem, locally known as Ratisbonne's Institute, we found the only resident English Catholic priest in the Holy Land.

On a Saturday afternoon I went to Bethlehem. On my way I stopped at the Convent of the Poor Clares to leave with them an alms sent through me for that purpose from Cleveland. A high stone wall surrounds the convent.

The road to Bethlehem is very good, though not at all level. The streets of the town are irregular and narrow, but it is surrounded by well cultivated valleys. The population is

about eleven thousand, six thousand being Latin Catholics, and nearly all the rest Greeks.

I went to the Franciscan Monastery, and thence to the Church of St. Catherine, from which I entered the Church of the Nativity of Our Blessed Savior. Reverently I descended to the Holy Grotto, the stable where the Infant Savior was



GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

born. There, in a semi-circular apse, is enclosed the precise place of the birth of the Divine Infant. Near the ground and around the apse there burn night and day fifteen rich lamps. A slab of white marble covers the floor of the apse. Through a circular opening in the center is seen a bluish colored stone which is probably of jasper. This is sur-

rounded by a golden star which bears around it this inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est" (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary).

Quickly and joyfully I fell upon my knees and reverently kissed the jasper stone and the golden star. There came to my mind the words from St. Luke, ii. :

> And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying :
>
> Glory to God in the highest : and on earth peace to men of good will.

The earliest and sweetest memories of Christian childhood and of more mature years cluster about the Crib of Bethlehem. Thence came the good tidings of great joy—to all the people. Ah, little do we realize the condescending love of Our Infant Savior, little do we realize the value of our immortal souls! How humble the home to which the Creator of the world was forced by His love for us, so little worthy of that love. How gladly and richly Christian affection has adorned the place of His birth.

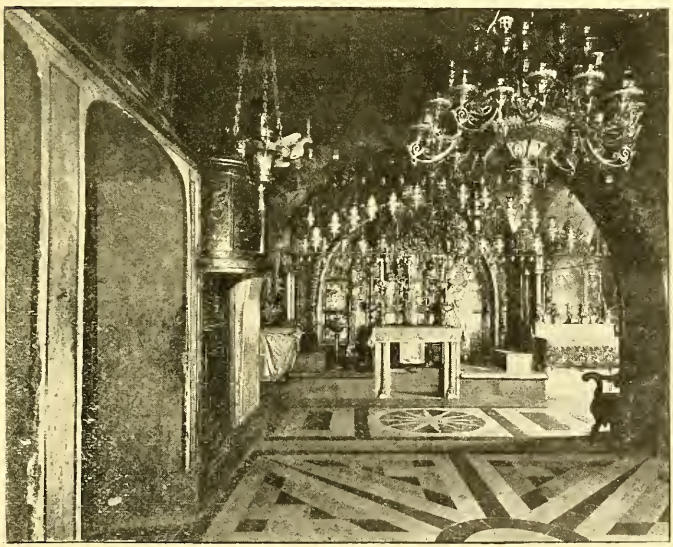
Again and again I said : "Is it possible that I am in the Stable of Bethlehem ? Can it be that I am kneeling on the spot where Jesus Christ, the long expected of nations and of ages, was born ?"

Reluctantly I left the consecrated spot as the shades of night were falling. But I left to return.

At Bethelehem but two Masses can be celebrated on one day. The first Mass is celebrated at 3:30, and the other at about 8:30 a. m. Fortunately I was permitted on Palm Sunday to celebrate Mass in the Holy Grotto. All available room was taken, and the steps leading down to it were crowded with devout worshipers. The words "Domine, non sum dignus" were upon my lips as I approached the altar in the place so sanctified by Our Blessed Lord.

The spirit of the Crusaders must stir the bosom of the

many Christians who visit the Holy Land. The Turks are in possession. They intrude every place. The Turkish soldiers are on guard at the portals and about the Holy Sepulchre ; they stand at the entrance of Gethsemane ; they are about the Church and in the Crib of Bethlehem with loaded muskets, and on guard as in war times. On Sunday after-



CHAPEL AT GETHSEMANE.

noon while I knelt saying the Rosary in the Holy Grotto of Bethlehem I was near enough to touch the soldier on guard. Further on more will be said about this condition of things.

Sunday night I left the Franciscan Monastery and returned to Jerusalem. The next morning at 6 o'clock I was at the Garden of Gethsemane. After waiting for about an hour I was permitted to celebrate Mass upon the main altar.

Three Masses were being celebrated at the same time in the Holy Shrine. The altar is richly decorated with golden vases and urns.

I was filled with gratitude for the great privilege of being permitted to celebrate Mass at the place of our Blessed Lord's Agony. "Could you not watch one hour with Me!" was his complaint then. The indifference and coldness of His own is His complaint now. The devotion to His Sacred Heart is softening the hardness of ours, and preparing us to accept His loving invitations. May this beautiful and fruitful devotion spread widely, the better to insure for ourselves eternal salvation.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD FRIDAY IN JERUSALEM—IN THE ACTUAL FOOTSTEPS OF THE CRUCIFIED ONE—EASTER MASS—A MEMORABLE EXCURSION—THE DEAD SEA AND RIVER JORDAN—SPOTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE MESSIAH'S LIFE.

It is Good Friday. Good Friday in Jerusalem! How the Christian heart is moved amid the very scenes of our Blessed Lord's suffering and death. As our feet tread the ways sanctified by His footsteps and we kneel and kiss on the Via Dolorosa the sacred places of that sorrowful journey from Pilate's house to Calvary's summit, we realize with crushed hearts something of the enormity of sin, and the unspeakable price paid for our salvation. With tears in the voice and sobs in the heart the pilgrims utter the preparatory prayer:

Sweet Jesus! Who for love of me passed on this bitter way laden with the heavy cross! Through love for Thee I am about to follow the sorrowful path and meditate on Thy Holy Passion! O merciful Jesus! The sinner now at Thy feet is the one who by his manifold sins caused Thy bitter Passion and Death.

The pilgrims are of all nations, and from all classes. Their sacrifices, their faith and their piety are touching. While I would like to dwell upon this subject now, I feel that I am anticipating.

The Way of the Cross is made publicly in Jerusalem on Friday afternoons. This devotion is especially touching and pathetic on Good Friday. The pilgrims pass along the same streets and stop at the very places where our Lord Jesus Christ bore the heavy weight of the Cross. Many of the surroundings and circumstances of that day of suffering

beset the pilgrims who to-day perform that holy exercise in the streets of Jerusalem.

On Good Friday afternoon we left in procession from Casa Nova for the Via Dolorosa. After walking nearly a mile we arrived at the barracks of the Turkish soldiers. We ascended the incline and passed through the gates and found ourselves in the very same barracks in which Pilate delivered our Blessed Lord to be crucified. Moved to tears, the pilgrims reverently kissed the ground. The pagan soldiers looked on and mocked. The eloquent Franciscan Father spoke touchingly of the delivery of our Lord to be crucified for our sins. From station to station he graphically presented the subject for meditation. After the usual prayers all moved from the barracks singing the "Stabat Mater."

The II. Station, "Jesus Laden With the Cross," is out on the Via Dolorosa. The crowd filled the narrow street from wall to wall for more than a block. All nations and all classes were represented. There were several Bishops and many priests, brothers and nuns; the titled nobility knelt side by side on the dirty streets with the humble peasants and artisans. The strong faith and deep devotion of this multitude were touching.

Near this station is the Chapel of the Scourging. I entered the place on Good Friday morning. It is said that Mustafa Bey, son of the Pasha of Jerusalem, turned it into a stable in 1618. The next morning he found his horses all dead. The horses that followed also died. Mustafa, alarmed, sought the reason. He was told by his wise men that the place was held in the greatest veneration by the Christians as the Place of the Flagellation of Christ. This sacred place was restored to the Franciscans in 1838. By the munificence of Maximillian, Duke of Bavaria, they were enabled to build a church on the scene of the Scourging.

The III. Station, "The First Fall," is on the corner of a street where there is a Catholic Church.

The IV. Station, "Where Jesus Met His Holy Mother," is near the corner where a lane runs into the street.

Nearby I was shown a building which is said to have been the home of Dives, the rich man mentioned in St. Luke, xvi.

By this time the rabble had gathered, and those who composed it made much noise and confusion. The Turkish guards we had were necessary to clear the way and to intimidate the Jews and the Musselmen.

The V. Station, "The Cyrenian is Forced to Help Jesus to Carry the Cross," is about one hundred and fifty feet away from the IV. Station and at the entrance of a narrow street that runs westward. There is a small chapel in the house at the V. Station.

About five hundred feet further west in the same street we reached the VI. Station, and the house of the compassionate woman, Veronica. The dense crowd of pilgrims blocked the way completely. Some, myself among the number, entered the house of Veronica, which is now a chapel.

About three hundred feet onward we reached "the site of the Gate of Judgment" and of the VII. Station, "The Second Fall of Our Blessed Savior." There is a cross street at this place. By accident or by design the rabble here was very large, the noise and confusion were great and the guards had to use force. An effort was made to drive a number of donkeys through the procession. The Franciscan continued to preach and the people to pray and sing the processional hymn.

About one hundred and fifty feet west is the VIII. Station where "Jesus consoled the women of Jerusalem." It is at the wall of the Greek Convent of St. Catherine.

From the VIII. to the IX. Station, "The Third Fall of Jesus Under the Cross," there is no direct way on account of

buildings. We had to go back and take the first street on the right. About five hundred feet south on that street is a passageway by which we entered. The way was filthy. We ascended a wide open stone public stairway. At a distance of about four hundred feet, near the gate of the Copt Convent, is the IX. Station.

The last five stations are within the space covered by the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. To reach the entrance we had to return down the stairway and take the street to the right.

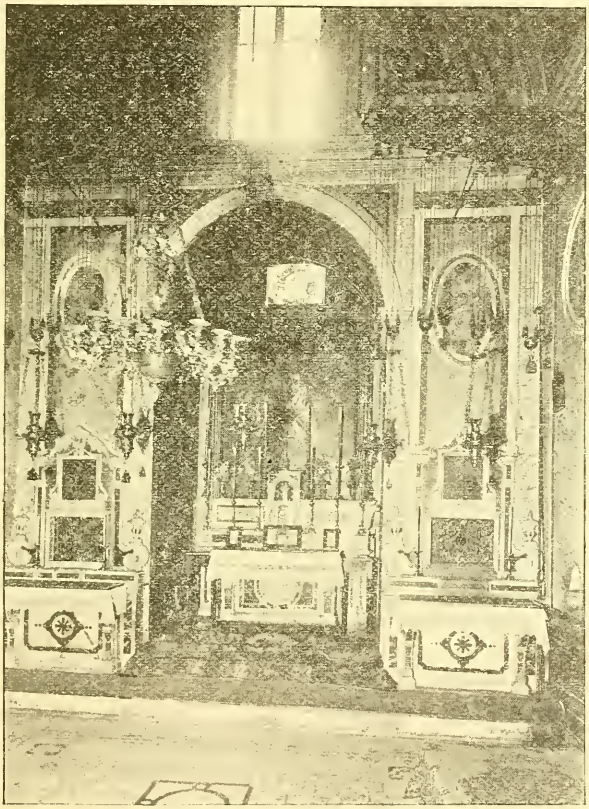
On this street a fanatical Musselman intentionally threw himself violently against Count Moore, who was in the procession. The Musselman throttled a man who remonstrated. The sergeant in charge of the procession put the Musselman under arrest. He resisted. Three soldiers off duty sympathized with the culprit, and went to his aid. The row was growing as I passed on. Near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre I met the commanding officer hastening to the scene of the disturbance.

We performed the last four stations on Calvary. At the devotion of the XIV. Station the pilgrims gathered about the Tomb of Our Crucified Lord, which is under the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Memorable indeed will be that Way of the Cross. How little changed are many of the people of to-day from those who upon those streets cried out in the time of Pilate: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!!" The condition of the people, the city, and its history itself testify that upon them has fallen the curse: "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

On Easter Sunday morning at 6 o'clock I made my way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Pontificial High Mass had just begun. The crowd was dense, so dense that I could not make my way through. I was leaving the church much

disappointed that I could not celebrate Mass in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Sunday when a large man wearing a red fez asked me: "Do you want to get through?" Then he added: "Follow me!"



CHAPEL OF THE APPARITION.

How he pushed and scolded, and got scolded back. I bade him never mind. He insisted and took me by the wrist.

I said: "You cannot get through the line of soldiers." He replied: "Yes I can; they know me." Sure enough, he got me through. I do not know who the man was. I certainly expected that in accordance with the prevalent custom of the country he would expect and wait for an offering. I was, considering his great service, most willing to remunerate him, but to my surprise he had disappeared and I never met him afterwards.

After the Pontificial Mass and the Solemn Procession, at the request of the Superior, I celebrated the 9 o'clock Mass on the main altar in the "Chapel of the Apparition." There are three altars in the chapel, and Mass was being celebrated on each when I entered.

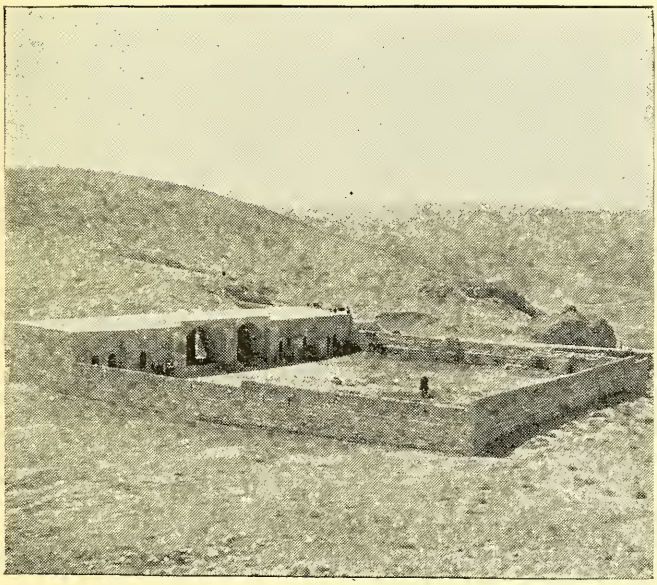
Tradition teaches that the Blessed Virgin did not leave the Holy Sepulchre after her Divine Son had been placed in the tomb. She stood at some distance on account of the soldiers who guarded the Sepulchre.

Our Risen Lord showed Himself to her on that spot, and hence the chapel erected there is called the "Chapel of the Apparition." It was on that same spot that the dead man was raised to life when St. Macaire and St. Helen touched him with the True Cross. Hence the place where I stood to celebrate Mass was holy.

On the main altar of that chapel the Blessed Sacrament is kept. There night and day the divine office is chanted by the monks who remain in the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. I gave Holy Communion to quite a large number.

Easter Monday I started with F. Clark's American party from Jerusalem to Jericho, thence to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. Father O'Doherty did not go with us. I was the only Catholic in the company. All were mounted. I had requested Mr. Clark to provide me with a good horse. I found that my charger was a grey stallion and a very rough riding animal.

The day was extremely hot—120° in the sun. The reflection from the chalk and limestone roadway added to the intensity of the heat. Most of the way is down hill, as the Dead Sea is some four thousand feet lower than Jerusalem. Wishing to have some protection from the sun I raised my umbrella. The charger unexpectedly raised old Nick. Off



SCENE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN EPISODE.

he went on a gallop. He appeared to be trying to get away from the umbrella. With that open in one hand I tried to curb the beast with the other. I finally got the umbrella closed and stopped the steed. But I could not ride unprotected from the sun, as I feared sunstroke. There were two or three more scenes and gallops, but the umbrella

finally remained open. The horse had a rough gait and a limber neck, a very unpleasant combination.

On one of my involuntary fast rides one of the ministers asked as I passed him : "Father, where are you going ?"

"To Jericho," I replied.

My horse took one of his starts near the top of a hill, the roadway of which was covered with rough stones. The hill was quite long. I noticed that the road turned at right angles at the bottom of the hill and passed over a bridge devoid of side protections. I feared that I could not guide the horse on the rather sudden turn on to the bridge, and that we might go over the side into the ravine, which would probably end my round-the-world tour. Fortunately I got across safely. Then I spurred the beast up the long hill on the other side, much against his will. He was winded and tamed when we got to the summit.

On the way we had lunch under a tent at the place which is designated as the spot where the Good Samaritan found the man who had fallen among thieves. We remained there about two hours.

That spot between Jerusalem and Jericho is an ideal place for robbery. The surrounding country is wild and hilly and uninhabited. Even now the government does not permit travelers to make the journey unless they are properly guarded. Though our party was large, we were provided with guards.

The way to Jericho is rough and uneven. We were all much fatigued as Jericho appeared in the distance about 5 p. m. We first saw that historic spot from the summit of a hill. It looked small and insignificant. When we got down the hill to go to our camping ground we had to cross a running stream. Mr. Clark cried out :

"Do not let your horses stop, as they are tired and will lie down with you in the water unless you spur them on."

I was so tired and dusty and thirsty myself that I secretly wished that mine would take a bath.

We camped just under the Mount of Temptation, where our Lord fasted forty days and forty nights. It is a very picturesque place. Our camp was nicely situated. The tents were commodious and comfortable, and placed in a semi-circular form.

George W. Robinson, M. D., of Los Angeles, Cal., and Howard Spellman, Esq., of New York City, and I were assigned to the same tent. It was called the "Tent of the Professions," since in it were represented medicine, law and theology.

I was extremely thirsty after the long, hard ride from Jerusalem. My lips and my palate were parched and I felt that a drink would be more desirable than a fortune. Just then a package was brought into the tent with the words: "This was sent for you from the Casa Nova." When I opened it I was rejoiced to find that it contained a bottle of wine. It was securely corked. I then bethought myself that I was a member and officer of the C. T. A. U. of A. Conflicting thoughts filled my mind as I walked a number of times about the bottle and reached out now and then to try if the cork was very fast. I finally concluded that I would remain as I had been from boyhood, a total abstainer.

Soon after I walked out from the tent and went over a hill nearby. I was delighted to find a running brook of clear water, which was more dear to me that nectar.

"Till taught by pain
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famished boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well."

—Byron.

When supper was announced I had concluded to remain

in the tent, as I was too tired to leave it. Rev. Dr. Campbell and Mr. Clark insisted on my going to the dining tent, at least for a dish of soup. I told them that if the table were high enough I would prefer to take my soup standing.

Previous to this Dr. Campbell had called at the tent and asked if I had any objection to a blessing being asked at the meal. "Father," he said, "we do not wish to do anything to which you might object." I replied that I thought all persons ought to invoke a blessing on their food, and also return thanks after their meals.

When I reached the tent all were in their places but not eating. I was, to my surprise, placed at the head of the table and invited to invoke the Divine blessing. Being the only Catholic in the party, and a number of ministers being present, I expressed my surprise at the unexpected honor. However, without any further delay, I invoked a blessing on our food.

We arose at 5 o'clock the next morning, got breakfast and at 6 we were mounted and began our journey to the Dead Sea. Five of the party felt too fatigued to join us, and remained in camp. Rev. Dr. Sanford, of Port Jervis, N. Y., was quite sick. The next day he had to be sent in a carriage to Jerusalem, a victim of typhoid fever.

We arrived at the Dead Sea at about 9 a. m. It was not long before several of the party were trying the efficacy of a bath in its deep and very salty brine. The body floats as a cork upon the water. It is impossible to sink. There is a tendency of the feet to come to the surface. The water is bitter and sticky. It burns the eyes. When the head is forced beneath the water's surface it becomes difficult to comb the hair for some days thereafter.

The apple of Sodom appears to be the principal fruit that grows in the vicinity of the Dead Sea. It is yellow, and much resembles the fruit which grows on the potato

vine. The neighborhood is bleak and barren and covered with sand hills.

The Dead Sea is about fifty miles long and ten miles wide. "Ten just men" would have saved the wicked cities buried beneath its bitter waters. In punishment of their detestable crimes "Heaven rained down on Sodom and Gomorrah fire and brimstone" (Gen., xix. 24).

We left the Dead Sea and went to the Jordan, where we arrived before noon. We stopped at the place where our Lord was baptized by St. John the Baptist. We passed for near a mile through a lot of bushes that grew higher than the horses. In this place I got separated from the rest of the cavalcade. The sensation was not pleasant. No bridle path was visible. Not knowing the way myself and apprehensive that I might meet some roving Bedouins, I trusted to the horse to find the way. I threw the bridle lines on the pommel of the saddle and permitted my Rosenante to go his own way. He twisted in and out for some time and after awhile he pricked up his ears and whinnied. He got an answering neigh, and soon we joined the party. I did not tell anyone that I had been lost on the way from the Dead Sea to the Jordan.

As the Jordan has a fall of seven hundred and sixteen feet in sixty miles its current is very rapid. It is a dangerous place in which to bathe. I heard that the week before a tourist lost his life in the river and his body was swept away.

The country around about is the Eden of Palestine. "Lot on the point of separating from Abraham, raising his eyes, saw the plain about the Jordan, which before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was all watered like the garden of Jehovah and the Land of Egypt as one comes to Segor" (Gen., xiii. 10).

Where we stopped the Israelites crossed the Jordan dry-

footed and entered the Promised Land. Josue took from the bed of the river twelve stones and placed them as a monument to remind the people of the miracle they had just witnessed in the separation of the waters for their passage. (Josue, iv. 16, etc.)

At the same place the Prophet Elias struck the waters with his cloak and they separated.

Here, Naaman, struck with leprosy, came by order of the Prophet Eliseus to bathe, and was cured. (IV. Kings, v. 10.)

The Legend of St. Christopher is also attached to the spot where we stopped. He carried passengers free from one shore to the other. He was well rewarded because one day unknown to him he carried the Infant Jesus, who came in that way to let St. Christopher know how pleasing was his good work for the sake of sweet charity.

Opposite that place St. Mary of Egypt died after thirty-three years of peace and penance.

We took dinner at the Greek Monastery of St John the Baptist. It is about a mile distant from the Jordan. It is said that St. John dwelt on that spot for several years before he began his public ministry. I found that the brother who waited on us was a German. We had a little talk in his native tongue, which pleased him very much.

We went out of our way to reach the scene of Galgal. the first encampment of the people of God in the Land of Promise. Josue raised there an altar of twelve stones which he had taken from the bed of the Jordan, in memory of the passage so miraculously made. There they ate the fruit of the Promised Land, and the Manna ceased to fall.

The Ark of the Covenant remained at Galgal six years until it was brought to Siloe. There Samuel came every year to dispense justice. (I. Kings, vii. 15-16.)

There Saul was acknowledged King of Israel and there Samuel announced his reprobation for having presumed to

offer sacrifice to God against His command. (I. Kings, xiii. 13-14.)

Galgal now presents no sign of the wonderful events that transpired there. There is not a stone upon a stone. It is a pasturage.

We passed through Jericho, the site of the first city so wonderfully captured by the Israelites. It is not now a city. There are two small hotels and a few hovels, and only one building of any pretension.

Against Jericho Jesus uttered a curse: "Accursed before the Lord be the man who rebuilds this city; may its foundations fall on his first-born and its gates on the last of his children." When Hiel of Bethel made the attempt the curse fell upon him.

Our Lord Jesus Christ passed a night at Jericho.

"And entering in He walked through Jericho. And behold, there was a man named Zacheus, who was the chief of the publicans, and he was rich."—St. Luke xix. 1-2.

Our camp was only about two miles from Jericho. We reached it at 4 p. m.

After a short rest I went to the Fountain of Eliseus, nearby, and there read my breviary. This fountain has a very interesting and instructive history.

The inhabitants of Jericho complained to the Prophet Eliseus, of the badness of the water of that spring. He bade them bring him a new pitcher with some salt. He went to the spring and threw in the salt, saying: "Thus saith the Lord: I have purified these waters and neither death nor barrenness shall ever more come out from them" (IV. Kings, ii. 19, etc.).

The water is very clear and sweet. As it went on its murmuring way I stooped down and took a drink and bathed my hands in the purling brook as it went on its course towards Jericho.

Guards watched about the tents all night, as experience has demonstrated that it is not safe to be without them.

The next morning we arose at 4 o'clock and soon were ready and partook of breakfast. We started back for Jerusalem at 5. We got well on our way before the sun rose and thus avoided much of the intense heat we had experienced on the journey from Jerusalem.

We took lunch at Bethania. We visited there the Tomb of Lazarus. We entered by a small opening and descended twenty-seven steps made in 1537 by the Franciscans, the Musselmen having built a mosque over the ancient entrance. The Gospel concerning the miraculous resurrection is well known. It is contained in St. John, xi.

We then paid a visit to the ruins of the home of Martha and Mary. The house had been in a quiet, restful place, and nicely situated.

We got back to the Casa Nova a little after noon, Bethania being only three miles from Jerusalem.

Count Moore, of County Tipperary, Ireland, was my next neighbor at the table. I asked him if he had heard anything during my absence of the Musselman arrested for the disturbance on Good Friday. He had not yet heard of the result of the Musselman's arrest. But he said that in Turkish courts a Christian's oath will not stand against the oath of a Musselman, and hence he did not think anything would be done to that fanatic.

CHAPTER XX.

WONDERFUL AND SACRED MEMORIES CLUSTERING ABOUT THE CITY OF SION—MEMENTOES OF THE GRAND DRAMA OF REDEMPTION — NOTED PLACES MENTIONED IN SACRED SCRIPTURE.

The city of Jerusalem must ever be a place of deep interest to Christians the world over. This interest deepens and intensifies for those who come from afar to visit the places hallowed by our Divine Lord and blessed by the presence of His Immaculate Mother and by the conversion and confirmation of the Apostles by the Holy Ghost and their first works in establishing the Church.

Jerusalem, we are told, was founded on a mountain called Akra, in the year 2023 B. C., by the holy priest Melchisedech, who was also King of Salem, which signifies peace. After an existence of fifty years Salem fell into the hands of the Jebusites, who were the descendants of Jebus, son of Chanaan. Jebus built a fortress on Mount Sion. This mount was separated from Mount Akra by the valley of Tyropæon. Jebus and Salem being united gave Jerusalem. Thence came the name Jerusalem, which signifies "Vision of Peace."

Five hundred years after the foundation of Jerusalem Josue conquered the Promised Land. The Israelites entered Jerusalem and dwelt there with the Canaanites. However, the Jebusites were masters until about 1047 B. C., when David made himself master of the city, and placed therein the Ark of the Covenant.

I need not follow the varied history of Jerusalem and its people, punished often by war, exile and slavery, for their ingratitude and their sins by Almighty God.

As the Prophet had foretold, the sceptre passed to the stranger. Pompey took possession of the country as a Roman province in 63 B. C. The time predicted for the coming of the Messiah approached. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." We know of the visit of the Three Kings and the subsequent massacre of the children by Herod. Christ was rejected by His own.

As Christ had foretold, the enemies of Jerusalem "cast a trench around about her and beat her flat to the ground and left of the temple not a stone upon a stone." As I stood upon the spot where Christ had spoken that sentence as He overlooked the city, I could not but believe that all His predictions will be as exactly fulfilled. Between Him and the city over which He wept was the great Valley of Jehosophat. The Prophet Joel and the usual teaching indicate that the General Judgment will take place there. Our Lord when going to Mount Olivet and to Bethania must have often passed through that valley. One side of it is enclosed by Mount Olivet, Mount Scopus and Mount Scandal. On the opposite side are Mount Bezetha, Mount Moriah and the Hill Ophel. The slope on the right is studded with Musselman tombs, and that on the left with Jewish. There are also the tombs of Absalom, Zachary, and of St. James the Less.

In that valley King Asa, at the beginning of his reign, burned the idol of Priapus, or the idol of voluptuousness. Josias burned the idol of sacred wood, and cast the ashes over the graves of the people.

As we looked from the wall of the temple the field of Haceldama, or the "Field of Blood," the land purchased with the Blood of Christ, was pointed out to me away to the east.

The belief that in this valley all the descendants of Adam will assemble for the Last Judgment is also held by the Mus-

selmen. They teach that the Bridge of Suath will reach from the top of Mount Moriah across the Valley of Jehosophat to the top of the Mount of Olives; that the bridge will be as narrow as the edge of a razor. They declare that after men's good and evil deeds have been weighed in the balance of Divine Justice all will have to mount the Bridge of Suath. The just will have nothing to fear, for their guardian angels will lead them safely across. The wicked will lose their balance, will fall into the Valley of Jehosophat, and thence will be cast into hell.

Serious and solemn thoughts must enter into the mind of the Christian who overlooks that valley. "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin."

During my two weeks' stay in Jerusalem I visited and made somewhat of a study of many sacred places. Much more time could be occupied with profit in that ancient and Holy City.

I will briefly recount what I found in my visits to the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre:

This basilica covers Calvary and the place of our Blessed Lord's Tomb. St. Helen discovered the True Cross, and in 326 A. D., embellished the Holy Sepulchre. In 614 Chosroes II. ravaged the city of Jerusalem and destroyed the basilica. In the beginning of the Tenth century Haroun-al-Raschid sent the keys of the Holy Sepulchre solemnly to the Emperor Charlemagne. The Crusaders took possession in 1099, but it fell into the hands of Saladin in 1187. Through Frederick II. it was restored for a short time to the Christians. But for nearly seven hundred years it has been under the control of the Musselman. I saw at and within its portals the Turks on guard. They must be paid to open the doors of the Holy Sepulchre. They keep the keys, and when in the afternoon or evening they lock the gates the monks who reside within are virtual prisoners. Their only means

of communication then with the outside world is by an iron grating through which they receive their food. When the gates are opened in the morning they may pass out. The Turkish guards bearing muskets are always at the doors. One evening while I was there at Tenebrae the signal was given by the Turks at 5:30 for all to leave or they would be locked up for the night. A number who did not understand the warning were actually locked in, and had to remain until the next morning.

Six different nationalities officiate in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, and each has its own peculiar rite or form of worship. The Franciscans, established in the Holy Land since 1222, represent the Catholics. Then there are the non-united Greeks, the non-united Armenians, the Copts, the Abyssinians and the Syrians. The five last are not Catholics, nor do they call themselves Catholics, nor are they known as such. I had supposed that they still claimed the old title, the title in the Apostles' Creed. I was pleased to find that they all acknowledged that the grand title "Catholic" belongs alone to the Apostolic Church. While they differ but a little from us in doctrines, the lines are very sharply drawn, with no indications of indifferentism.

The representatives of the first four sects named have their own chapels and dwell within the basilica. This, as can be readily understood, is a very large building. The Latins, the Greeks, the Armenians and the Copts have the right to burn lamps before and within the Holy Sepulchre, and at the Stone of Unction, or the Anointing Stone. On Calvary the Latins and the Greeks have the exclusive right. The Franciscans or the Latins have the exclusive right to celebrate Mass at and within the Holy Sepulchre. The number is limited to three Masses daily. When we enter the basilica the first sanctuary is the "Annointing Stone." Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, after having taken the

Body of our Lord from the cross, placed it here to embalm it according to Jewish custom.

On the left, i. e., to the west, about twenty-five feet, is marked the place where the holy women stood while the embalming took place. About twenty-five feet thence, and a little to the right, is the Holy Sepulchre. The ante-chamber of the Holy Sepulchre is the Chapel of the Angel. Fifteen lamps burn within it continually. I wrote before of the Holy Sepulchre, but I did not state that forty-three very rich and very beautiful lamps burn there perpetually. East of the Holy Sepulchre is the Chapel of the Greeks; west is the Copt Chapel; and opposite is the Syrian Chapel. About twenty-five feet north is the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, where our Lord appeared to her after His resurrection. To the north of this is the Chapel of the Apparition, of which I have written. It is the chapel of the Franciscans. In the sacristy are preserved the spurs and the sword of Godfrey de Bouillion. Towards the southwest is the Chapel of St. Longinus, the soldier who was converted after he had pierced our Lord's side.

Some distance further on we descend by twenty-nine steps to the Chapel of St. Helen. From this chapel we descend thirteen steps to the Chapel of the Finding of the Cross. This chapel belongs to the Franciscans. The Chapel of St. Helen is built on the spot where she prayed whilst the laborers were searching for the True Cross.

Returning up the forty-two steps we find in the nave a chapel which contains the Pillar of Opprobrium, upon which our Lord sat whilst crowned with thorns. Under Calvary is the Chapel of Adam. It belongs to the Greeks. It is said that the skull of Adam reposes therein. There are chapels dedicated to St. John, St. Michael, the Twelve Apostles, Abraham and Isaac.

While writing about the Basilica of the Holy Sepluchre I

might have stated that Chosroes II. of Persia carried away the True Cross. After a war of ten years' duration the Christian Emperor Heraclius conquered the King of Persia and obliged the successor of Chosroes to restore the True Cross. Heraclius, barefooted and followed by his soldiers, carried the Cross of Christ to Calvary. This is the origin of the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, which is celebrated May 3.

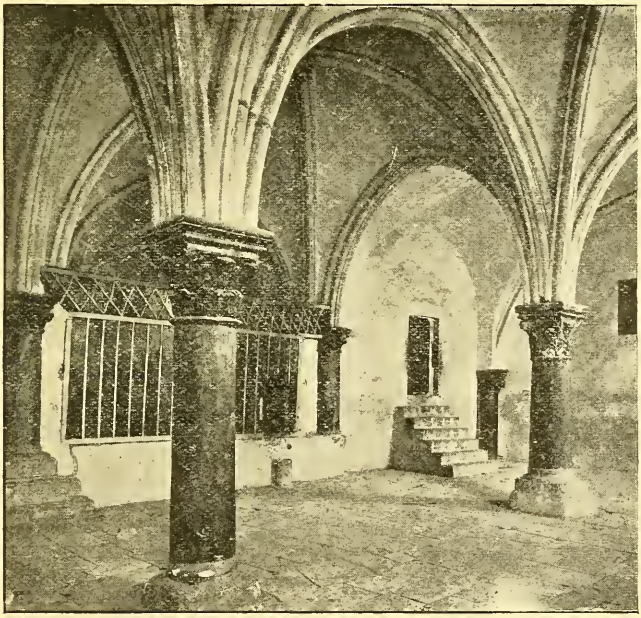
Passing through the Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem and taking the first street to the right we come immediately to the Tower of David. It is the site of the former palace of that King. The crescent in white on a red field waves above it. The tower is the citadel. It is occupied by Turkish troops and commands the city.

We pass on and arrive at the site of the house of St. Thomas the Apostle. A mosque is built thereon, but is not used, as the Musselmen believe it to be unlucky. Nearby is the site of the house of Annas. A convent is built upon it.

We passed along a narrow street for about a furlong and came to the Armenian Cathedral of St. James the Greater. He was martyred there by Herod Agrippa, after his return from Spain, whither he had gone to preach the Gospel. In Acts, xii. 2, we read: "And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword." The Franciscans officiate in this church on the feast of St. James, July 25.

Here is also shown the tomb of St. Macaire. I was brought to a large chapel within the church wherein three stones are preserved behind a wire grating. One is from Mount Sinai, another from Mount Tabor, and the other from the Jordan. These stones are to be touched by those who can not carry out their desire to visit the places from which the stones came. A little further on, the base of a pillar marks the place where the Apostles were stopped by the Jews while they were carrying the body of the Blessed

Virgin Mary to the tomb. It is related that a Jewish priest who touched the coffin had his hands fastened thereto and his arm stiffened. The rest of the Jews were stricken blind. They were cured by the intercession of the Apostles. Terrified by their punishment, and rejoiced by their restoration, they were all converted and baptized.



ROOM OF THE LAST SUPPER.

Westward a short distance we came to the site of the house of Caiphas, where Christ was interrogated, where Peter denied Him, and where our Lord was imprisoned from Thursday to Good Friday. A detailed relation will be found in St. John, xviii. On Pentecost Monday the Franciscans

exercise the right for twenty-four hours to recite in the Cænaculum the Offices of the Church and to celebrate Mass.

Near this place are the cemeteries and also the site of the dwelling to which St. John took the Queen of Sorrows after the sad scene on Calvary.

I knelt before the altar in the house of Caiphas and prayed in the narrow prison of our Blessed Lord.

Passing out and back a short distance and continuing on the road we left we came to the Cænaculum, the upper room where the Last Supper was celebrated. (St. Luke xxii. 14-20.) Sad to say, while empty and apparently neglected, it is attached to a mosque. The Musselmen would not permit us to say public prayers therein.

How sacred is that place, and how hallowed by holy scenes and consecrated memories! There was instituted the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacrament of Confirmation. There Christ washed the feet of His Disciples, promised the Holy Ghost, foretold the treason of Judas and the denial of Peter. In St. John, xiii., we read it all.

It was to the Cænaculum that Christ came after His resurrection to greet the Apostles, and eight days after that to convince St. Thomas that He had truly risen, and taught the lesson: "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." We read of that in St. John, xx. In that room St. Matthew was chosen to take the place of Judas in the Apostolic College. There came the Holy Ghost in the form of tongues of fire; there St. James became Bishop of Jerusalem, and there St. Stephen and the six other Deacons were placed in office. The Franciscans had had charge there for a long time, during which two hundred of their number were martyred. The Musselmen claim that within this building is the Tomb of David, but the claim is not well founded. I was shown the canopy which is said to cover his tomb.

Attempts have been made to purchase the Cænaculum,

but even a million dollars in gold does not tempt the Turk. Fear of the effect upon his fanatical people prevents the Sultan from selling the building. At one time it was thought that he would present it to the German Emperor as a memorial of his late visit to Jerusalem, but unfortunately he did not.

The Church of St. Ann is not far from the Holy Sepulchre. It is claimed that the Blessed Virgin Mary was born there. I heard Mr. Clark remark that the Church of St. Ann had been offered gratis to the Episcopal Bishop at Jerusalem, who had refused it, and then the Catholics bought it for a large sum. I do not know what authority Mr. Clark had for the statement. On looking the matter up I found that after the Crimean War the Sultan gave it as a donation to France, and hence it has since been in possession of the Catholics.

Opposite this church is the Pool of Bethesda, whence our Lord cured the paralytic as spoken of by St. John, v. 1-15.

Not very far eastward is the Gate of St. Stephen. Opposite this spot is shown the place where, it is said, St. Stephen was stoned to death. There is nothing to indicate that it is the place of the Deacon's martyrdom. However, at the opposite side of the city, not far from the Damascus gate, is the Church of St. Stephen. The Dominican Fathers are in charge of it. It was there that the Empress Eudoxia in 444 had a church built in honor of St. Stephen, and had his relics transferred to it. I went to visit it. The Dominican Father pointed out a part of the mosaic floor of that old church which is about five feet below the present level. It was revealed while excavating. A beautiful new stone church, nearly completed, covers this ancient and sanctified place.

Not far from the Damascus gate we visited the Tombs of the Kings. There are several chambers, one behind the other hewn out of the solid rock. The entrance is quite

narrow. The best way to get in is to go feet first. The wife of one of the ministers hesitated. He said rather impulsively: "O, come on; if you can only get your feet in the rest will be easy." I could not but laugh at the implication. I don't think she liked what he said or my hilarity, because she would not move to the tomb. She determined not to try the experiment. When one of the Chicago newspapers announced that a certain prominent citizen was so sick that "he had one foot in the grave," a St. Louis journal stated that "the reason he had not the other foot in the grave was because there was not land enough."

One afternoon Father O'Doherty and I went to the "Grotto of St. John in the Mountains," about six or seven miles from Jerusalem. The road that twines about the mountains and makes its way to the valley is very well graded.

We passed by the place where Solomon was anointed King, and the field where an angel slew in one night one hundred and eighty-five thousand of the Assyrian army in answer to the prayers of the Prophet, the King and the people. (IV. Kings, xix.)

When we reached the beautifully situated town of Ain Karim a walk of five minutes through some uninviting alleys brought us to the fine church which contains the Grotto of the Precursor of our Blessed Lord. We descended a flight of four marble steps and knelt at the altar, beneath which we read engraved in the marble: "Hic Precursor Domini Natus est" (Here the Precursor of our Lord was born).

The altar is very rich, and its cards are engraved on silver. The lamps of the grotto are very beautiful. In the church are fine marble statues of St. Francis Asissi and St. Clare. The altars and the communion railing are of marble. Finely decorated tiling lines the walls and pillars for some distance up. The church also contains many fine paintings.

We then went to the Church of the Visitation, which is half a mile distant up the side of another mountain. Here took place the event commemorated in the Second Joyful Mystery. Our Blessed Lady saluted St. Elizabeth, who in turn greeted her with the words in the Hail Mary : "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Then and there the Blessed Virgin praised the Lord in the words of the Magnificat.

The Franciscan Brother showed us the part that yet remains of the dwelling and the sanctuary of Zachary. He gave us a drink from the old well near the altar of the Magnificat. We also saw the place in which the Infant Precursor and St. Elizabeth were miraculously concealed from the soldiers of Herod.

At the foot of the hill on the roadside is the old spring from which doubtless the Blessed Virgin Mary often carried water at the time of the Visitation. A number of women were washing at the spring, and others were carrying away water in the old-fashioned water-pots poised on their heads. This is the only spring in the village.

While looking at the magnificent surrounding scenery through the field glasses a number of native men gathered curiously around me while I waited for Father O'Doherty to return from the Church of the Visitation. I let them use the glasses. They passed them from one to another with the curiosity of children, and were busy explaining to each other the wonderful effects produced.

The first chapter of St. Luke refers in an especial manner to the mysteries connected with Ain Karim, more commonly called St. John in the Mountains.

On the hill opposite the Church of the Visitation there is an orphan asylum conducted by the religious founded by Father Ratisbonne.

In the afternoon of Easter Saturday Father O'Doherty and

I walked from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The places are only seven miles apart. We passed on our way the Mount of Evil Counsel; the Well of the Magi; the spot from which the angel carried the Prophet Habacuc to Babylon to bring food to Daniel in the Lion's den (Daniel, xiv. 32), etc.; the place where the Prophet Elias received from the angel the food from the nourishment of which he walked for forty days and forty nights to Mount Horeb. A monastery dedicated to the Prophet is built there.

We paused for a moment at the tomb of Rachel, the wife of Jacob. It is a place of pilgrimage for the Jews.

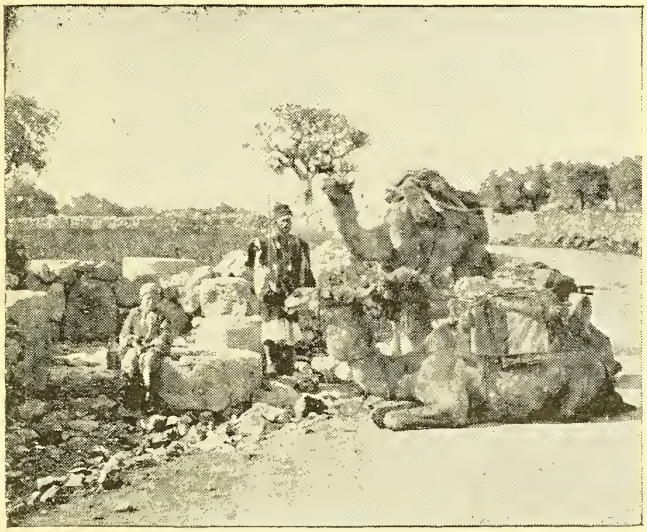
We next came to the Well of David. Three of his soldiers had risked their lives in going through the camp of the Philistines to get some water from the well for which David had expressed a desire. Touched by such devotion, David refused to drink, saying: "God forbid that I should drink the blood of these men."

After our arrival at Bethlehem we again visited the grotto and the chapels round about it. We obtained a very fine panoramic view of the surrounding country from the roof of the Franciscan Monastery.

In the group of buildings about the Grotto of Bethlehem is a very fine, but abandoned church; at least it is empty and entirely neglected. It contains four rows of very fine columns. It is large, imposing and well constructed, and must have cost a great sum. There is no altar within. It merely serves as an entrance to the Church of the Nativity. I naturally inquired for the reason of the abandonment of such a costly and beautiful temple. I learned that it is the Church of St. Helen, the Saint who did the most for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and through whose instrumentality the True Cross was discovered. It is left in its present neglected state because neither the Latins, the non-united Greeks nor the Armenians can get exclusive control of the building and

none will accept partial control. It is sad, indeed, to see the utter neglect and abandonment of the most beautiful basilica of glorious St. Helen.

On Good Friday I made a visit to Mount Olivet, the scene of our Lord's Ascension and to the Garden of Gethsemane,



WELL OF THE MAGI.

to Calvary and to the Holy Sepulchre. What sacred places, the most sacred on earth, and especially so on the day of our Savior's Crucifixion!

On my way to Mount Olivet I visited the Convent of the "Pater Noster." It is built on the spot where Christ taught the Lord's Prayer.

The names of thirty-one languages in which the "Our Father" is written on tablets all around the building, con-

structed for that purpose by the Princess of La Tour d'Auvergne. She also donated the tablets with the translations.

The "Pater Noster" is inscribed in thirty-two languages on as many marble tablets. I call to mind the following: The Chinese, Ethiopian, Coptic, Bohemian, Kurd, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Turkish, German, Moscovite, Danish, Slavonic, Norwegian, Greek, Syrian, Chaldean, Latin, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, Samaritan, Swedish, Breton, Hungarian, Sanscrit, Flemish, Georgian, Provencal and English.

I called the Sisters' attention to the omission of the Irish language from the list. No people are more devoted to that prayer. During the centuries of dark and bloody persecution for the faith, they found strength and consolation in that prayer and in the frequent recital of the Rosary. No wonder I felt indignant at the omission of "Lingua Hibernica."

I also directed their attention to the mistake in the English version, which begins with: "Our Father which art in heaven." Father O'Doherty also in his visit referred to these matters. The omission ought to be rectified and the proper correction made. However, the Princess was the person at fault. I suppose she knew no better. Her tomb is within the enclosure.

The Franciscan Fathers have a very large and a very fine church. It is the parish church for all Jerusalem. I noticed that the native women who attend Mass there and receive Holy Communion, were covered from head to foot with what looked very much like white sheets. Seeing them first from a distance as they entered the church I thought they constituted a First Communion class.

I was much struck by the apparent lack of reverence on the part of Protestants for holy places, places most sacred. They come to see, to measure and to calculate, but they do not appear to feel. Their faith does not seem to be living

and tender. I said to one of them: "People show affection for sacred family or national mementoes, they display reverence and feeling at the tomb of their parents; why not show some affection for the place of our Lord's birth, the places of His sufferings, of His death and burial?" I do not think that one stooped to kiss the tomb. However, one minister privately told me that he would like to spend a night in the Garden of Gethsemane, and wanted to know if I could get him the privilege. I told him that I would see. However, I found that there is no place to stop there over night and no provision is made for such requests. I told him that I would celebrate Mass there at 6 o'clock Monday morning. He said he would be present. I looked for him but he was not there. Afterwards he told me that he felt very much indisposed that morning, and hence could not be at the Garden, much to his regret. The hour was rather early.

Among the pilgrims at the Casa Nova was a Prince, a nephew of Dom Pedro, of Brazil. There was also a Princess, incog. She went with the pilgrims in the third class on board the ship. One lady accompanied her, but she sought neither recognition nor attention. She came humbly and devoutly to pray at the holy shrines. Amidst pomp and opulence at home she was mindful of the "one thing necessary," and sought no honor where our Blessed Lord had been so deeply dishonored.

I noticed on the register in the monastery at Bethlehem the names of three Cleveland priests: Rev. W. F. Murphy, Rev. Father Reiken and Rev. Father Vollmayer. They had signed the register on the 3rd of March, just a month previous to the date on which I penned my name.

CHAPTER XXI.

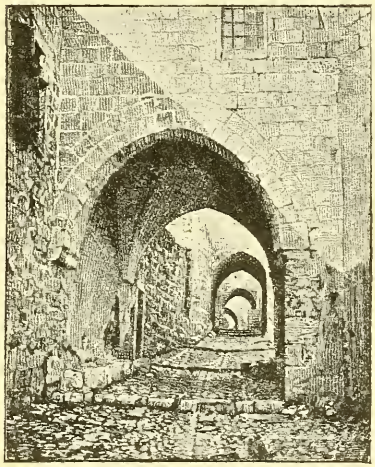
ROUND ABOUT THE MODERN CITY OF JERUSALEM—MANY OF THE SINGULAR PHASES OF LIFE — WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS—MOSQUE OF OMAR — BIRTHPLACE OF THE PRECURSOR — QUEER EXPERIENCES.

Those who read the history of Jerusalem, and wish to have clear ideas as to localities should know that from the time of Solomon until after Christ came the city had within its walls only three mounts. Under Claudius a new wall was constructed and embraced Mount Bezetha and Mount Gareb. This last is now called the Christian quarter. Jerusalem is now seated on five mounts, viz., Akra, Sion, Moriah, Bezetha and Gareb.

The city is not now very large or populous. It has a population of only sixty thousand. There do not appear to be any public sewers, water or gas works. The streets within the walls are narrow and dirty. In many places they are arched over and covered with buildings, openings being left for light. The stores on these streets are in most cases what we would call "holes in the wall." The following incident will indicate the scenes on the streets. One day I met a camel loaded with fagots. The wood scraped the walls on both sides of the narrow street. The camel, ruminating and with springy tread, kept calmly on his way. I looked for a place of retreat, and found it in a doorway. On looking back I saw a donkey loaded with grain bags approaching. I wondered what would happen when the donkey and the camel met. The donkey appeared "to have been there before." He looked quietly up at the camel stalking toward him and then stretched himself, lowered his head and calmly

waited and let the load of the tall camel pass over him. But very soon there was a bedlam of loud protestations from the pedestrians and the business men on the street.

The shopmen, the guides, the hackmen and the hotelmen in Jerusalem await the coming of the pilgrims with appetites sharpened by more or less of a fast of nine months. They seek to take possession of the person and the property of the visitor. They even wonder why the strangers coming with pious thoughts and holy desires resent what tradesmen look upon as their rights—their rights of harvest. They tell the pilgrims: "This is our season; we must make enough now for the year. Come on ! !"



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

As we pass along the streets they cry out: "Reverend! Come in, come in and buy. You have not been in my shop yet, and I invited you the first day." When we pass on they pout and grumble at such treatment. Should the pilgrim enter and price the articles he begins to be alarmed, especially if he has not a return ticket home. But if he appear indifferent or reluctant to purchase, notch by notch the prices come within reach and fall to the basis of satisfaction.

The carriages, as a rule, are old and rickety, unpainted, unwashed and dirty. The horses are small, but bony. They look dejected, but are encouraged by the unsparing

lash. A ten or twenty franc demand is made with the evident expectation of getting half the sum. They have strong hopes for extras and for baksheesh.

The guides are your special friends. They have heard of your coming and they hope you are well. This one is your mentor and has longed for your coming, and hopes you will not be in a hurry to leave. He will save you money, because he knows how; he will get you special privileges, because he knows the Pasha, and the Pasha knows him. He confidently tells you that there are some guides in the business that don't know the way to their own homes. He will only charge you $2 or $3 for a short day's work. The commissions he gets from shopkeepers are not worth talking about, but they are worth thinking about. The guide sees to that when his protege is absent.

When I first arrived in Jerusalem one of the guild stepped up and with outstretched hand said: "How do you do, Father McMahon? I am glad you have arrived. There are several letters here for you." I was not a little surprised to hear my name mentioned so familiarly during my first hours in Jerusalem. The guide and I had a confidential talk, but we formed no business connection.

One of the guides showed me a card and said: "Do you know this gentleman?" I took it and read: "Rev. Patrick O'Brien, Cleveland, O." I replied: "Yes, very well. He is a friend of mine. But I have already made my arrangements." No doubt he was a good guide—and perfectly capable of taking care of himself.

One day Father O'Doherty was quite incensed, and said very impulsively to a number: "You are a set of thieves and liars." One of the guides demanded an apology. Father O'Doherty said: "So you want an apology? You'll wait awhile. You were with me the other day. You hired a hack and told me it cost five francs. The real price was two

francs. We visited a number of places where charges were made for entrance. You told me that in those places you had to pay a franc. I afterward learned that the price was only a fourth of a franc at each. So you want an apology? Have you any apology or restitution to make to me?" The guide was glad to get away without an apology, and especially without disgorging.

One morning as Father O'Doherty and I came out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a boy of about twelve years accosted us. He wanted to know if he could not be of some service. He was dressed much like a girl, as all the boys there are. I finally told him to be at the Casa Nova the next morning at 5:30, to go with me to the Chapel of the Ecce Homo. He was there on time, but a much older boy was with him. He evidently had told the other lad of his engagement with me. The older boy wished to usurp his place, and wanted me to send the small lad away. I took the part of the boy, and sent the other one away. I found that the little boy could serve Mass very well. The Sisters at the Ecce Homo wondered where I got him. They said that he had gone to their school and was a good boy.

Thereafter that boy turned up in the most unexpected places. He found me wherever I went. Early one morning, on a back street, some one ran up behind me and took my hand. It was the boy. As I knelt among the crowd in church on Holy Thursday someone pushed a chair in front of me that I might lean upon it. It was the boy. He asked if I was going to Communion, and then cleared a way for me to the railing. In making the Stations of the Cross along the Via Dolorosa with the throng on Good Friday I felt someone gently taking my hat and umbrella. It was the boy. He went with me to serve Mass in Gethsemane, and up to the Mount of Olives. He appeared to be well posted. Kneeling at shrines, he would whisper: "Indulgentia plenaria," that

I might know the privilege of the place. He appeared pleased when I made an offering to beggars, but scolded them sharply in their own tongue when they were too persistent. When in parting, I made him a present, he said that his mother would be pleased to get it. All in all, he was the most pleasing native I had met in Jerusalem. I felt inclined to kidnap him and bring him to America as an object lesson in thoughtful politeness to our boys.

The beggars are everywhere in the city. They are of all ages, and represent all classes of misfortune. They cry out like those mentioned in the Gospel. With voices on the brink of tears, they appeal pathetically to the passers-by. He who gives to one is marked by all who can see. There are a great many blind. Near the Garden of Gethsemane there are a large number of lepers. Some have lost part of their fingers, and others have lost their hands. They hold up the stumps and cry out for help! help!! help!!!

Passing on at night, often the stranger thinks that he has come across a corpse on the pavement. It is a sleeping beggar who either has no home or is keeping his place for the morrow.

French is generally spoken in the shops, and also in the religious houses. But English "as she is spoke" is also used in the stores. At one of the convents where religious articles are sold I admired a large crucifix. The Sister suggested that I ought to take it. I told her that I had no room in my valise. She wished to tell me to get a box made, but she said: "Why you can get a coffin made and bring it home in that." I told her that I did not wish to bring such an article to America. She wondered why I objected, as several parties, she said, had done so. I told her that there was then a high protective duty on coffins. That surprised her very much. She reminded me of the Frenchman who looked up the translation for the word

which in his language means "chest." He found it and then went to tell the physician of a cold he had. He surprised the doctor by saying. "I have—I have a bad cold in my box."

In this connection I may state that the clerk of the Victoria Hotel at Cairo wanted to know where Cleveland was. I told him as well as I could, and finally I said: "Cleveland is not very far from Chicago." He had not been in the Streets of Cairo at the Exposition, but he brightened up and said:

"Ah! now I know where Cleveland is; it is quite near to Halifax." I let it go at that.

The people in Jerusalem and, in fact, all through the East, are very loud and noisy and animated in their talk. At first I judged that they would soon come to blows. It is their way. They quarrel among themselves as children do and appear to get over it just as quickly.

Jerusalem is a peculiar city in many respects. As far as I could learn there is no newspaper published nor is there any place of amusement. There is a telegraph office in connection with the postal department, but it appears to be seldom used. The rates for a short distance are ten cents a word; date, address and name charged for at the same rate.

The Turkish postoffice is upstairs in a room twenty by fifteen. All letters not called for are in a glass case about two feet square, and hung upon the wall. If you don't find your letter there you need ask no questions. When I bought some stamps I had to increase my purchase in order to enable the clerk to change a five-franc piece. Just think of the financial resources of that national postoffice in a city as large as Jerusalem! The European mail arrives about once a week. I was there at the time and found about twelve persons locked out waiting for the assortment and registration of the mail.

There is an Austrian postoffice in a remote place—a

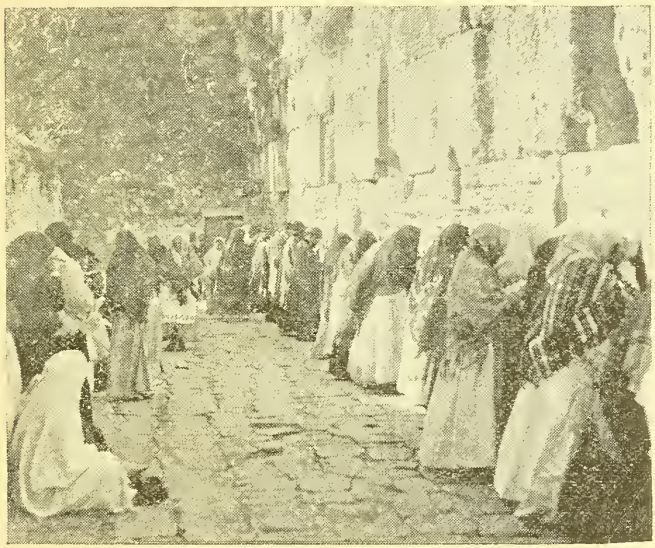
place that we would call an alley. There is not much confidence in the safety of the Turkish office. The Powers, it appears, forced Turkey to submit to the establishment of foreign postoffices and the sale of foreign stamps in the various cities under Turkish control. At Beirut I found four different postoffices in one building. The Turkish Government is trying to abolish these foreign postoffices. The Turkish postoffices need watching. Jerusalem is not the only place under Turkish domination where there are foreign postoffices. I saw English, French and Austrian postoffices in other Turkish cities.

Considerable building was going on in Jerusalem, but most of it consisted in the erection of Catholic institutions. Outside of the Jaffa Gate the Sisters of Charity were building a very large stone convent. It had then been under way for six years.

On the afternoon of Fridays the most devout of the Jews go to the outside of the western wall of the Mosque of Omar, the site of the Temple of Solomon, there to pray and to bewail their sins and the misfortunes which have befallen them for the past nineteen centuries. We went there the Friday before Palm Sunday. To me the sight was sad and touching. Old and young were there bewailing their misfortunes in the presence of visitors from all parts of the earth. They faced the wall of their departed glory and recited or chanted the following lamentations :

RABBI—On account of the place which is devasted—
ANSWER—We sit solitary whilst we weep.
R.—On account of the temple which is destroyed—
A—We sit solitary whilst we weep.
R—On account of our walls which are cast down—
A—We sit solitary whilst we weep.
R—On account of the glory which is past—
A—We sit solitary whilst we weep.

R—On account of the great men now no more—
A—We sit solitary whilst we weep.
R—On account of our precious stones which are burnt—
A—We sit solitary whilst we weep.
R—On account, etc., etc.



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

Another prayer or chant was :

RABBI—We beseech Thee to have pity on Sion.
PEOPLE—Reassemble the children of Jerusalem.
R.—Hasten, hasten, O Savior of Sion.
P.—Speak in favor of Jerusalem.
R.—That beauty and modesty may surround Sion.
P.—Turn with clemency toward Jerusalem.
R.—That the royal power may soon be re-established in Sion.
P.—Comfort those who weep over Jerusalem.
R.—That peace and happiness may enter Sion.
P.—And the rod of Thy power be raised over Jerusalem.

I did not remain long to witness the spectacle of that fallen race. Jeremias predicted it, saying to this stubborn people: "Why weep ye because ye are beaten with rods; your sorrow is incurable; on account of the multitude of your sins I have treated ye thus."

Had not they themselves invoked "His Blood upon us and upon our children."

Before the Mosque of Omar was built this desolate race used to go to weep upon the site of their ancient temple. Now they are confined to a flagged space about seventy-five by fifteen feet. Before departing the Jews kiss the ancient wall with respect and affection.

We spent about half a day on the grounds of the Temple of Solomon and within the Mosque of Omar. Formerly it was death for a Christian to pass within the walls that surround this mosque. Even now a permit is required from the Governor of the province. During the Musselmen's Lent and on all Fridays even this permit will not avail. Slippers were placed over our shoes before we crossed the portals.

The top of Mount Moriah is covered by the mosque. Upon this spot Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac. There David offered the sacrifice that appeased the anger of God. He wished to build upon it the temple which was reserved to his son, Solomon, and upon this mount the Ark of the Covenant was afterwards placed. There the Presentation took place, and there Simeon thanked God that he had lived to see the Promised Redeemer.

The gates open upon the square of the mosque. The grounds occupy a space of about fourteen hundred feet long by seven hundred feet wide. The place is venerated because our Lord appeared here in the midst of the doctors and afterwards wrought miracles. (St. Luke, ii.)

The mosque is octagonal in form, and there is a door towards each of the points of the compass. That to the north

is called the Gate of Paradise ; that to the south, the Gate of Prayer ; that to the east, the Gate of Setting ; that to the west, the Gate of David, or the Gate of the Chain. By this gate we entered the mosque. The interior is rather dark. There are eight pillars and sixteen columns of beautiful marble. All the upper portion of the mosque is covered by mosaics and rich gilding, interspersed with texts from the Koran. Within and nearer to the center, surrounding the rock, are four other pillars and twelve columns of similar material. The rock is venerable to Jew and Christian. Fire had descended on it from heaven to consume the sacrifice offered by the Royal Prophet. Here was the "Holy of Holies."



MAHOMETAN AT PRAYER.

The Musselmen believe in many superstitions and legends connected with this rock and with Mahomet. I will relate the one of the "Golden Nails" :

As we walked about the first circular nave we came to a beautiful slab of jasper about eighteen inches square, inserted in the pavement. In this Mahomet himself, it is claimed, had inserted nineteen golden nails, to indicate the

duration of the world. At the end of each century a nail detached itself and disappeared. One fine day the devil entered by the north gate and began to unfasten and to steal the nails, that he might quickly see the end of the world. But the Archangel Gabriel caught him at his bad work, conquered and banished him forever from this glorious sanctuary. Three nails and a half remain. The old Mahometan of the place squatted on one side of the slab of jasper and assured us that everyone who passed and made an offering on the stone and paid it reverence would surely go to heaven. We all had to pass, but no one complied with the conditions.

Some five hundred feet away from the Mosque of Omar is the Mosque of El-Aska. It is very large and is said to have been a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. In it a footprint is shown on the rock. The Musselmen hold in it great veneration, declaring it to be the footprint of our Blessed Lord. It may be the one which is wanting on the Mount of the Ascension. There are two columns called the "Ordeal Columns." Anyone passing between them was assured of heaven. There was no chance for a fat person, and an iron obstruction has been placed between them. Some one said it was done by an obese official.

Within the mosque is pointed out the "Cradle of the Infant Jesus." We descended thirty-two steps to reach it. It lies under a canopy supported by four small marble columns. The upper part is sculptured in the form of a shell. It is called the Sanctuary of Jesus. It is claimed that it originated from the Blessed Virgin remaining here with the child Jesus as the guest for some days of the holy Simeon.

On one of the porticoes of the temple we were shown a column by facing which with eyes closed, and then after turning around several times and walking thus with outstretched hand the person would be eternally saved, provided the hand went within a circle on the wall opposite the

column, some fifteen feet away. This was just as superstitious as the nail test in the Temple of Omar. However, six or seven of the party, most of them ministers, made the attempt. The only one who succeeded was a lawyer from New York. Some who failed were unkind enough to say that he wouldn't be saved anyhow. Others said that he peeked; others again said that you wouldn't get a lawyer to keep his eyes closed with such an important case in hand. I thought that he did his part fairly. Why should people lean so hard on the lawyers? A good and conscientious lawyer is a peacemaker, and "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." However, on Good Friday the only one of the party that I saw with the crowd making the Way of the Cross was the same lawyer. I went and gave him a book that contained the prayers of the devotion. I saw him again in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre quite early on Easter Sunday morning. "No man can come to Me except the Father who hath sent Me draw him." But it is a grave sin "to resist the Known Truth." The lawyer may have been at those places through curiosity, but curiosity may lead to investigation and that to the truth.

Many pilgrims come to Jerusalem from Russia. They are sturdy, strong and earnest. Men and women wear large wrinkled cowhide boots. The skirts of the women reach to the top of the boots, and the men have their trousers tucked in their bootlegs. The women wear handkerchiefs over their heads. The men wear caps with peaks and have their hair cut straight around. Their coats reach to the top of their boots and are tight at the waist. They tramp every place. Their faith and devotion are edifying. They kiss the pavements, the walls and the floors of the sacred places, and make the Sign of the Cross very frequently. They appear to be devoid of all human respect.

The Augustinians, who figured prominently in the Holy

Land after the Crusades, are back again and have a large stone hospice, school, monastery and church combined. I was shown through it. I had a very fine view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country from the stone roof and the towers. Their hospice is outside and opposite the New Gate.

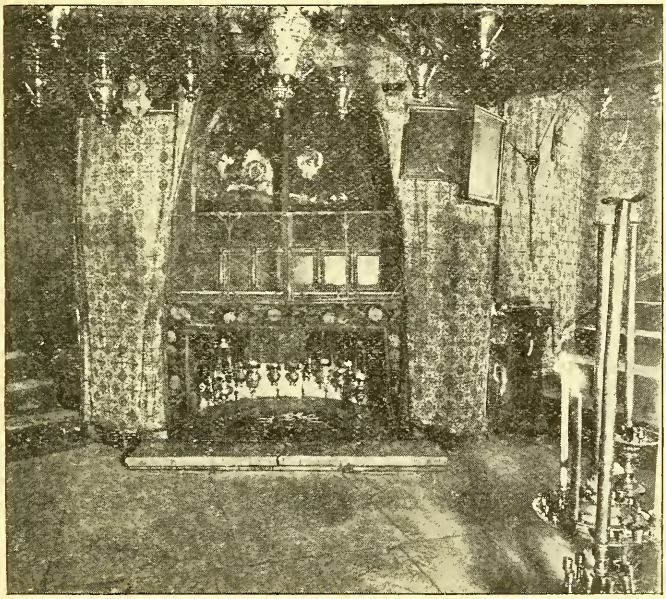
Connected with the Franciscan Monastery are a number of industrial institutions. I visited their book-binding and printing establishment, their cabinet and carpenter department, their foundry and grist mill. From a central engine room, power is furnished for all the departments. They give away to the poor daily five hundred loaves of bread. There is also a photographic department for views of the Holy Land, etc. The sacristan of the church came from the Cincinnati monastery. I think his name was Brother Ferdinand.

I visited St. Peter's Refuge and Industrial School, where trades are taught the boys. It is in charge of the Fathers of Sion, founded by Father Ratisbonne. It is a very large stone building just out of the city and prominently situated on a hill. Here we met Brother O'Sullivan. We found him very intelligent and well informed on the history of Jerusalem and the holy places within and without the city. He gave me much valuable information.

There is an utter lack of English-speaking priests in the religious houses. I wondered at this as there are a number of pilgrims whose only language is English. How can these prepare to receive the Sacraments and how can those who wish to make a retreat, do so in a place so adapted to a spiritual awakening? Besides, many non-Catholic English speaking people go to Jerusalem. An English-speaking priest is a necessity, and doubtless would do much good in the cause of religion. It is to be hoped that this condition of affairs will be remedied. Connected with a monastery

beyond the walls, there is a priest who knows English, but the English-speaking people do not get to know him.

On Good Friday night, there were seven sermons in as many different languages in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but not one of them was in English, and yet many in the church were English.



INTERIOR OF GROTTO AT BETHLEHEM.

I was very much amused at an episode in which Father O'Doherty was unwillingly the chief actor. He was a very serious-minded man. The subjects of his conversations were generally of a weighty and reflective character. He asked me to go with him to Bethlehem on Easter Monday afternoon. He wanted to get some rosaries that he had paid for,

but which had not been sent as promised. I excused myself, telling him that I had several places to visit about Jerusalem, and that I had been twice at Bethlehem.

In going away Father O'Doherty told me that he would be back for supper, and, moreover, that he was anxious to celebrate Mass on Calvary once before leaving. He was not at supper. I went to his room at 10 p. m., but he had not returned. The next morning he was not at breakfast, and I began to fear that some evil had befallen him. I had about concluded to make an investigation and go in search of him when he appeared, looking rather fatigued. I asked him what had happened.

"Happened? Enough has happened," he said, "but don't ask me." But I was curious, so he told me the following incident, which amused me very much:

"When I left here," said he, "I was persuaded to go to Bethlehem on an ass. There was a Franciscan Brother from Bethlehem at the Jaffa Gate, and I hired another ass for him. We both went off on the donkeys, and the brother was as placid as St. Francis himself. Well, the donkeys, despite all I could do, took their own time. Do you know, it took us three and a half hours to go those seven miles. At Bethlehem they thought something had happened to the belated brother, and we met a delegation from the monastery coming to look for him. At Bethlehem I had to get the beads and it was late before I got through. When I was ready to return to Jerusalem, I mounted the donkey to hurry back. Do you know that that donkey would not stir a foot, no matter how much I urged and beat him? When I got tired welting him I got off, and I believe the beast winked. I had to make application to stay at the monastery all night, as by that time the carriages had all returned to Jerusalem."

I asked: "What did you do with the donkeys?"

"I had to hire a man to care for them all night outside of the monastery. I had to look after them, because in this land where there is neither justice nor law, I did not know but that I might be arrested for horse-stealing if I let the beasts go their way."

Laughing heartily, I asked: "What did you do this morning to get back?"

He said: "When I went out to look for the man and the donkeys I found the man. He remained for his pay, but there were no donkeys. The owner had come looking for the brutes and had taken them home. So I had to get a carriage. When I got here the owner met me at the Jaffa Gate, and upbraided me for retaining his donkeys so long, and demanded double pay for keeping them out all night."

"Why," I said, laughing, "you did not keep them out; they kept you out all night."

"I know it," he replied. "The fellow ought to be prosecuted for keeping such beasts for hire. I gave him a piece of my mind on the whole miserable business, but I had to give him several pieces of money, too."

Some Germans opposite me at table noticed my hilarity. I had to explain. I did it as well as I could in German, and then there was general amusement.

"I suppose you have told it all?" Father O'Doherty inquired.

"Yes."

"And did you tell them about the owner wanting double pay?"

"Yes," I replied; "that is one of the best things in your very funny episode."

The next day when we were getting ready to make our trip to "St. John's in the Mountains," I quietly suggested to Father O'Doherty that we should go on donkeys. The look he bestowed on me gave no encouragement to the proposition.

The time was fast approaching for me to end my stay in the Holy City. I found that the two weeks of my stay had passed very rapidly, so many are the places of absorbing interest in and about Jerusalem.

Previous to my leaving Jerusalem I remembered the difficulty I had had, or might have had, at Jaffa, in getting in without a Turkish passport. I sought to provide myself with one, and for that purpose made application to a semi-official for information on the matter. In surprise he asked: "How did you get into the country without a passport?"

I told him what happened at Jaffa.

"If application be made for a passport the whole affair will come out," he said.

"Well, what will it matter?" I asked.

"Matter? Well it matters this much. The officials and guards at Jaffa will be fined, punished and probably be discharged for dereliction of serious duty. And on you also a penalty will be inflicted."

"So! So!! There are rods in pickle," I said. "Well, never mind," I continued; "I am not much alarmed about myself, but I do not want to get those parties in Jaffa into trouble. Please consider my talk with you as strictly confidential. I will risk the getting out of this country without a passport." He promised, and the matter was settled for the time.

I sent a response to the many letters I had found awaiting me in Jerusalem from the school children at home. As I wrote in them of many things related in these chapters, I give but a brief synopsis of the letter.

JERUSALEM, APRIL 9, 1898.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I greet you from this Holy City, and I wish you all the joys of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Yesterday I received your very nice and welcome letters. I was, indeed, very much pleased to hear from you and to get

through the "Spectator" such good reports of your school work. Ah! but how very sorry I am to learn of the unexpected death of that good and exemplary child, Anna McCauley. How cheerful, obedient and exemplary she always was! No wonder Sister Marcelline commended and spoke of her without reserve—as she easily could. Yesterday, in "The Way of the Cross," I prayed for her eternal happiness, and that you all might so imitate her goodness that when you come to die you may die the death of the just and have a crown awaiting you in Heaven.

I send you some flowers I got yesterday, Good Friday, from under the Tree of the Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane. Give some to each room if you have enough. Yesterday I also visited Mount Olivet. A great many people went up the Mount.

CHAPTER XXII.

HISTORIC PLACES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN AND AGEAN SEAS —HAIFA—MOUNT CARMEL—BEIRUT—ALEXANDRETTA—RHODES—SMYRNA—THE PASSPORT AGAIN—COLONEL MADDEN, AMERICAN CONSUL—REMINISCENCES.

There was a crowd at the station in Jerusalem the morning we left. A great many pilgrims had decided to leave that morning. Like ourselves, they had timed their departure so as to meet the steamer in Jaffa. The cars were very crowded, but we arrived at the ancient seaport without incident. I got down to the wharf before the other passengers and found an opportunity to get to the steamer without being accosted for the bothersome passport.

The steamer was of the Austrian line. It was so crowded that I was glad to get a chance to sleep on a bench in the cabin.

We were bound for Haifa, where many were to disembark to make the overland journey of twenty-four miles to Nazareth. Fortunately the sea was so calm at both ports that the passengers could get off easily in the small boats. We reached Haifa at 8 p. m., on the 13th of April. The sailors in moving a boom let it slip. It came down close to my head and just grazed my shoulder. It was dark at the time.

Mount Carmel is at Haifa. The Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers is an immense square building. The church contains the Grotto of the Prophet Elias and also of Eliseus, as both dwelt at Carmel. Coming back from Egypt, it is said that the Holy Family remained in Carmel for some time. The grotto of the tradition is still preserved.

Massacres, carnage and war have marked the history of

Mount Carmel from the time of the Crusades. In 1225 St. Simon Stock of Kent, England, lived at Mount Carmel and had instituted the Confraternity of the Holy Scapular. Edward, King of England, and St. Louis, King of France, were enrolled in this Confraternity in 1252. St. Louis visited the Holy Mountain at the time of the Crusades. The Ministers



PARK AND SQUARE, BEIRUT.

of Baal were confounded through the agency of Elias, at Mount Carmel. The account of this is given in the III. Kings, xvii.

Owing to the fact that I would miss my steamer, and steamers are far apart there, I found that I could not go to Nazareth if I would go to Turkey and Greece. I regretted the omission very much, but my limited time would not per-

mit me to make the journey. Father O'Doherty went on to Nazareth. We agreed to meet, if possible, in Naples.

I left Mount Carmel for Beirut. On the way we passed the Ruins of Tyre and Sidon. These figure very prominently in the Scriptures and also in civil history.

I remained for fourteen hours in the city of Beirut. I paid my respects to the American Consul, Mr. A. Doyle. From his name I expected to find him a Catholic. I asked him the question, and found that he was a Presbyterian. I told him that the Doyles whom I knew were all Catholics. But he was a descendant of one of those who sought his fortune and lost his faith far away from Church influence. Mr. Doyle was a native of Virginia. He was then in Beirut fifteen months, but his trunks were packed, as he daily expected his Republican successor.

Beirut has been in existence for twenty-eight hundred years. During that time it has had many rulers and suffered much from war. It is now a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully situated, and is cleaner than most Eastern cities. A large number of French reside in Beirut. Just behind it is snow-capped Mount Lebanus. The streets are narrow and the bazaars are many. I noticed less begging there than in any other town after I left Egypt. The port is well protected by a fine stone breakwater.

I visited three Catholic churches. One of them is especially fine. It is very large, finely frescoed, embellished with many beautiful paintings, has marble altars and columns, and is Roman in architecture. It is the Church of St. George.

At one of the churches Mass was being celebrated in an Eastern rite.

I got a very fine panoramic view of this city by the sea from the Turkish Citadel. The city lies on a triangular

piece of land, the base of which rests at the foot of Mount Lebanus.

The Jesuits have a very fine and large college on the highest point of ground in Beirut. It is on the road that leads to Damascus. I took a carriage and drove out on this road quite a distance and then went about the city.

The steamer left Beirut at 8 p. m., and arrived at Tripoli at 5 a. m., April 15. We remained anchored out at sea until 2 p. m. The time was consumed in taking on thousands of boxes of oranges. Twelve or fourteen "lighters" brought them to the ship anchored out a mile and a half from shore. I was much interested in the manners, the costumes and the work of the native boatmen.

We arrived the next morning at 5:30 at Alexandretta. This town is not large, but very nicely situated on a crescent-shaped bay. I was surprised at the amount of freight brought to and sent out from Alexandretta.

We reached the famous Island of Rhodes at 2 a. m., on the 19th of April. The city presents a very fine appearance. It is situated on elevated ground that slopes down to the sea. The heavy fortified wall surrounding it recalls something of its celebrated military history. The area of the island is four hundred and twenty square miles. The climate is delightful and the soil fertile. The Colossus of Rhodes was one of the Seven Wonders of the World before it was thrown down by an earthquake, 224 B. C. In A. D. 1309 the island was the headquarters of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. For two hundred and fourteen years it was the southern bulwark of Christendom against the Musselmen. The streets are narrow and winding for the most part. The population is about fifteen thousand.

We arrived in the city of Smyrna on April 20. This is the second largest city in Turkey. It surpasses Constantinople in the extent of its commerce. The graceful minarets

of twenty mosques rise before the view as the tourist sails up the magnificent bay. There is a fine promenade of two miles along the well-constructed stone quays. Smyrna's two harbors cover a space of sixty-eight acres.

On the ship from Beirut to Smyrna was an old German gentleman, H. Claus, of Baden. He could not speak a word of English. Saluting me, he said in German: "Excuse me, but I think I have met you before."

"Where do you think you met me?"

"In Bremen, Germany."

I told him I was going to Germany, but that I had never been there. We became well acquainted, and were close companions for six days. He had his Turkish passport. When we landed we were brought to the custom-house. The German exhibited his passport when it was demanded. The Turk held out his hand to me. I was going to shake it, but he looked so solemn I thought I had better not. I gazed at him a moment, as one not comprehending his meaning, and then began to fix the valise. The Turk said in French to another official: "Il est un Allemand" (He is a German). The real German started away and I followed him, not deigning to cast a glance at the Turk. I expected to be collared, but I was not. I drew a long breath when I got on the street. The old German, who knew my predicament, said: "Das haben sie gut gethan."

I called at the American Consulate. Colonel Madden, an old soldier under Grant, was the Consul. Presenting my card, I said: "Being from America, I have called to pay my respects to our representative." He arose, and shaking hands, said: "That is more than a great many Americans who come here do." We had a pleasant talk of an hour's duration. I said:

"I would expect a man of your name to be a Catholic

and an Irishman. One of the councilmen of my church bears the same name."

"I am not a Catholic; I belong to no church. My ancestors were Irish, but they came to America over two hundred years ago," he replied.



SMYRNA.

He then told me of an interview he had with a number of Protestant ministers who were visiting Smyrna some time before. He said to them: "You ask what I think of the missions here. Well, as a Western man, I will illustrate it with a story, as Lincoln, from whose State I hail, used to do. When I was a boy living on the banks of the Mississippi, we used to go out at the time of the floods and capture what we could of the things the freshet brought down. After a time

we learned that it was no use to hook into the big logs as they would carry us away with them. We found it better to cling to the smaller things, such as we could land. Well, now, your ministers try to get hold of these old Turks and convert them. You never can. The Catholics go about the matter in the right way. They get the children into the schools, and they are making progress." The illustration is a good one.

We talked about the latest news from the States concerning the Spanish trouble. I told Colonel Madden that I was quite ignorant about the affairs at home, as having gone westward I had secured no papers except three copies of "The Universe" at Jerusalem. The news Colonel Madden had was five days old.

I asked the Colonel: "Whose yacht is that in the harbor flying the American flag?"

"It belongs to a man named Egan," he replied.

"Is the owner Patrick Egan?" I asked.

"I do not know; he has not called as yet. Yacht owners only call when they get into trouble, as a rule."

Speaking of Ireland, he said: "I was at a reception here some time ago and was introduced to a minister, Rev. Mr. Martin, from Belfast. When he was presented I said to him: 'I am from a country that is said to contain more Irish than Ireland.' 'You are welcome to them—such as they are,' he snapped out. 'They are just as good as you are, sir,' I retorted. That ended our talk. As an American Consul, I was not going to permit a portion of our citizens to be insulted with impunity.

"The next day the gentleman who introduced us called on me and said: 'You and Mr. Martin crossed swords very soon last night. The Irish blood in both of you boiled up. The minister asked me after you had gone: "Who is that man Madden to whom you introduced me?" "Why," I said,

"that is the American Consul." "Why didn't you tell me so when you introduced us?" he asked.'"

"That was not the only time," said Mr. Madden, "that I have called such men to time. I don't like them, and I don't like those un-Americans that always want to apologize for their country."

"By the way," he continued, "did not one of your priests state in America that in case of war with Spain the Catholics would help Spain, because she is a Catholic nation? Such a man ought to be sent back; America is no place for him."

"I do not know of such a declaration," I answered; "but if it were made, it was made by one who spoke without any authority, and who did not state a fact. Such persons do immense harm. What do you think of Father Chidwick's conduct in the Maine disaster?"

"Ah!" he said; "he covered himself with glory. I know Father Parks of the navy. He is a grand man, also, and the idol of his ship. Archbishop Ireland, too, is a patriot and an ex-soldier."

"Well, Colonel," I asked, "did you not meet many Catholics in the army in your time?"

"I did, indeed I did; and they were a credit to their country and their Church."

"Well, you will find in case of a war now that the Catholics in the American Army will outnumber any other religious body."

I asked the Colonel: "How long have you been here as consul?"

He told me that he had been there five years. I asked him how he had remained so long, lapping over into another administration. He said that he did not know, unless it was another General Lee case, as there were many delicate questions to settle.

I told my passport trouble to Colonel Madden. He put himself to some bother and kindly got me the necessary papers and passport, so I did not need to be uneasy about getting into Constantinople.

To a question of mine, Colonel Madden stated that the salary of the United States Consul at Smyrna is $2,400 per annum. From this sum he has to pay his own house rent. When we consider the dignity and the importance of the position in such a commercial metropolis as Smyrna, the salary is meagre. The compensation is not at all equal to that paid consuls from other nations. It would appear that much economy must be exercised by the consul to make ends meet, as there are many incidental expenses attached to the office. Wealth, and not merit alone, must be considered in the appointments to many consular positions. I understand that frequently an investigation is privately made into a candidate's bank account, to ascertain whether he can, from his private fortune, pay his way as consul. Whitelaw Reid, when Minister to France, paid for house rent alone more than his entire salary. Were Webster and Clay alive, they would lack one of the necessary requirements—wealth—to represent the country on a first-class foreign mission. Our country is large enough and wealthy enough to give a salary sufficiently adequate, at least, to enable the fittest man, even if not wealthy, to represent his country in foreign missions.

Noticing a table of "consular fees" hung upon the wall, I asked Colonel Madden if the income from that source did not constitute a perquisite for the consul in addition to his salary. He replied: "Not at all. We must send that money to Washington. Here it is some $3,000 a year. I get perhaps $75 a year as personal perquisites."

Colonel Madden had administered his office with vigor. He said that the Turks must fear a man before they respect him. When the Colonel arrived in Smyrna he found that

the Turks searched the pockets of American travelers, while other nationalities were not so humiliated. He said that shortly after his coming a big, good-natured American was thus searched. This man was marched before a large crowd to the postoffice to have some letters found on his person translated. They proved not to be treasonable, and he was curtly dismissed. He told Colonel Madden of the affair. The Colonel was indignant, and said to him: "Could you identify the man who treated you in that manner?" He said that he could. "Come then with me." They went to the custom-house. The American looked about and said: "The man is not here." On passing out the American looked into a small house on the dock and cried: "Here is the man." The Colonel called him out and demanded: "By what right did you search this man's pockets and march him like a culprit along the street to the postoffice?" The Turk looked frightened. It appears that they fear investigations. He said: "My superior officer commanded me." "Then take us to him. He is the man we want." The fellow went to the custom-house and looked around and then said: "It was the postmaster who commanded me." "Then you come with us to the postmaster." A large crowd followed. The Colonel said to the postmaster: "This officer says that you directed him to search the pockets of this American citizen and read his letters." The postmaster said: "He is a damnable liar. I merely translated a letter at his request." The Colonel then raised his big cane over the Turk in the presence of the crowd and shouted: "What have you got to say for yourself?" The Turk bowed in humility lower and lower, and asked pardon before the crowd. As the Turk went down, American honor and vindication went up. The Colonel said to him: "If ever again you attempt such a thing, I will break every bone in your body." Since that incident American pockets and American honor are protected. The Turks

expected that the Colonel would make a big fuss over the matter in the papers and at Constantinople, and that an official investigation would follow. When he did not their admiration for him grew wonderfully. They don't like publicity; they fear it.

When a mob gathered about the Mission School to destroy it, word was sent to Colonel Madden. He, with two others, jumped into a wagon and hurried to the place. With Winchesters in their hands they went through the mob and marched into the school. The Colonel gave them to understand that if they attacked, Christians would not be the only ones to perish, as was the case in Armenia. There was too much business about the affair for the Turks, so the mob quietly withdrew.

A Turkish judge once said to Colonel Madden during a dinner: "I wish our country had adopted the American code instead of the French code. I think that you must have some very good laws. There is one of your laws which I especially like, and that is your lynch law. When a man is taken in the act of a great crime, what is the use of waiting and going to expense and delay? That lynch law of your country is a good law." Colonel Madden kept his face as grave as possible at this commendation of what the Turkish judge considered a part of American jurisprudence.

Smyrna is remarkable as the scene of Bishop Polycarp's labors. He was the disciple of St. John, the Beloved Apostle. He was arrested and martyred about the year 169. I was anxious to visit the spot consecrated by his labors. A guide had told me that it was a long, long way off. I asked Colonel Madden. He said that it was nearby. He kindly sent his dragoman to conduct me to the place. The church is very beautiful and spacious. The pavement is composed of tombstones, with graves beneath. I noticed on some of the stones dates as far back as 1630. That is a long

time for people to be dead. Our good deeds are the only real treasures.

In response to my card, one of the priests came to the church. I was pleased to find that he spoke English. He told me that he had been educated in Rome at the Propaganda, and that he knew a number of the American priests in the East. He informed me that there were sixteen thousand Catholics in Smyrna. His name was Rev. Anthony Ligata.

On my way back from the church I stopped through curiosity at a second-hand book stand, located on the sidewalk. The Turkish proprietor surmised that he had a customer for his English books, a very scarce visitor to him. With deep satisfaction he found just the right book and bowed as he handed it to me. The title was: "Specifications for Building a Steamboat." I shook my head, as with a smile I handed it back. He then brought me two volumes on "The Solar System." These not passing, he brought me "Bradlaw's World Time Tables." That I thought would be handy. On looking at the date of issue, I found that it was 1860. I pointed to the date. But it was the latest he had. He evidently thought that I was hard to please.

In Smyrna I sought for some American newspapers. Fortunately, I found a place where the European edition of the New York "Herald" was sold. I was hungry for news, so I bought all the back numbers on hand. There were twelve of them.

On Thursday we passed through the Sea of Marmora. It was very calm. Before reaching Constantinople, we met three Turkish men-of-war.

As our steamer was making out to sea, quite a large fire broke out in Smyrna. There was much evident excitement among the people, but we were off for Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HOLIDAY IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF CONSTANTINE — THE TURNING DERVISHES—ST. SOPHIA'S AND OTHER GRAND MONUMENTS—THE ARCHBISHOP AND PATRIARCH —THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Leaving the Sea of Marmora and passing into the Dardenelles, Constantinople loomed up before our delighted vision. When we cast anchor in the magnificent Bosphorus, the setting sun tinted the innumerable white minarets and grey domes of the scores of mosques everywhere visible. Like Rome, the White City is seated upon seven hills, but these rise gradually from the blue waters of the Dardenelles, the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The superb harbor was filled with ships from all nations, and innumerable steam ferry boats crowded with passengers hurried back and forth to the different parts of the water-divided city. I stood on the steamer's deck, enchanted by the grand panorama.

From what I saw of the superbly situated city of Constantinople, I think that, unlike the King's daughter, most of Constantinople's beauty is from without. It is enchanting as viewed from the deck of a steamer coming up the unrivalled Bosphorus.

Our steamer cast anchor about an eighth of a mile from the shore. We were surrounded by a crowd of boatmen whose noise and persistence made us realize that prose is ever mingled with poetry.

I wrote of my passport experience at Jaffa and Smyrna. I found that it was fortunate that I had provided myself with the proper papers at Smyrna. Among the boats about the steamer was the Turkish police patrol. Passengers had

to exhibit their passports before they would be permitted to land. At the custom-house they had again to be shown, and once more at the exit.

The luggage was overhauled by the custom-house officers. The Turk who examined mine "knew a 'good thing' when he



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saw it." He found "The Universe" in my bag. From the way he laid hold of it, you would imagine that he had found a long lost friend. He motioned me that he wanted it and was bound to keep it. I told him that he might have it, that I had read it through, that it was over two months old, anyhow, being of the date of February 18. There was not

another thing that he wanted, so I made my way to the Metropole Hotel.

The next day being Friday, I knew that the Selamlik ceremony would take place about noon, when the Sultan goes from the royal palace to the mosque to perform his devotions. I called at the American Legation and expressed my wish to be present. Properly sealed and signed I got an official letter, of which the following is the translation:

The Legation of the United States of America has the honor to recommend to the aide-de-camp of the service the Rev. Wm. McMahon, who desires to assist at the ceremony of the Selamlik on Friday, the 22nd of April, 1898.

The guide wished to know if I would take a carriage or go by boat. I told him I would prefer to go on the Bosphorus. I supposed that he meant to take a steamer. Instead he took a small row boat. We had a ride of about two miles in and out among the shipping, and hence we had to do a good deal of dodging.

However, we passed the foreign men-of-war, of which each foreign nation except America had two. We also passed a number of palaces built on the banks. We finally landed. As we approached the palace, troops were moving from the ten divisions of the city. Martial music filled the air, and people crowded to see the soldiers and to get a glimpse of the ceremony, if possible. Grand turnouts carrying dignitaries and important personages filled the avenues.

I presented my letter to a smart officer, glittering with gold lace. I was ushered into the pavilion reserved for Ambassadors and persons of distinction.

I saw all the pomp and splendor and circumstance of royalty. The uniforms were rich and dazzling in gold and silver braid, enhanced by the splendid decorations that covered the breasts of many. As far as I could observe, my

distinction consisted in being the plainest dressed person present.

Soon I heard a distant cry. I heard it in a moment again. It did not appear to be so far away and yet not near. I looked in the direction of the sound. Away up upon the minaret of the mosque stood an official calling the Mahometans to prayer. No bells are used in their temples to sum-



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mon people to public devotions. From a small gallery on the minaret, the cry goes forth calling "the faithful" to the mosque. There was a stir among the visitors, the officials and the soldiers. The bugles blew and the bands began to play. Down from the palace came seven or eight fine carriages, drawn by magnificent grey horses and surrounded by officers and guards. These equipages contained the inmates of the harem. In a minute or two afterwards came an open

carriage between two ranks of dignitaries. A crowd of some two hundred officers and officials closely followed the equipage of the Sultan. Dressed in a plain black, buttoned-up coat, with a high collar, and wearing a red fez without any other distinctive sign, sat H. I. M., Abdul Hamid, Khan II., the ruler of Turkey. He was in full view of all. He was, I should judge, a man about fifty-five years of age. He wore a full beard, appeared grave and thoughtful, quite careworn and not fully at ease. He acknowledged the cheers with which he was received as he passed on to the mosque about three hundred yards from where we stood.

While the Sultan was at his devotions, the visitors in the pavilion were invited to refreshments in the gardens of the adjoining palace. Were I not a C. T. A. man I could have sampled the wines and champagne, as well as I did the coffee. On leaving for the pavilion each visitor was presented with a package of cigarettes. The smoking of cigarettes appears to be a universal custom, and not confined to men alone. In about three-quarters of an hour the Sultan returned to his palace, and the different regiments marched to their barracks. The master of ceremonies in the pavilion transmits to the Sultan the names of all those who are admitted to the ceremony.

We took a carriage and drove about two miles to the Mosque of the "Dancing or Turning Dervishes," who perform and hold their exercises Friday afternoons. The mosque was crowded with visitors, all of whom had to pay an admission. The Dervishes came in slowly and with measured tread, one by one, to the number of eighteen, and bowed profoundly to the eastern part of the octagonal-shaped building. They ranged themselves around the room and squatted. They wore various colored capes and grey-colored, funnel-shaped high hats. From time to time they bowed profoundly. In the gallery one of their number chanted a sort of lamentation. Then

another played on a flute and kept time by the shaking of his head. Three times all walked in their bare feet slowly and solemnly about the room. When opposite the eastern part, two by two, they bowed to each other. As they did so, I noticed that they crossed the toes of their right feet over the toes of their left feet. In a short time, at the tap of a drum and the continued playing of the flute, they threw off



TURNING DERVISHES.

their capes. All of them were dressed in dark green skirts and waists, except a fine looking fifteen-year-old boy, who was in white. Walking slowly and one after the other to the eastern side of the room, they bowed very low with their arms crossed and their hands on their shoulders. Then they went off whirling with hands extended and eyes closed. They turned with such rapidity that their skirts spread out at right angles about them. I remained about fifteen min-

utes looking at them. As I saw no change, I departed. I understand they whirl and whirl and keep on whirling until they fall.

A popular place of resort for the people of Constantinople on feast days is the valley of the "Sweet Waters of Europe." We took a row boat on Friday and went to the end of the Golden Horn. There begin the "Sweet Waters." The way was crowded with row boats. There were certainly over one thousand of them. All were making merry in one form or another, but yet were very orderly. At the end of the water-way, I got out and walked through the valley for about a half a mile. The guide told me that some years ago robbers at that spot captured a wealthy Englishman and held him until he was ransomed for $75,000. We met the Ambassador of Russia with a guard. He had alighted from his carriage to walk, accompanied by a friend. I thought that the robbers could have another chance for a rich ransom if they came in sufficient numbers to overcome the guard.

We made our way back in the shades of evening. The occupants of the merry row boats were indulging in vocal and instrumental music. We had to be on the lookout so as not to be run down by the many passing tugs and steamers.

On Saturday I visited some of the bazaars, the Museum and the Mosque of St. Sophia. These are in that part of Constantinople called Stamboul, the site of the ancient Byzantium. The Museum of Antiquities is a very large and very fine stone building. The articles and monuments, etc., contained in the Museum possess high artistic and archæological merit. But museums, as a rule, are much the same. The catalogue of this one contains more than seven hundred numbers. I was much interested in the very artistic tomb of Alexander the Great, covered with finely carved battle-scenes. The skull of the famous General, the "Conqueror of the World," who grieved that he had not more worlds to con-

quer, "is laid on a shelf" for others to gaze upon, and possibly point to it as a demonstration of "What fools these mortals be."

There is also an ancient statue of Nero, another of Adrian and a bust of St. John Chrysostom. There is also the collapsed mummy of King Zeb-Netha, who reigned in Sidon two thousand years ago.

We passed through the Seraglio, which occupies the eastern part of Stamboul. There had been the "Temple of Jupiter," the "Acropolis," the "Warm Baths of Arcadius" and the "Blackernce Palace."

We passed the "Plane-Tree of the Janissaries," who made and unmade Sultans until they themselves became the victims of treachery. Within the grounds is the ancient Church of St. Irene, built by Constantine the Great. It was never converted into a mosque. It is now an arsenal, but there is no admittance.

I took a drink of good water from the "Fountain of Sultan Ahmet." It is near St. Sophia's, and is one of the most striking specimens of Turkish art. The building is square and entirely of white marble. It is flanked at the corners by projecting rotundas. The broad openings are enclosed by gratings of wrought bronze. It was built in 1728.

To enter St. Sophia's we had to cover our feet with large slippers which went over our shoes. This magnificent Christian Church was erected by the Emperor Constantine in the year 325. Destroyed, it was rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian I. about 533. He wished that this building should be the most magnificent and most enduring of all ages. He certainly succeeded in his purpose.

The Emperor Justinian placed the whole empire under contribution to erect the Church of St. Sophia. Ephesus contributed eight columns of green marble. Rome sent eight columns that had been taken from the Temple at Helip-

olis. Athens, Delos and Egypt contributed their richest ornaments and most precious materials. Three architects directed the work of Constantine. The foundations are laid upon arches covered with a bed of cement twenty-five feet thick. Ten thousand workmen were employed for sixteen years. So beautiful and costly is the building that a legend prevailed among the people to the effect that an angel brought the plan from Heaven and also supplied the funds. The splendor and the proportions, particularly of the interior, are entrancing. The mosaic ceiling is of gold, the walls of precious marble, and the dome of gilded and colored mosaics. The gold and silver vessels and the golden altar of incrustations of pearls and diamonds, resting upon golden pillars, were all confiscated by the Turks. It is said that on the festival of its consecration, Justinian exclaimed, as he entered its portals: "Glory to God who has judged me worthy to accomplish this work. I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

Sad, indeed, it is to know that this magnificent temple is now a Turkish mosque. The Musselmen have tried to remove all vestiges of its Christian character, but in many places the Cross is seen breaking through its coverings. May this be a symbol of its return and its reconsecration to its former hallowed use as a Christian temple.

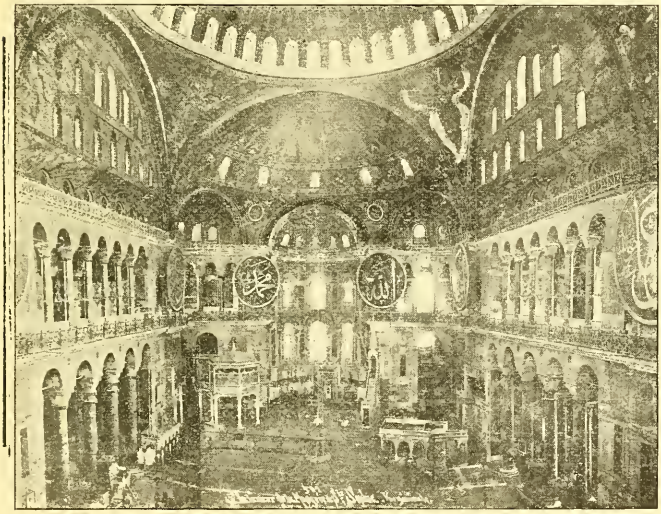
In the church is seen a carpet suspended from a column. This is said to be one of the four carpets upon which Mahomet used to place himself while praying. There are banners suspended on the right of the sanctuary, emblematic of the victory gained by the Turks when they took the church in 1453. On the opposite side is the tribune for the Sultan, enclosed within the mosque's gilded lattice work. When he worships he is hidden from the sight of the people.

I ascended to the upper gallery by a series of paved inclines. They are so strong and broad that a carriage could

be driven up to the gallery. From the galleries one can probably get the best view of the interior.

St. Sophia's is the oldest building in the world now being used for public service.

The guardian or one of the Musselmen kept close to me while I wandered about and examined the Church of St. Sophia, except when I went to the gallery.



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA'S.

When we entered the passageway leading to the gallery, the Turk locked the big door and remained outside. I thought that strange, and I said to the guide: "He has locked that door and remained outside."

"Yes, I know," he said.

I remarked that the passage incline was very retired and quiet and rather dark.

"O yes," he said, "people might be strangled here and robbed and nobody would ever hear it."

"If any attempt should be made now, it would not be well for the aggressor," I replied.

"Why? You got something?" he said, quickly.

"Yes, I have," I replied. I then took from my pocket a cartridge and asked: "Do you know what this is?"

"Yes. You use him?"

"Certainly I would before I would permit myself to be strangled."

"Ah, well, never mind. If custom-house officer he ask you if you got a revolver, and if you say no, he believe you. If he ask me, and I say no, he search me."

"Well," said I, "he did not ask me; but I have a revolver."

This incident may not have meant much, but I felt suspicious when I found that two other Turks were apparently awaiting us in the large gallery. They had a confidential and interested talk with the guide. Meantime I kept my finger on the trigger of my revolver in my overcoat pocket. I kept at a good distance from the trio and appeared quite indifferent. I finally started down the passageway and knocked at the big door, which was opened by the Musselman who showed much surprise. I was glad to be outside once more. The Turk is a Turk, and therefore treacherous, especially when a Christian may be his victim and he has some hope of gain.

I noticed as we entered the Museum of Antiquities that all the statues on the walls without had their heads and arms broken off. I inquired into the matter and was told that these statues had been so defaced in the time of the Iconoclasts.

Sunday I celebrated 8 o'clock Mass in the Franciscan church dedicated to Our Blessed Lady. The church is built

on the side of a hill. Fifty stone steps descend to it and many more than fifty ascend to it from another street. Judging from the tombstones covering its pavements and the tablets upon the wall, it is a veritable cemetery. The parish is large, five thousand souls being under the care of the Fathers. There are about thirty thousand Catholics in the



MAIN STREET, CONSTANTINOPLE.

city. The language used in the pulpit of St. Mary's is Greek, with an occasional sermon in Italian. Rev. Nicholas Kiefer, O. S. F., was the pastor.

After breakfast I went to find the Cathedral. I think the distance to it from the Franciscan Church is about two miles. While the Cathedral is very spacious and nicely decorated, it cannot be seen from the street except through

an archway. The same is true of St. Mary's. The Cathedral is dedicated to the Holy Ghost. High Mass was being celebrated. The choir consisted of boys in charge of the Christian Brothers. They sang very well. A fair-sized congregation was in attendance.

I called to see the Archbishop, who is also the Papal Delegate and the Patriarch. The door-keeper informed me that the Archbishop was indisposed. I presented my card and was about to withdraw, when he told me to enter, that he would present it to the Vicar-General. In a few minutes I was shown upstairs to the Patriarch's parlor. While waiting for the Vicar-General, I had time to note my surroundings.

The parlor was spacious and finely furnished. Nine very beautiful paintings in gold frames decorated the walls. The most striking was a magnificent painting of Leo XIII. It was life-size, and represented the full figure of the Holy Father seated. It was painted in 1887 by Consoli.

The Vicar-General regretted that the Patriarch was not well, and had not been able to see anyone for some days. We talked awhile on various subjects, among them, of Constantinople and also of my trip. The Vicar-General then told me to wait a few minutes while he went to place the official seal on my clerical papers, which granted permission to me to celebrate Mass in any church in the Patriarchate. When he returned he told me that the Patriarch had kindly consented to receive me, notwithstanding his indisposition. I was ushered into his presence. It was evident that the Patriarch was unwell. He was a large man with a heavy, long, grey beard. He was, I should judge, seventy years of age. He inquired about matters in America, asked the name of my Bishop and also wished to know if I was acquainted with Father de Concillio. I thanked the venerable prelate for his kind reception. As I knelt to kiss his ring, he gave

me his blessing. I was much impressed by the venerable Patriarch and his paternal manner.

I then sought the Little Sisters of the Poor. I had some difficulty in finding the Old Folks' Home, but I finally got to the place. They have a fine, large, new building on the outskirts of the city. It was not then quite completed, but nearly so. There were seventy-five old people in the home. They were of ten nationalities, but, strange to say, none of them were Turks. The good Mother was a Pittsburg lady Sister Ambrose of St. John. Sister Josephine of St. John is from County Donegal. She was for a long time with the good Mother of the Cleveland house at St. Peter's Home, in London. The good Mother said that the Donegal Sister was the best Turk, or the best Turkish linguist, among the Sisters. Sister Josephine said, betraying her Irish wit: "It is easy to be that."

I asked the Mother how they communicated with the Turks. She said, as a rule, the Turks all understood Italian, and the Sisters used that language. To my question as to how the Turks looked upon their work, she said that they have no conception of charity, and that they cannot believe that the Sisters have left home and friends solely to help the old and needy, and have no means except what they beg. Being solemn liars and full of deceit and selfishness themselves, they distrust the statements and the motives of the Sisters.

Two of the young Sisters, Sister Naomi and Sister Ursula, were anxious to have me call at the novitiate, near Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GREEK SCHISMATICS—THE PATRIARCH—SOME AMUSING RECOLLECTIONS OF CONSTANTINOPLE — THE MAGNIFICENT BOSPHORUS—DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE—A FIRE — TURKISH FIREMEN.

One afternoon I took the train for Yedi-Koule to make the tour of the old walls. As soon as I arrived there a policeman wanted to know whence and when I came, where I lodged, when and whither I was going. I had been immediately spied as a stranger, and the Turks are suspicious and fearful of strangers. The policeman went off to make his report, evidently expecting that I would wait to get permission before going further, but I went off, too, and in a carriage.

The day proved to be the Easter for the Greeks in that country, and Yedi-Koule was crowded. I went to the Greek Church about a mile distant. There was a crush of people at the Holy Font. I descended the steps to the basement where it is located. There was much noise and confusion. Every year the Greeks go to Baloukli Monastery to have themselves sprinkled with water drawn from the Holy Cistern. In the cistern are fish both white and brown. The following legend is connected with it:

When the Turks were storming Constantinople, a Greek Monk hurried into the kitchen, crying: "The city is taken." The cook replied: "I will believe it when I see these fish spring out of the frying-pan." Immediately out sprang the fish half-fried, hence brown on one side and white on the other. They were put into the cistern, where the legend says they may still be seen swimming. Doubtless

they have something more reasonable than this legend upon which to base their confidence, but I could not learn it.

The ruined walls and towers tell us of departed glory and power. They bring to our minds the Emperors Theodosius, Heraclius and Leo the Armenian. The great Palace of the Byzantine Emperors presents a fragment of ruins to mark the place of its former magnificence. Battering-rams, earthquakes and time have left little to mark the grand battlements and lofty towers that reached from the Golden Horn to the shores of the Marmora Sea. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

I went to visit the Cathedral of the non-united Greeks. In it is a portion of the True Cross, it is claimed, the other part being in Rome. They also point out a portion of the Pillar of the Scourging; the throne and the pulpit of St. John Chrysostom, into which I ascended. They claim to possess and show the remains of St. Solomone, St. Euphemia and St. Theophon, Martyrs. The church is dedicated to St. George.

While I was there an infant was baptised. I was much interested in the ceremony. There were present, besides the sponsors, about a dozen old and young. Each one was given a lighted taper. I refused to participate so intimately in the ceremony. The water at a proper temperature was placed in the large silver urn upon which was fastened a Cross. Upon the Cross were the three lighted tapers. The priest blessed the water with ceremonies similar to those we use on Holy Saturday. Incense was also used with the censer. The child, just before its immersion, was entirely nude, and was anointed by the priest on the eyes, the ears, the lips, the breast, the back, under the arms, on the palms and the back of the hands, on the feet and on the head. Then the god-father had oil poured into his hands which he spread over and rubbed on the child's head. In the meantime, those about the font chanted and frequently blessed themselves. I

noticed that in doing so, they formed the Cross from the right to the left shoulder.

The priest took the child and dipped it in the water three times; the last time it was entirely submerged. Then it was anointed with oil from another vessel about as before. While held by the godfather, the child was incensed from the four different points of the compass, while sponsors and priest passed about the urn, stopping for the incensing. The child was blessed with the missal. Then with the scissors the priest cut off some hair above each ear, over the forehead, and from the back of the child's head. The conferring of Baptism with all these ceremonies must have consumed three-quarters of an hour.

I was told that the Episcopal Archbishop of Canterbury had visited the Greek Patriarch a month before to propose a Church union. He was told that the question would have to be referred to the Holy Synod.

In 857 the Patriarch Photius proclaimed the great Schism of the East, by which the Greek Church was separated from the Catholic because it rejected the authority of the Pope and went astray on the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

I wished to see the head of the non-united Greek Church, the disciple of Photius, so I called to see the Greek Patriarch. I had a lengthy interview with an ecclesiastic at the palace. He wished to know if I had a letter of introduction from the United States Minister. I told him that I had not thought of such a thing. He wished to know why I wanted to see the Patriarch. I told him that I was on a tour around the world and, being in Constantinople, I wished to see the Patriarch; that I had seen the Sultan, and that I wanted to write something home about my visit. Two or three other attendants came to listen. The ecclesiastic particularly inquired if I was a Catholic. I told him I was a Catholic priest. He then took my card and went away. After a time he came

back and brought me to the apartments of the Patriarch. The Patriarch greeted me cordially and wished to know how long I had been in the city and whither I was going, etc.



THE GREEK PATRIARCH.

After a five-minute interview, I arose to go. He took my hand in both of his and wished me a safe voyage.

The Patriarch was a man of about sixty years, medium height and rather stout, and wore a long, black beard. His

apartments were spacious, but rather plain, with furniture quite worn and somewhat in need of renovation. I noticed some steel engravings of "The First Fall of Jesus Under the Cross," of the Ascension of Our Lord and of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Let us hope and pray for that reunion, which will please the Sacred Heart of Our Blessed Lord.

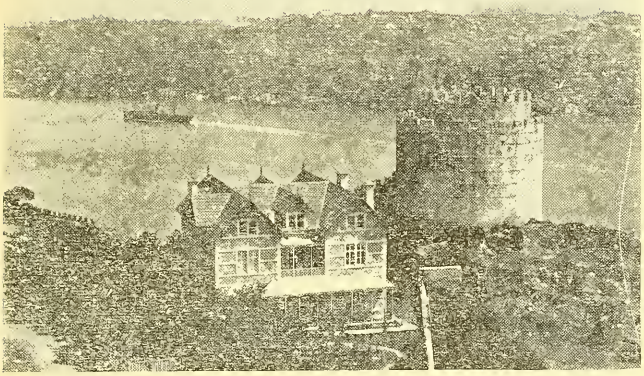
One day I took a zigzag ride up the Bosphorus as far as the Black Sea, a distance of eighteen miles. We passed many marble palaces. In one of them lives, or rather is imprisoned, the former Sultan, the brother of the present ruler, on the ground that his mind is impaired. When the Turks wish to gain an end, the means are easily justified.

Between Constantinople and the Black Sea are many very pretty villages and summer residences. I passed the country-seats of many of the foreign Ambassadors. I remember those of Russia, England, France, Germany, Italy and Persia.

At Roumeli-Hissar are the walls and towers of an ancient fortress, built by Mahomet II. in 1452, one year before he captured Constantinople. The castle is very picturesque. Near this place the current is lessswift than at any other place on the Bosphorus. It is said that at this point Darius constructed a bridge upon which he marched his seven hundred thousand soldiers across from Asia.

I got off at one of the calling places and walked for about a mile up the hills to a summer-garden resort. The scenery was varied and very fine. Quite a number of passengers boarded the steamer on the way back to the city.

A gentleman said to me: "That man over there don't like to look at you." I asked the reason. "Because," he said, "you are an American, and he is the secretary of the Spanish Legation." The feeling was caused by the war then in progress between Spain and the United States. "Well, then," said I, "he may look in some other direction." By a



ROUMELI-HISSAR.



TURKISH PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

flank movement, the secretary placed himself more at ease, and thus the American and Spanish war was not opened on the Bosphorus.

Constantinople has four principal divisions. Pera and Galata join, the one being along the docks and under the hill, the other being on the summit. Stamboul is across the Bosphorus. Scutari is in Asia and across the Dardenelles from Stamboul. The combined population is a little over a million.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view." From within, the city is not attractive, except in the novel and moving panorama of costumes and peoples from all parts of the globe, and especially from the Eastern nations.

The streets are irregular. A street will be fifty feet wide in one place, and not more than twenty a little distance away. There may be a sidewalk three feet wide for a distance of three hundred yards, and then you will find the buildings out to the curbstone. As a rule, the people walk in the middle of the street. I asked the guide why the people did not walk on the sidewalks where sidewalks could be found. "Oh, the sidewalks are for the dogs," he said.

"Why so?"

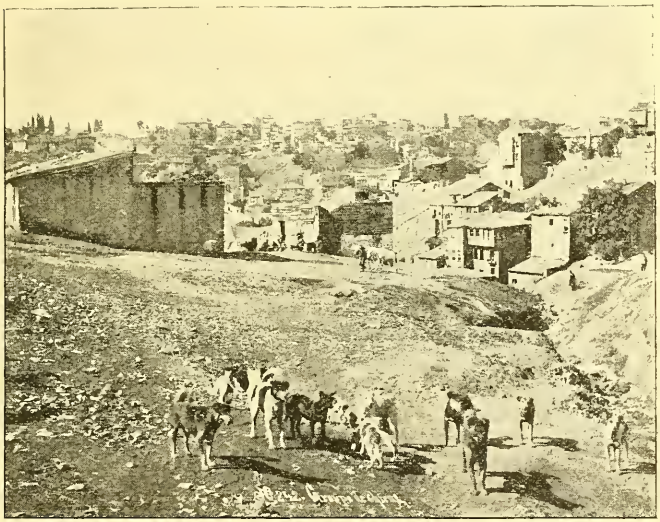
"Oh, they sleep there."

"Well," I said, "they do not sleep much at night, to judge from their barking and fighting."

"Oh, no," he said, "at night they must stay awake to guard their section from dogs that don't belong to their department. The dogs are born, live and die in the same block. They know each other, and fight all strange dogs that come in."

The dogs of Constantinople are peculiar and numerous. Nobody owns them. They are gaunt and hungry. They appear to have rights established by prescription. They sleep on the sidewalks in groups of three, five and a dozen.

They lie before the fashionable stores, as well as in front of the hovels. Pedestrians who use the sidewalks go out in the streets, or carefully pick their steps, so as not to disturb the sleeping canines. I could not make out whether this was done from respect or fear. When the dogs sleep in the streets and byways, as they often do by the dozen, cabmen are careful not to run over them. To my question, the guide



DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

said: "When the cabman drives through a big dog, he must pay £1, when he drives through a little dog he must pay one-half as much."

"Well," I asked, "how much must he pay if he drive through a big man, and how much if he drive through a little man?"

"Ah! I don't know," he answered.

I counted as many as forty dogs within fifteen yards.

One day I made an excursion to Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis, in Asia, and to the summit of Mount Boulgourlon. There is nothing attractive in the town. Scutari is the metropolis of Islamism. Thieves, the followers of Mahomet, spread themselves thence through Europe. The vicinity is considered holy land, hence the largest and principal cemetery of the Turks is there. In the center of the cemetery is a dome, supported by six marble columns. It is said that the favorite horse of the Sultan Mahomet was buried there. After a journey of an hour and a half, on a rainy day, we arrived on the summit of the mount. It is said that one of the most magnificent views in the world is presented from this summit. On the south is the Sea of Marmora, on the north the shores of Asia as far as the Black Sea, on the east the Gulf of Nicomedia, the mountains and the plains of Asia, on the west the Bosphorus, the Dardenelles and the whole of Constantinople.

We returned by another route, so as to reach the English cemetery. This is finely situated on the bank of the Dardenelles. In the center of it is a very fine and very large granite monument. It bears the following inscription:

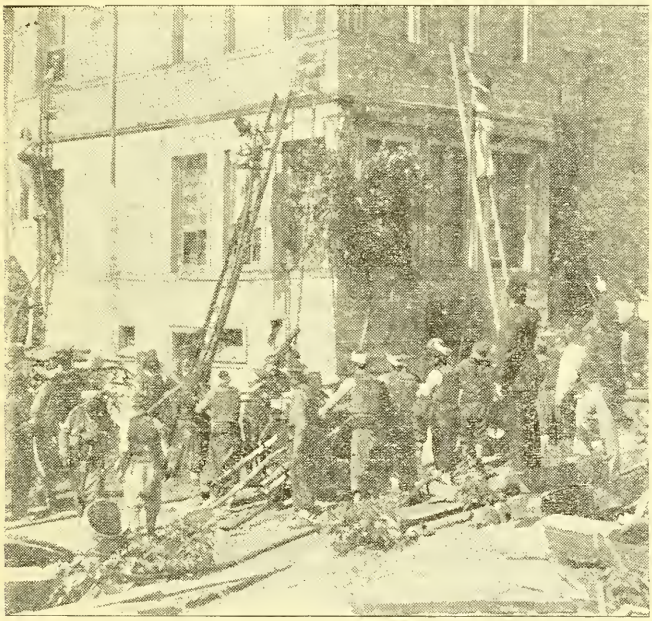
To the officers and men of the British Army and Navy who, in the war against Russia in 1854, 1855 and 1856, died for their country. This monument was erected by Queen Victoria and her people in 1859.

On the grave of Patrick McKinnon is the following inscription:

His race is run, his toils are o'er,
We've left him on a foreign shore,
Beyond the reach of mortal aid
His joys and grief alike are laid.

On returning to the Dardenelles, we missed the steamer. We took a small row boat, which brought us in about an hour and a half to Constantinople.

I met two young Englishmen at the hotel. They were down-hearted, for they had not provided themselves with passports, and had been detained in the custom-house in charge of the soldiers for three hours. An English captain went security for them, and they were out on probation.



A TURKISH FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The next day they secured passports through the British Consul. They remained only two days. They were sick and tired of the city and their treatment while seeking to get into Constantinople.

The last night of my stay in Constantinople was enlivened by a fire in the vicinity of the hotel.

The two young Englishmen and myself were talking in the parlor when the alarm of fire was given. Together with the proprietor and other guests, we ascended the seven stories and got upon the flat roof of the hotel. The vicinity was illumined by a fire not a block distant. The burning building was one of those that jutted out fifteen feet or more into the main street. The people hurried by in vast numbers, and shouted as they ran to the fire. We waited, for what seemed to us a very long time, for the firemen to appear. After a time a cry was raised, as some men with Chinese lanterns swinging in their hands turned a corner. They were followed by over a hundred members of a fire company on the run. In the midst of them I noticed a grey horse attached to a wagon containing something that glittered as it passed under the light. This company was soon followed by others in semi-military uniforms. I should judge that the fire force on hand numbered about five hundred men.

The shouting and the disorder were immense, but the delay in getting any water on the flames was remarkable. After a while we saw a stream, and that was soon followed by four or five other streams. "Well, I declare, if they haven't got a steam fire engine!" said one of the Englishmen. "Where is it?" I asked. "Why, see that bright object that is forcing the water," he said. But I told him if that was a fire engine we would hear the peculiar noise and the working of the pumps and get a glimpse of the smoke.

The jam about the building and for a block away was very great. As the roof fell in and the walls swayed, I thought they would fall and probably kill some of the people below. A portion of it soon fell outward, but I heard of no casuality. I noticed that the streams on the fire were very irregular. One fireman had a very advantageous position on a balcony over and near the burning building. The water

came by fits and starts through the nozzle which he held, and often no water was supplied at all. At that time I could not understand the reason. A number of streams were devoted entirely to buildings in the vicinity, but in little danger from the fire. I afterwards learned that several fire companies are in the pay of the insurance association. They are subject to the orders, not of the fire chief, but of the agents. An agent calls a company and commands: "Leave that building and play on this. This is ours and that is not." The fire company obeys the agent. This accounted for many strange moves that I noticed among the firemen.

The building was entirely consumed. It was fortunate that the night was calm. The high stone walls on either side of the burning structure prevented the flames from spreading.

The next morning I went to the scene of the fire, and fortunately found one of the "fire engines" on the ground. The water-box would hold about five gallons. It was about two feet square and six inches deep. Two handles gave room for two, but possibly by crowding, for four men to work the pump. The end of the supply hose terminated in the five-gallon reservoir. The fire hose led from this box. This fire apparatus or extinguisher had to be lifted and placed on a platform in order to give the men a chance to work the pump. No wonder that the water was thrown on the fire by "fits and starts." Just imagine such a fire department for a city of a million inhabitants.

As one crowd of firemen came bounding along, a man standing near me said: "Fire loss will not be the only loss to-night." I asked him why. "Did you notice that fire company partly dressed in white?" he inquired. "Yes." "Well, those fellows will spend most of their time in picking the pockets of the people crowded into the street." That

was rather a bad reputation for the fire company to carry, but the man appeared to know what he was talking about.

I was quite interested in a Turkish school which was conducted at a Mosque. The picture presented will give an idea of how the young idea is taught to sprout in Mahometan lands.

Our barbers may get pointers from the second picture for improving the tonsorial art.

When we went across the Bosphorus to Scutari, we overtook a Mahometan funeral. There were no carriages or wagons. There were no women, but about fifty men accompanied the remains to the cemetery. The coffin, carried on the shoulders of four men, was covered with a loose cloth. The red fez of the departed was on the coffin over the head. I noticed that the coffin-bearers were often changed. A number of men meeting the funeral helped to carry the coffin for a short distance. As this happened several times when individuals were met, I inquired the reason of this service to the dead. I learned that it is a rule for Mahometans who meet a funeral to help to carry the dead, at least for a short distance. It teaches to all the lesson of our common mortality, in saying to the living: "Help to carry the dead to the tomb; death has come to him; your turn is approaching when others must perform that office for you." Hence, Mahometans who meet a funeral lend their aid to bury the dead, even though they had not known the departed in life.

We have all heard of the massacre of the Armenians in the Turkish Empire within the last few years. The government has always sought to exculpate itself from any part in the cruelties which made the civilized world shudder. I learned from an apparently very reliable source that the government was directly responsible for the massacres, and that in Constantinople it had issued secret orders that the



A SCHOOL.



TRAVELING BARBERS.

butchery was to begin, and the bloody work be concluded in the city within fifty-two hours. In that space of time over seven thousand five hundred Armenians had been put to death by the Turks in Constantinople. Wagon loads of the unfortunate victims were carted off and dumped into the Bosphorus after their untimely slaughter.

I stood in the midst of Turkish soldiers on the spot where the bloody work began—on the steps of the Ottoman Bank. Soldiers were there then in large numbers, pretending that it was necessary because of the fear they had of an Armenian rising.

The gentleman who told me of the facts in the case came the next morning and said in a rather excited manner: "I have been told that you write to a newspaper in America. Is it true that you correspond with a newspaper?" I told him that I wrote occasionally. Then he said: "I am very sorry that I told you about the massacres." "Why?" I asked. "Because if it be published," he said, "my life would not be worth a farthing. I beg that you will not send it to the paper." He was somewhat calmed when I assured him that I would not indicate in any manner his identity, and I promised not to make any revelations that would designate him as the source of my information.

I got from another source information of a similar character. Life is valued very lightly in the Turkish Empire. One man said to me: "Every night is marked by some black deed or by a number of them. How many tales the sweeping waters of the Bosphorus could tell—tales that would make men shudder."

The time came for my departure from Constantinople. The United States Consul told me that I would need a certificate or an identification to embark. I expressed my surprise at such an unusual proceeding. He replied that such was the Turkish regulation. As it could not be helped, I

submitted and contributed a dollar, which, I suppose, went to swell the perquisites of the consul. However, I found that a passport was needed to get in and another to get out of Constantinople. This had to be shown first at the custom-house, and afterwards to the police afloat in a small boat on the Bosphorus.

I had heard of a stranger whom the police met in the city. When his passport was asked for he said: "I have none." "You cannot stay here without a passport," said the police. "Then I will leave," he said. "But you cannot leave without a passport!" returned the officers. So there he was.

As the steamer made its way from Constantinople, I felt much like the man who had gone to a picnic. When he got back, a friend asked him: "How did you like it?" He said: "Oh, I was so glad to get home that I was glad I went." I was indeed glad that I had gone to Constantinople and had remained there for some days, but I rejoiced when the time for my departure came.

CHAPTER XXV.

PIRÆUS, GREECE—ATHENS—THE ROYAL PALACE—AMID THE CLASSIC RUINS—FAMOUS TEMPLES AND ANTIQUITIES—PATRAS—GREEK SOLDIERS—CORINTH—THE CELEBRATED ISLAND OF CORFU.

Early on Thursday morning, the 28th of April, the steamer anchored before Piræus, a seaport of Greece, not far from Athens. In fact, it is the seaport of Athens. I went ashore and sought the Catholic Church. A native insisted on showing me the way. He offered his services for a franc, and then reduced his price to half that sum.

After a walk of fifteen minutes, we arrived at the church, a neat but unpretentious brick building. I had to wait for some time, as it was rather early. The "guide" wanted his pay. I had not the change. He offered to go and get the money changed. I was afraid that he would not find his way back. Experience had taught me to be very suspicious of guides. He said in broken English: "I am a nice, nice man." He meant to say, "I am an honest man," and that he had not worked for many a day before I met him, but just then he had a job waiting for him. I told him he might go to his job and call back. No, he needed that half franc for his breakfast. However, I made him wait for a few minutes, as I had no other company at the time. He was in great distress to get away, so finally I let him off.

The pastor of the church proved to be the Vicar-General and a Monsignor.

My Mass server was twenty-eight years of age. He was very small for his years, but had a good growth of whiskers. After Mass I asked him if he could not go to Athens with

me, and show me about the city. He said that he would ask his mother. I went with him. His mother was a German widow, who had come to Greece some fifteen years before. Permission having been obtained, the boy and I went to Athens, which is about five miles from Piræus.



THE STADIUM.

Athens is a very fine city. The streets are clean, well paved and wide. There are very many handsome buildings, and a number of them are large and imposing. I visited the University, the Hellenic Academy, the Library, the Royal Palace, the Polytechnic School, the National Museum, the Metropolitan Greek Church, the Catholic School and the Cathedral.

The Cathedral is a modern building, in the form of a

basilica. The front is of marble and presents a fine appearance. The interior of the church was being renovated. I had a pleasant chat with the pastor, Father Brindisi. The Bishop was not in the city.

The very fine and spacious Catholic School, with marble front, is a donation from the Holy Father, Leo XIII.

I called at the Royal Palace. I was told that I would be admitted at a later hour. The King was at that time walking in the Royal Gardens, but nothing was said about the old rhyme of "eating bread and honey." No one is admitted during his promenade. After listening to some fine music by the large military band, I continued my own walk through Athens.

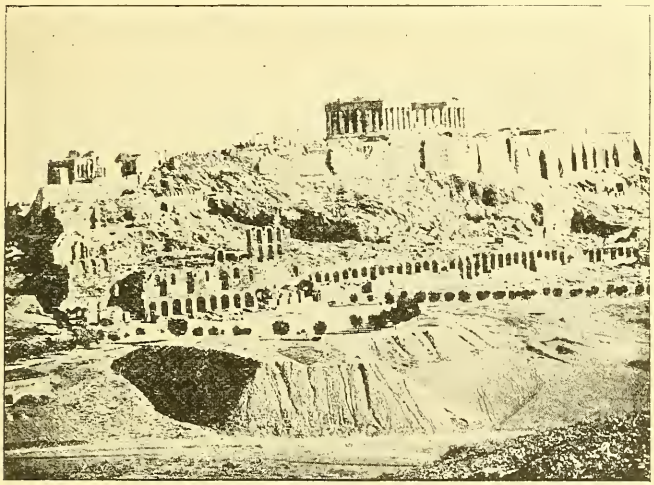
The Royal Palace has an imposing appearance. It is adorned with an Ionic portico. The building is about two hundred and fifty feet front and four stories high. It stands about three hundred feet from the street. There is no fence between it and the highway, nor are there any flower-beds or grass. People freely pass across the space, making it a "short cut" to adjoining streets. The enclosed garden behind the palace is fine and large and well shaded. It covers, I should judge, a space of twenty acres.

Time plays havoc with man and the works of man. There are many evidences of this fact in Athens. Only fifteen columns of the Temple of Olympian Jupiter remain. Constructed more than one hundred years before Christ, it had then more than two hundred Corinthian columns over fifty-five feet high and six feet in diameter.

I went with some interest to the Stadium, where the Panathenaic games were celebrated more than thirty years before Christ. I remembered that a number of American athletes went to Athens in 1896 to compete on that historic spot with champions from Greece and other parts of the world. Those who read the accounts of the games at that

time will remember that while the Americans did not capture all the prizes, they got more than their portion of the medals.

The Athenians, following out the natural conformation of the ground, hollowed the Stadium out between two hills. It is somewhat less than seven hundred feet from the entrance to the semi-circular extremity of the arena, and about



THE ACROPOLIS.

one hundred and ten feet wide. I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed in this ancient and renowned scene of classic athletic sports. Of course, a large number of spectators could be seated on the sloping hillsides, but I have seen many athletic grounds in the United States which, in my opinion, surpass the Panathenaic Stadium.

Passing through Byron Street, we gazed on the poet's statue and ascended to the world-renowned Acropolis. On

the way we passed the remains of the Theatre of Bacchus. Plato says that it could accomodate over thirty thousand spectators.

Still higher up we reached the Areopagus. On its summit in the open air in ancient days, sat the Tribune of the Areopagus. I remembered that it was upon this famous hill that the great Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, preached to the assembled people, the sermon beginning with the words: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious."

I stood for awhile to try to imagine the scene that high hill witnessed on that day, more than eighteen hundred years ago. I wondered why the people climbed so high to assemble in public meetings. But higher still by several hundred feet stood the Acropolis, the ancient temple of the Greeks. In those days of old, this hill constituted the city. It was there that the Kings resided and that justice was dispensed. It was only afterwards that the city stretched down to the plains below. The hill formed an admirable citadel. War had often raged around this fortress. There are many marks of the fierce assaults made upon it in bygone days. Several times the enemy's flag had been planted on its ramparts. It is not so many years since the Crescent waved over it.

At first I thought I could get sufficient knowledge of the Acropolis by gazing at it from below. I was inclined to this idea by the fact that the day was very hot and the climb very high. However, after I had reached the summit, I soon realized that I would have carried away a very imperfect conception of the place had I not ascended. The summit, which from the plain appears as a little more than a mere point, embraces, I should judge, a space of level ground about eight hundred by five hundred feet. This is covered by the ruins of an immense temple. The traveler wonders how in

those far-off ages, such architectural taste and engineering ability found that manifest and wonderful expression.

The Parthenon is considered the masterpiece of ancient architecture. No matter from what side one approaches Athens, this temple is the first object which strikes the view. It has stood for two thousand three hundred years and is majestic, even in its wrecked and ruined condition. The



THE PARTHENON.

building was of marble. I counted eight columns on the east, and eight on the west front, and seventeen on each side. From some that had fallen, I found that the columns are over six feet in diameter, and about thirty-five feet high. There are twenty shallow flutings on each column. I observed the dim outlines of some Christian frescoes on the walls of the Parthenon, showing that some time in the past this temple had been used as a Catholic Church. There is a

fine view from the summit of the Acropolis. Not far away is the cave in which the philosopher Socrates is said to have been imprisoned, and in which he drank the fatal hemlock tea.

I paid a visit to the United States Consul, Mr. Daniel E. McGinley. I was pleased to find him an American who appreciated the blessings of freedom. He had been in Athens but a short time, being one of those appointed by President McKinley. Mr. McGinley's sister and her young son were with him. I had a pleasant visit and learned something there of the latest Spanish war news. Mr. McGinley belonged to the State of Wisconsin, and lived not very far from the city of Milwaukee.

Consuls must get many peculiar calls. While I was present a caller was announced. His papers were presented to Mr. McGinley by the attendant. As they were written in Greek, the caller had to be shown in to explain what he wanted from the official representative of Uncle Sam. He soon made it clear that he wanted "help," money for another drink. I think another drink would have put him "under the table." He went, but

> "You may shatter, you may break the vase, if you will,
> The scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Mr. McGinley and his sister induced me to take the trip overland from Athens to Patras. I had left my baggage on the steamer which was to sail at 3 p. m. that afternoon, but after the picture of the trip had been painted, I resolved to stay all day and all night in Athens, and start the next morning by train to Patras, without returning to the ship, hoping to head it off before it left that harbor.

My German-Greek "boy" had to return home. We had got along very well in Athens together. He proved to be a good guide.

Taking a walk about the streets of Athens at night, I

found that, as in other countries of the East, the restaurant keepers had plenty of customers. Chairs and tables were placed upon the sidewalks, and were spread out into the streets. The people drank coffee and wine, smoked and chatted until quite late. However, I did not notice any scene of disorder.

The soldiers, as in neighboring nations, are numerous. Their uniforms are varied, and some of them are very peculiar. I noticed some of the military wore a dress that in Cleveland would draw a crowd quicker than a brass band. The uniform reminds one of the dress in which the ballet dancers are depicted. Instead of attempting to describe it, I present the picture of one of the warriors. I doubt that this uniform came down from the battle-field of Marathon or the Pass of Thermopolæ. I could very easily surmise that those who permitted themselves to be so quickly disposed of by the Turks in the late war were put into this uniform as a horrid example of degeneracy. I must confess that I was much amused by the peculiar uniform of the soldiers. I sometimes went out of my way to multiply my opportunities of meeting them.



A GREEK SOLDIER.

We left Athens on the "express" at 7 a. m. It took us

until 4 p. m. to go about one hundred and forty miles, or an average rate of fifteen and a half miles an hour. The varied scenery on this trip well repaid the fatigue of the journey. We had a continual panorama of hill and dale, of sea and mountains, of rivers and of gulfs.

The country between Athens and Patras is remarkable for the quantity and quality of grapes and currants it produces. The best currants in the world come from that locality. We passed for hours through extensive plantations. Many people are employed in the cultivation of these products.

We passed through Corinth. I was then reminded that it was to the Christians of that locality that St. Paul preached and sent his Epistles to the Corinthians. Corinth was an ancient and celebrated city of Greece on the Isthmus of Corinth and near the Gulf of Lepanto. This gulf resembles an inland lake and is remarkable for its very beautiful scenery.

We crossed the Canal of Corinth just before we reached the town. The railroad bridge is about one hundred and seventy-five feet over the canal. This canal is only three and nine-tenths miles long, but it shortens the voyage between Piræus and Patras nearly two hundred miles. The canal is ninety feet wide and twenty-six feet deep. On inquiry I learned that it was completed in 1893 at a cost of $5,000,000. It has no locks, being on the sea level. The toll is twenty cents a passenger and eighteen cents a ton for freight.

There were some soldiers in our car. I passed a newspaper to one of them. He appeared to be quite interested in it for some time; so was I, because I noticed that he held it "up-side down."

From time to time the soldiers sang. The songs were generally solos. They sang as they do all through the East.

without any expression, in a nasal, drawling, mournful manner.

Having arrived at Patras, I looked for the steamer that had left Piræus at 2 p. m. the day before. It had not arrived, so I took a walk through the town and visited one of the churches. Patras is the second seaport of Greece. It



HARBOR AT PATRAS.

has a population of forty thousand. The streets are laid out at right angles and the city is finely situated.

I went into a photograph gallery and selected some pictures. I presented a $5 gold piece, but stipulated that I was not to get any paper money in exchange, especially since I was to leave Greece that night. The photographer could not change it, nor could he get it changed. There appears to be little but paper money. This is true of all

Turkey, Greece and Italy. The photographer said as I was leaving that he would trust me. I told him that I was going to leave Greece in a few hours and go to Italy. He said that nevertheless he would trust me. So I got credit in Greece.

The steamer arrived at 6 p. m. I got aboard and found my baggage as I had left it thirty-six hours before. The steward was surprised to see me, as he thought that I had been left in Athens. Ninety passengers came aboard at Patras.

We arrived the next morning at the celebrated Island of Corfu. This island figures largely in the annals of the East. It was for a long time under the control of England. The Hon. W. E. Gladstone, "the Grand Old Man," was at one time the English Commissioner to Corfu. I think it was about 1863 that England was induced to relinquish its claim, and the island became part of the Kingdom of Greece. Who ever heard before of England relinquishing any territory except "vi et armis."

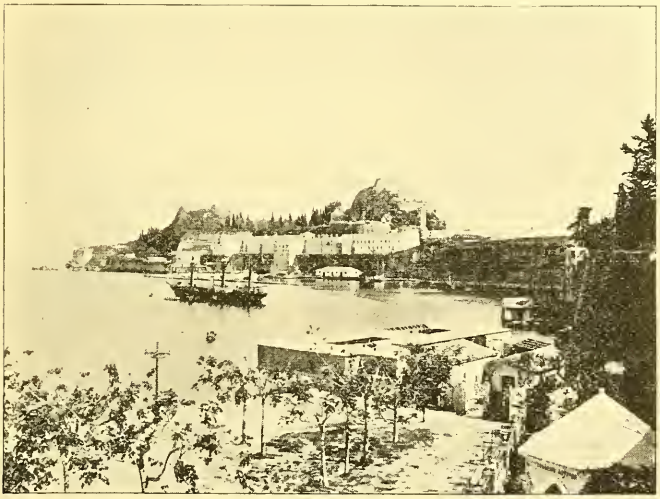
There are over one hundred thousand inhabitants on the island. The island and the city bear the same name. The fortifications are very prominent. Corfu appears to be an ideal place.

The steamer was boarded by boatmen and venders of articles of almost every description. The money changers were many. I was surprised by the number of silver francs they offered for a $5 gold coin. I suspected that all was not right. I found that certain coins had been superannuated or depreciated, and these they were anxious to exchange for the gold of the "big-fool steamboat gentlemen."

One of the hotel runners wanted me to remain over for a week. I told him that I had a through ticket. He offered to get it extended. I told him that the next steamer on that line would not come for two weeks. He then offered to

get me a ticket on an Italian steamer. I finally told the cross-eyed runner that it was useless to tempt me.

That afternoon we arrived at Santi Quaranti, the "Place of the Forty Martyrs." It is a desolate looking place. Only two buildings were visible. There was no outlet for the steamer, except by retracing our course. I noticed the ruins on the hills and the hillsides of many large stone



CORFU.

buildings. One of the buildings has nearly three hundred and fifty feet front. I inquired and found that the country is Albania, a part of the Turkish dominion. Here, in former days, a large number of monasteries flourished. But the Turks had murdered some and dispersed the remainder of the monks, and destroyed the monasteries.

Some cargo was taken on board and quite a good deal was left with the Turks. There was an Armenian Catholic

priest aboard. He told something of the cruelties of the Turks. He said that he himself was on the point of being murdered by the Turks in his own house, when they understood that he was of another nationality, and through fear of consequences, spared him. This priest was on his way to Loretto, Italy, where he was to be stationed.

The officers asked me a good deal about America in connection with the war. They wished to learn all they could of the resources of the United States. The first officer was a Catholic. While in his room he showed me that in every coat he had a scapular. He said that he never ascended the bridge of the steamer for duty without the badge of the Blessed Virgin. Near his bed was a framed picture of St. Anthony, and smaller pictures of other saints. He kindly invited me to pay him a visit at his home in Trieste.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN SUNNY ITALY—BRINDISI—THE BEAUTIFUL BAY AND CITY OF NAPLES—ITS MANY CHURCHES—ST. JANUARIUS—THE MIRACLE—THE GRAND ARCADE—POMPEII—THE BLUE GROTTO—MONTE CASSINO MONASTERY.

We arrived at Brindisi, Italy, at 5 a. m., on Sunday, the first day of the month of Our Lady.

When the way becomes crowded we are obliged to slacken our pace. Italy is so full of towns and cities, and the cities and towns are so full of interest, so interwoven with historical events, civil and ecclesiastical, temporal and spiritual, that the traveler must pause to recall the fame of the statesmen and warriors, and to kneel at the shrines of the Saints, and contemplate the grand monuments of religion.

When we awoke on the first Sunday of May, our steamer was anchored in the spacious harbor of Brindisi. About 5 o'clock that morning the passengers began to appear on deck. Our impatience to land was curbed by the declaration that no one could go ashore until the doctor would come aboard and give a certificate of health to the passengers and crew. By the time the physician was awakened and on the ship it was 6 o'clock. First the clerk had to produce his list of passengers. We passed in line and were counted. One was missing. Where was he? The clerk was puzzled, the captain was provoked and the passengers impatient. After a pause and a search, the lost one was found asleep near the chicken coop. He was routed out without ceremony. All eyes were turned towards the coop. The lost one, still half asleep, came rubbing his eyes.

He was a sixteen-year-old boy of the ship's crew. We greeted him with a laugh that somewhat modified the captain's anger. We all passed the examination, and then went to the custom house. When my baggage was found free from liquor and tobacco, it was "o. k.'d." These are the articles for which Italian officers especially seek.

The cry was raised: "Only ten minutes to catch the express train for Naples."

It being the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph and Sunday, I did not propose to catch the express. I found a venerable and rather imposing church, but did not find any one about. After a few minutes a purple-clad ecclesiastic passed the church square. He kindly arranged so that I celebrated Mass without delay. About fifty people had gathered in the church by that time.

After Mass, I concluded to take a stroll through the old town, as, of course, the express had long gone.

Brindisi had been a naval station for the old Romans. Here also ended the Appian Way. Brindisi is now the principal port for the going and coming of the passengers and the mail for India and the Far East.

I found the city in which Virgil died a place of about twenty thousand inhabitants. Judging from the character and number of the churches, I concluded that all the people were Catholics. I visited three churches and found a good attendance at each Mass.

The streets are narrow but clean, and there was evidence of considerable business in Brindisi. However, I learned that a heavy blow was about to be struck at its prosperity. The P. & O. Steamship Company, an English corporation that does most of the European business with India and Australia, was about to make Marseilles its principal European port, because the railroad company at Brindisi refused to run its tracks to the docks.

In my walk I met one of a class that is very numerous in Italy—a beggar. I made him understand that if he would carry my valise to the depot I would give him some assistance. He assented. I concluded to go to the station and get some breakfast, and wait for a train—I knew not how long.

On our way we met a boy who shouted: "The train he gone." I told him that I knew that. I asked him where he had learned his English. He told me he had learned what he knew around the ships. "The train he gone yet half-hour." I replied that it had gone nearly two hours. "No, half-hour," the boy insisted. I regretted that I had not hurried to the station immediately after Mass. In a minute I saw a carriage pass from the station, a carriage which I had seen at the dock. I told the boy to run, that possibly the train had not yet gone, that it might be late. He ran and shouted back: "Now gone." A man cried: "Not yet." Another said I might still get it. The ticket office was locked. The train was there, but the doors were being closed. A man came running down the platform and shouted: "Where for?" "Naples." "Forty-two francs." I threw down forty-five, but had no time to wait for the change. My baggage had disappeared. There was no time to reason why or where. I ran to an open door of one of the coaches and jumped in. The train was moving, and the man was there waiting for his tip for carrying my baggage. The ticket agent ran after me with my change. As we moved out of the station, I asked the one other passenger in the compartment: "What train is this?" "The express; two hours late." We sped on and yet faster on. I had had nothing to eat since Saturday evening, but I expected to get a lunch at noon, and was quite content at having caught the through express.

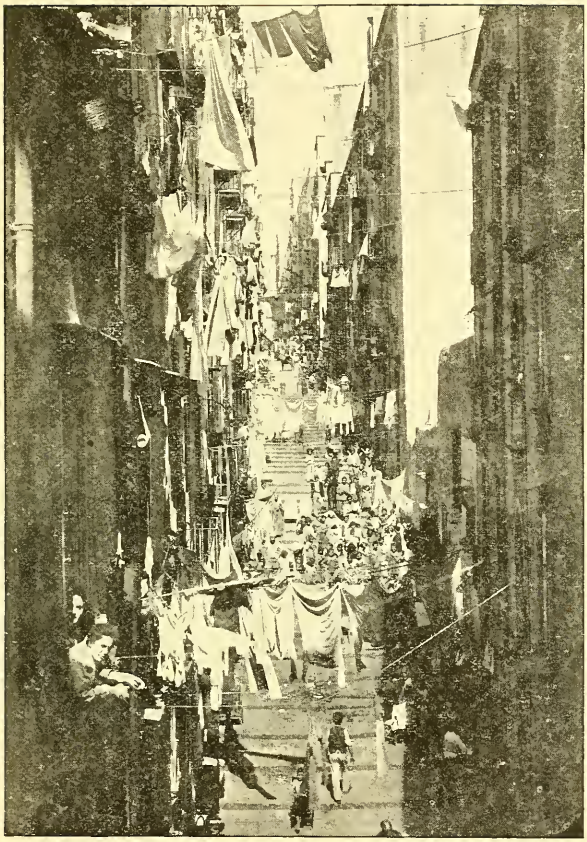
I admired the beautiful scenery through which we sped,

and the many towns through which we passed. However, I was sorry and surprised to observe the little regard paid to the observance of Sunday. Men and women were working in the fields quite generally, and teamsters and others were busy in the towns and along the highways. Where the law of God loses its force, the laws of man become more coercive. Human rights are spurned when God's law is ignored. They are then measured only by the power of oppression. God's laws observed are the fruitful source of many blessings. The Puritan may err by excess in Sunday restrictions, but none of us should encourage the introduction of the Continental Sunday. By voice and vote and influence, we should seek to preserve this one day for God and for man, and especially for the workingman, because his rights are the most endangered by godlessness. Temporal possessions are not increased by Sunday labor. Man may plant, but it is God that giveth the increase.

Folgia was the place timed for dinner. I felt like the Irishman who met a wealthy banker out early in the morning. He said to the banker: "Why are you out so early?" "I am looking for an appetite." The banker then asked: "Why are you out so early?" The Irishman answered: "I am looking for something for my appetite."

The conductor cried out: "I have orders not to wait here, as we are so late. All aboard." The sweetness of the Italian tongue was lost on me. Locked in a narrow compartment, without food or water, I thought a great deal about that conductor and of the management as the train pulled out. I won't tell what my neighbor said. I wondered what he would have said if he had had no breakfast.

At 3 p. m. I got a chance to run to a lunch counter, but had to run back quickly with the lunch in my hands, as the train again started. The express was turned into a picnic train. About 4:30 I got my first glimpse of Mt. Vesuvius—



SIDE STREET IN NAPLES.

that mount of terror to the people for ages, that source of destruction to the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. As I looked upon it, I could not but think of Bulwer Lytton's powerful description of the fearful eruption which buried the people and the city under waves of molten lava. I realized better that fearful catastrophe, as, a few days after-

wards, I walked through the excavated streets and entered the well preserved ruins of the houses and the public buildings of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and saw the human remains which had been preserved in moulds of ashes. More than 1800 years have passed since the dreadful days of 79. We now walk the silent streets where thousands of people had their homes, and we look upon the skeletons of those to whom fearful death came almost in the twinkling of an eye.

There is evidence to show that the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum, in their wickedness, were not unlike the inhabitants of the cities of the plain upon which God rained fire and brimstone in the days of Abraham.

Naples is finely situated on a beautiful bay. The city rises in the form of an amphitheatre, from the shores of the sea to the top of the surrounding hills. There is much life and amusement in the streets. The main thoroughfares are wide and clean. The side streets are narrow, crowded and neglected.

I was struck by the number, the great number, of soldiers everywhere visible. They were camped in all available places, under arms, with sentinels posted. I found on inquiring that the authorities were very much afraid of bread riots. The riots came, and the bullets flew and many fell dead. The real number of the victims was never told. Italy wishes to appear well before the world; but her people are in a deplorable condition. The whole country is like a military camp. Italy, in the number of soldiers everywhere, in the condition of the people and in the burden of its taxes, reminded me very much of Turkey. "United Italy" has not improved its material prosperity. The strain cannot continue. With an unpaid army and an overtaxed people the Ministry cannot last, even the throne of Humbert is in danger. Men are trying to decipher the handwriting on the

wall, but no Daniel is found to declare what those in power fear.

As a rule, the houses in Naples are very high and furnished with balconies, and most of them crowded with tenants. The balconies are often occupied, and especially in the evening. They appear to be used also as a means of communication between neighbors in different apartments.



PARK AND STREET IN NAPLES.

During my stay of five days in Naples I was busy visiting different places of interest. While I cannot write of all I saw, I will give a few jottings of some things that interested me. In a strange city I generally found that a drive through the streets, parks, etc., was a good means to get an idea of the place and to locate points of interest to be afterwards visited more at leisure.

Opposite the Palace of the former Kings of Naples I

noticed in the center of a large open space a very fine church, with large circular porticos running out to the right and left some two hundred feet. The open space and the porticos were occupied by hundreds of soldiers with stacked arms. I made a bold move to enter the church, but was stopped by one of the sentinels. Gravely, but leisurely, I produced a paper which had nothing whatever to do with the occasion. However, it was Greek to the sentinels, and to the corporal of the guard. The presumed pass procured me respectful treatment, and I was directed into the church.

The church proved to be that of St. Francis of Paola, and one of the finest in Naples. I found one of the priests, and was shown through the edifice, and received considerable information concerning the structure.

Ferdinand I. of Aragon, had given the old church on this spot to the Hermit Francis of Paola. The present church was built in fulfillment of a vow made by the Bourbon King, Ferdinand. It was under construction from 1816 to 1832. The circular porticos are supported by forty-four basalt columns. The interior is in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. It is adorned with thirty-six Corinthian marble columns. The cupola is the third largest in Europe. Large marble statues, finely executed, representing Saints and Doctors, decorate and enrich the interior. There are also a large number of very fine paintings.

I arrived in Naples on the day the people were looking and earnestly praying for the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius, the Patron Saint of Naples. The Martyr was beheaded in the persecution under Diocletian, in the year 306. The blood of the Martyr is kept in two crystal phials, hermetically closed in a silver case and preserved in a small tabernacle, also of gilded silver.

The annual Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius is a miracle that is most anxiously and prayerfully, but con-

fidently, looked forward to by the Neapolitans. When the miracle is delayed beyond the expected time, all are filled with desolation and seized with great fear of impending calamity in the form of desolating plague or of destruction from volcanic eruptions.

The phials containing the congealed blood of St. Januarius were brought in solemn procession from the Cathedral to the Church of St. Clara. The spacious church was crowded in every part. The phials were placed high upon the altar in the sight of thousands, and tearful and fervent petitions were made for the miracle of the liquefaction. Long did the priests and people wait, and most anxiously did they pray. At intervals the Litanies were repeated and the beads were said and the office recited. Frequently the people cried out: "Credo! Credo!! Credo!!!"

Time and again the phials were examined to see if there were any indications of the liquefaction. When none were observed, Heaven was stormed, as it were. Finally, the liquefaction began, and soon it was complete. The miracle, real and undeniable, had again occurred. It was hailed with loud and heartfelt acclamations. Thousands pressed forward to the railings to kiss the phials. Then a triumphant procession was formed, and amid the rejoicings of the grateful people, the phials were triumphantly transferred back to the Cathedral.

There are over three hundred churches in Naples, and many of them are magnificent in architecture, in decorations, and rich in their possessions. I visited several of them, but will give a sketch of only two or three.

I was conducted through the Cathedral by one of the officials. It is in the form of a Latin cross. It contains many tombs, magnificent monuments, rich chapels, fine statues and artistic paintings. Many of the churches in Europe are veritable graveyards, and are as crowded with

tombs as is Westminster Abbey. Kings and Cardinals, Bishops, priests and others in great numbers are buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Januarius.

As a rule, the great churches of Europe have many chapels, large and rich, that open out from the main edifice.

In accordance with a vow, made in 1562, to erect a rich chapel in thanksgiving for preservation from the plague, the Chapel of St. Januarius was built by the Neapolitans. Some idea of the magnifience of this chapel may be gleaned from the fact that it cost $1,000,000, in our money. It contains seven altars, forty-two columns of brocated marble and nineteen bronze statues of Patron Saints. The high altar is covered with porphyry, silver and gilded bronze. In front there is a silver bas-relief, representing the removal of the body of St. Januarius from Montevergine to Naples. Hunger, war and plague are represented as flying from the city at the approach of the Saint's body.

The silver bust of St. Januarius, donated by Charles II., is covered with jewels, the gift of several Princes. The cross of brilliants and sapphires was the gift of Queen Caroline in 1775; another is of diamonds and emeralds, and the mitre is studded with over three thousand five hundred precious stones.

I was conducted down to the crypt of St. Januarius. The entrance is through beautiful bronze gates, adorned with bas-reliefs. The magnificent marble ceiling with most delicate carvings is supported by ten columns of exquisite workmanship. There are twelve niches with richly decorated altars. The body of St. Januarius is preserved in a rich shrine on the main altar of the crypt. Above the altar is the crucifix which was found in the Catacombs of St. Januarius.

I was very much interested in the magnificent Church of St. Domenic. There is preserved the crucifix that spoke in a

miraculous manner to St. Thomas: "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas: What reward shall I give thee?" The Angelic Doctor replied: "None other, O Lord, than Thyself."

St. Philip Neri's is certainly one of the finest churches in Italy. It was built between 1592 and 1619 by the Saint whose name it bears. The nave is flanked by twelve columns, each of one single piece of granite. Connected with the church are fourteen chapels, all rich in marble and paintings. In one of them is the small ivory crucifix which belonged to St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi. The high altar is one of the finest to be found anywhere. It is of alabaster, green and other colored marbles. The tabernacle is enriched with jasper, agates and amethysts.

The tabernacle in the Chapel of St. Philip is similarly decorated. The large Chapel of the Nativity is of white marble, relieved by bands of yellow marble. The very large sacristy contains fifty-nine fine paintings. In fact, the paintings in the church would constitute a very valuable picture gallery. Here are found the productions of many celebrated masters.

Having obtained the necessary permit, I paid a visit to the Royal Palace. It is very large, being some five hundred feet long. It is beautifully situated, high over the crescent-shaped Bay of Naples.

I will merely "skim along" in describing the dwelling place of royalty.

I waited for awhile in the ante-chamber and the rooms adjoining. They are rich in mirrors, in lamps, in Gobelin tapestries, bronzes and very fine Sevres vases.

I was conducted up the large and imposing marble staircase, and entered the grand apartments. As I passed from one room to another, I was struck with the large number of very fine paintings. It is everywhere manifest that Italy is the home of the artist. The throne room is very fine. The

throne is covered with a canopy of velvet, embroidered with gold. I could imagine what scenes took place there "in the days of old." In the hall of the diplomatic body are very fine Gobelin tapestries and rich Sevres vases. There are also gifts from the crowned heads of Europe. In the palace are recreation rooms, dining rooms, smoking rooms, a theatre and a very fine chapel.

This palace is now deserted. The pomp and power of royalty have been transferred to other scenes. Those who carried the wand of royalty in this palace have laid down the sceptre. They have sunk into the grave. Many of their "subjects" will rise from it to "go up higher" because they were "faithful over a few things"—the few things and the few duties that were theirs. Splendid monuments may be erected by wealth, but the only lasting monument is that which is built by virtue.

Speaking of a lord who was dead, one Irishman said to another: "He was buried in a stone coffin." "Was he?" "Yes." "Well, now, what a fine thing it is to be rich. Sure, such a coffin would last a man his lifetime."

There are few Arcades that surpass the Cleveland Arcade, but, notwithstanding local bias, I must acknowledge that the Arcade in Naples, named the "Galleria Umberto," is larger and finer and more costly. The ground floor is a few steps higher than the street, and three other stories rise above it. The Arcade is constructed in the form of a Latin cross and is about seven hundred and fifty feet long. The height to the top of the cupola, is about one hundred and sixty feet. It appears to be the popular place of resort, especially in the evenings, for the people of Naples. A fine orchestra furnishes first-class music each evening. At least, such was the case during my stay in Naples. The building cost $5,000,000. Underneath the ground floor there is a fine hall for concerts or theatrical presentations.

On the 3rd of May I went in a cab from Naples to Pompeii, a distance of about nine miles. Before I got to the outskirts of the city I met a large ecclesiastical procession, with a number of brass bands and some fifty floats. The parish of the Holy Cross was celebrating its own feast day. On my return from Pompeii, I entered the church. The



INTERIOR OF THE GRAND ARCADE.

floats were on either side of the middle aisle and all about the church. The people in large numbers were circulating throughout the edifice in which there were no pews. The whole scene reminded me more of a fair or a bazar, than of a Church festival.

Herculaneum is between Naples and Pompeii. In fact, it is within the lines of the corporation. Part of the excavation of the buried city has been discontinued because the

work would have undermined the buildings of the present city. Herculaneum and its people fell victims, like Pompeii, to the eruption of Vesuvius. I spent an hour or more in walking through the ruins which the excavations have brought to light.

One afternoon in Naples, I accidentally met Father O'Doherty, from whom I had parted company at Mount Carmel. We afterwards remained together throughout our tour in Italy.

It will be remembered that I referred to some trouble he had had with the captain of the British & India steamer, upon which he had taken passage from Australia to Colombo. The matter had been referred by Father O'Doherty to the directors of the company. He had, in addition, sent a few letters on the subject to friends. At Naples he found a reply. The directors took refuge in the claim that, as Father O'Doherty had taken the matter into his own hands by an appeal to his friends, they considered themselves absolved from the consideration of the question, and that he might do as he saw fit. There had been no appeal by Father O'Doherty, but it was stated that an appeal would be made in case of refusal to investigate the charges. The position was, to say the least, a strange one for a company to take—a company appealing to the general public for business. A passenger presents evidence that he had been grossly insulted by one of its executive officers, and the company passes it over with a wave of the hand and a challenge to do your best or your worst. Possibly the company does not yet realize how much such conduct may militate against its business. Catholics are not as powerless in such matters as bigots sometimes suppose. Father O'Doherty is well and favorably known, both in Ireland and in Australia. The B. & I. Company does much business between these countries. Possibly some of the expected business will be diverted to

other lines, whose officers are more courteous and considerate of passengers' rights and comfort.

Daily an excursion steamer leaves Naples for the "Blue Grotto," Lorento and Capri. We availed ourselves of the opportunity. The "Blue Grotto" is under very high cliffs some miles from Naples. The steamer stops near the entrance. Men in small boats take the passengers into the grotto for twenty-five cents each. The entrance is so narrow and low that the passengers have to get down on the floor of the boat. With a vigorous push the boat is sent through and in. The grotto is about one hundred and fifty feet by one hundred feet, and twenty-five feet high. The water is very blue, and the boatmen call the attention of the passengers to the fact. I told them that it would not appear so blue if the ceiling had not been covered with blue calcimine. The boatmen did not like this remark.

Considering the more or less danger of getting to and from the grotto in a rough sea, the cost and the little to be seen, I think the "Blue Grotto" is an imposition on tourists. While the distance is not so great as from Cleveland to Put-in-Bay, the cost of this excursion is double, or about $2. People say that money should be measured by its purchasing power. For the tourist, at least, the purchasing power of money in these old lands is not greater than in the United States.

When we got to Capri much ado was made of the fact that a Princess had chartered one of the hotels entire, and for a whole month. I went to look at the "hotel." You could rent as large a building in Cleveland for $40 a month.

Some of the Roman Emperors and nobles were accustomed to sojourn during the summer in Capri and Lorento. I looked with a good deal of interest on the precipice, some nine hundred feet high, from which Tiberius is said to have forced his victims to leap to death.

There were some very fine views from the deck of the steamer on that excursion. But the day was very wet and the steamer not first-class. Many were seasick, and we were glad when we cast anchor in the Bay of Naples at 6 p. m.

The National Museum of Naples is very large and very important. Most of the objects of interest found in the excavations of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Baia, Luma, etc., have been removed to the museum. It contains halls or apartments of mosaics, statuary, paintings, bas-reliefs, bronzes, etc. This museum is one of the largest and finest to be found anywhere. Even to visit it hastily is a fatiguing task to the tourist.

After five busy days we had seen a good deal of Naples, and yet much more time could have been spent with profit in that large and remarkable city. But time pressed and Father O'Doherty and I took our departure for the Eternal City. On our way from Naples to Rome we passed many places of interest. The famous Monastery of Monte Cassino, high upon the summit, was in full view from the station. A book could be written dealing with this historical spot, famous for its piety and learning and the illustrious names it has given to history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SEEING ROME UNDER SKILLED GUIDANCE — SOME EMINENT CHURCHMEN — BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN — TOMBS OF GREAT SAINTS — AT THE AMERICAN COLLEGE — CHURCH OF ST. AGNES — CHURCH OF ST. CECILIA.

We looked anxiously for the first glimpse of Rome, the Eternal City, once the capital of the world, and for centuries the seat of the Vicars of Christ. Night came on before we had reached the station. We got a view, however, of the famous Aqueducts.

At the station we were met by Father McCrea, the vice-rector of the Irish College. He had come to greet his old friend, Father O'Doherty. He brought us to the Pension Hayden. However, for my purposes, I changed to the Minerva in a few days, to be nearer St. Peter's and to be in the company of some friends.

In Europe the "elevator" is called a "lift." The "lift," as a rule, in Italy is neither large nor powerful. I found that in most cases the operator remains below and starts the slow-moving "lift" on its way with its load. I do not know how it is arranged, but it stops at the designated floor. The occupant is expected to let himself out. After what is considered sufficient time the operator below lowers the "lift." With two others I entered one of them, but the "lift" would not lift. I got out; then it lifted. When it returned I was carried up. With some difficulty I managed to get out on the designated floor. One guest who had been carried up and down twice without having been able to get out, called the operator and the "lift" bad names as he took to the stairs.

In Rome I enjoyed the company and frequent guidance of Mr. William J. D. Croke, LL. D. I found Mr. Croke to be a student of history, archæology and art by natural and by seemingly irresistible bent, as well as by the practice of many years, eleven of which he had spent in Rome and Italy.

Among the Cardinals with whom I was brought in contact by Mr. Croke was Cardinal Agliardi. He is a tall man of venerable aspect, with a fresh face and grey hair. He is renowned, even among the Cardinals, for his courtliness of manner. He has been Ambassador Extraordinary to Russia, Nuncio to Austria, Delegate in India, and, I think, Nuncio to Portugal.



WILLIAM J. D. CROKE, LL. D.

Another Cardinal who greatly impressed me was Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who was Nuncio to Belgium and afterwards to Austria. I met him at a reception given by Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, Vicar of Santa Maria in Trastevere, where I also met M. Duchesne. The Cardinal is of princely aspect and ways, and is, of all the Cardinals, most often talked of as Papabile, or having the qualities and the chances of a Pope. Mr. Croke says: "If you want to keep friends with Cardinal Serafino, you must always act as though a Conclave were as remote a fact as the battle of Philippi or Actium. One, well-known, made a mistake in that direction, and forfeited even the

right of visiting the Cardinal, although he had constant contact before. That was simply because he alluded to the Cardinal's "brilliant future."

I have mentioned twice the Abbe Duchesne. No personality is more striking than his. He is among the greatest of Catholic historians, antiquarians and critics. His fame is so well recognized that, though a devoted Catholic priest, he



CARD. SERAFINO VANNUTELLI.



CARD. AGLIARDI.

has been appointed by the atheistical French Government to fill the enviable position of director of the French Archæological and Historical Ecole de Rome. Thus he has to direct the studies of a college of scholars, all of them students of distinction and writers. His influence for good is simply immense. Certainly his works merit their reputation. His "Liber Pontificalis" may be said to be one of the most monumental works of the kind ever done by any scholar, and yet he is only a middle-aged man. His "Origines du Culte Chretien" is an accepted hand-book. His studies concerning

the early Saints of Gaul are the best known of his works to the general public. The Pope has rewarded his merits by sending him a large medallion of massive gold.

Accompanied by Mr. Croke, I paid a visit to Cardinal Satolli, in his apartments at St. John Lateran. We were cordially received. His Eminence inquired in a very particular and interested way concerning Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann. Mr. Croke said: "Your Eminence then knows Bishop Horstmann?" "Oh, yes," said the Cardinal, "very well." Then the Cardinal said to me: "Present my regards and best wishes to your Bishop when you return home."

I remarked to Cardinal Satolli that I had been present when he dedicated the Catholic University at Washington. He then recalled the fact that Bishop Gilmour had preached the dedication sermon. I remarked that the Bishop was unwell at the time, and that I thought it was the last formal sermon that he preached before he was called from his labors. We had some talk about the Spanish-American war, and then terminated our pleasant interview.

From the Cardinal's apartments Mr. Croke and I went to visit the Basilica of St. John Lateran. This is the Cathedral Church of the diocese of Rome, hence it is the Pope's Episcopal Church, and contains his Episcopal Throne. Cardinal Satolli has charge of this ancient and magnificent basilica.

On the large square in front of the Lateran Palace stands an obelisk of red granite, the largest, and perhaps the oldest in the world. It has a history that covers a period of over three thousand and four hundred years. This fact indicates that its original home was not in Rome. With its pedestal it is one hundred and fifty-four feet high.

We went first to the Baptistry, which is a building by itself. For a long time this was the only Baptistry in Rome. A Roman tradition claims that Constantine the Great was baptized there in 324. The bronze doors are remarkable for

their size and their workmanship. The custodian by main strength swung them back and forth that I might hear the peculiar musical sound they give out by that movement. The Bapistry is large and highly embellished with its columns of porphyry, antique marbles, fine frescoes and tasty oratories.



BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

The basilica is very large and very grand. It is over four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and I would judge about two hundred feet wide. Twelve large pillars sustain the roof. Many large statues and imposing monuments are to be found in all parts of the Cathedral. The bronze monument of Pope Martin is, perhaps, the finest. There are a number of richly decorated and highly embellished chapels within the basilica. The finest of all the chapels is that of

St. Andrea Corsini. The walls are richly inlaid with precious stones. Below the chapel, we visited the burial vault of the Corsini family. The Pieta there is one of the finest I ever saw. Opposite the Corsini Chapel is another chapel almost equally as rich.

In the center of the transept, visible from all parts of the basilica, is a high, large and rich canopy. The heads of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved there. The wooden table used by St. Peter in the Catacombs is encased within, and forms part of the altar under the canopy, which is supported by four highly polished columns.

Mr. Croke called my attention to a walled-up door. This door of the basilica is called the "Porta Santa"—the "Holy Door."

It is opened only in the year of jubilee. The Year of Jubilee, or the Holy Year, was inaugurated on Christmas 1899. The readers must be conversant with all that concerns the Holy Year, as the press has teemed with explanations.

My second day in Rome was Sunday. I had the privilege of celebrating Mass on the high altar in the Dominican Church which is sometimes called the Church of the Minerva. The high altar is the altar of St. Catherine of Siena, because it is built over the tomb of that great servant of God.

Rome is rich in the tombs of its Saints. The prayers of its canonized children must eventually be heard by the Almighty for the peace and triumph of the Church. These later days remind us of the troubled times of the Church during the life of St. Catherine.

As a child, St. Catherine of Siena was especially called by God to His service. For over seventy years the Popes had been exiles in Avignon. St. Catherine was God's instrument to restore Gregory XI., amid the acclamations of the people, to the Papal Throne in the Eternal City. Once, when by her prayers and remonstrances, she had ended an insur-

rection against the Pope, our Lord said to her: "Leave these people to their fate, for My justice requires that I should no longer suffer their iniquities." Catherine pleaded like another Moses for her people, and offered herself as a victim for them.

St. Catherine was a member of the order of St. Dominic. She died in Rome, on the 29th of April, 1380, being thirty-three years old. She had accomplished wonderful works in her short life. Her pure and holy body rests under the altar upon which I was privileged to celebrate my first Mass in the Eternal City.

The church is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. It is the only ancient Gothic church in Rome. It is very large, has a number of richly decorated private chapels and is embellished with rich paintings and frescoes.

The following morning found me vested for Mass at the altar of St. Aloysius in the large Church of St. Ignatius. Beneath that altar reposed the body of the Angelic Youth who had pleaded to be permitted to surrender title and fortune for the privilege of serving God in poverty and obedience.

The struggle of the world is for position and wealth. The struggle of St. Aloysius was for heaven, and he considered that position and wealth were obstacles to his perfection. When, in the vast Palace of the Gonzagas, he had signed away his rights and title, he said to his younger brother, Rudolph: "Well, brother, which of us is the most pleased? I am sure that it is I."

From his youth he had loved prayer. St. Charles Borromeo had given him his First Communion. He sought to honor God at all times. Before St. Aloysius had left home, he overheard, in a relative's house, loose conversation by an old man. Immediately he protested, saying: "How dare you, an aged man of your station, speak of such things to

these young gentlemen? This is a scandal and an evil example." St. Aloysius left the room at once. How many in our day, even of those who profess the faith of St. Aloysius and hope to meet him in Heaven, are guilty of improper and scandalous conversation?

It was quite appropriate to go from the altar at St. Catherine's to that of St. Aloysius, as he had great devotion to that Saint. On her feast he first entered the novitiate, and on her feast in 1587 he made his first religious vows.

The Father Provincial called to see him in his last sickness, and playfully inquired: "How fares it, Brother Aloysius?" "I am going." "And whither?" "To Heaven." "To Heaven?" "If my sins do not stop me, I hope in God's mercy to go there," said the dying Saint.

When St. Aloysius was leaving home, the people gathered and besought him to remain with them and be their Prince. He said to them: "I want to be a Prince in Heaven." Such he became on the 21st day of June. "In a short time he had fulfilled a long space."

With all the fervor I could summon, I besought the Patron of Youth to intercede for us all, but especially for the young who are in the midst of temptation, and inclined to forget that God created them to be "Princes in Heaven."

In the same church of St. Ignatius, but on the other side and directly opposite the alter of St. Aloysius, is the Shrine of St. John Berchman. I had the privilege also of celebrating Mass on the altar of this Saint who, with St. Aloysius and St. Stanislas, form a trinity of glorious models for the youth of every country. St. John Berchman was born in 1599, eight years after the death of St. Aloysius. The reading of his life made a deep impression upon the mind of John, who was himself a saintly character. He resolved to enter the order of which St. Aloysius had been a member, the Order of St. Ignatius. He, too, met with opposition. So

bright and cheerful at all times was St. John Berchman, that he got the name of Brother Hilarius. His motto was: "Not so much the doing of great things, as the doing well of the ordinary things we have to do." All can put this motto into practice and thus become "Princes in Heaven."

John had a great and constant devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He had absorbing love for the Blessed Sacrament and for the Holy Mass. For this reason, he is in a special sense the patron of Mass-servers. For these, his clients, I could not but make a particular memento at the altar which enshrines his sanctified body.

St. John Berchman took up his abode in the former room of St. Aloysius, in the Roman College. In that blessed room I had the privilege of celebrating Holy Mass. To reach it, I had to ascend high up and pass for some distance over the flat roofs of the buildings. A convert in the same hotel asked permission to accompany me to assist at Mass. It was readily granted.

The altar in the room is a gift and very rich. There are many mementoes and relics of both the Saints in that sacred place. The sweet recollections of that Mass will linger long within the halls of my memory.

In his last sickness, St. John Berchman recommended love of the Blessed Virgin Mary and great zeal for prayer. He was lying on a mattress on the floor when the Holy Viaticum was brought to him. With an effort he got upon his knees and made an act of faith. August 13, 1621, he went to be a "Prince in Heaven."

In the Church of the Gesu is the Shrine of St. Ignatius, the great founder of the Jesuit order. Upon his tomb I had the privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He had loved to step out at night and gaze upon the calm stillness of a starlit sky, lifting his eyes longingly towards our true home. Then he would sigh and say: "How vile the

earth is when we look at Heaven." At the age of sixty-five, his soul passed to its reward on the 31st of July, 1556. He had done a great work for the Church. His relics are enshrined in a sumptuous chapel.

In the same magnificent church, one of the finest is Rome, is the altar of St. Francis Xavier. The arm and the hand that baptized 2,000,000 pagans are there enshrined. Upon that altar I also celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

On the second day after my arrival, by the kind invitation of the Rt. Rev. Rector, I dined at the American College. I met Father Fidelis, C. P., and Father Angelo, C. P. Father Fidelis was formerly well known by the non-Catholics of Ohio as Rev. Kent Stone. He was for years the president of Kenyon Episcopal College. While in that position, he began to write a book, giving the reasons why the invitation of Pius IX. for Protestants to present arguments for their belief before the Vatican Council, should be rejected. The book was, I believe, to bear the title, "The Invitation Rejected." When it came out the title was "The Invitation Heeded." A very instructive and interesting book it is. How true that there comes in God's own good time "Peace on earth to men of good will."

I told Father Fidelis that my first acquaintance with him had been through "The Invitation Heeded," and that I was much pleased to meet the author in Rome, whence the "Invitation" came. He smiled, and then spoke of in how many different ways people were brought into the Church.

Father Fidelis, after becoming a Passionist, was for a long time in South America. There he met Christian Reid, the talented Catholic writer and novelist. Many will remember what I consider her prize book, "Armine." Those who have not read it, should do so. It deals with questions and errors of the day in a most convincing and fascinating man-

ner. I know a non-Catholic lawyer who spent all night in its perusal.

Father Fidelis told us the following incident, related to him by the authoress, as an illustration of the strange ways in which people are brought to the Church:

Christian Reid had an English friend, whom she thought was well disposed and hence might become a Catholic. It was in South America, in which there are many Spaniards, that the incident occured.

One Sunday morning on her way to Church, she met her friend, who asked her where she was going. She replied: "To Mass." "May I accompany you?" he asked. She said that she would be much pleased to have him do so. On their way and near the church, she saw a Spanish priest with a game-cock under his arm. He placed it in a small coop, and then went in and celebrated Mass. After Mass he came out, and taking the bird under his arm, went off with it to the cock-pit. Miss Reid felt much mortified; she thought if her friend had noticed what she saw, all hopes of his conversion had fled. However, as he said nothing to indicate that he had observed the incident, she possessed a very faint hope that it had passed unseen by him.

They soon parted and he returned to England. The incident had almost been forgotten when long after she heard from her friend. He wrote: "You will be surprised when you read this. You no doubt remember the Sunday when I went with you to Mass. We did not speak of what both of us could not but have observed, the Spanish priest with the game-cock. I was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair for a long time. Then I reflected that if such an incident had occurred in a Protestant church, that particular organization would have been shipwrecked in three weeks. I thought further that a Church that can stand such things and still flourish must be divine. So I began to look into her doctrine and study it. The result, you will be glad to know, is that I myself am now a Catholic. I was baptized and made my First Communion last Sunday."

Father Fidelis will be surprised if he sees this story in print. On reflection, I thought it would do no harm. It contains a moral. We sometimes make no allowance for national customs and national weaknesses.

I had the pleasure of meeting our Cleveland students at the American college, Rev. T. O'Reilly, D. D. and Mr. Frank Haley. Both were the picture of health and happiness. We were glad to meet and talk over Cleveland affairs and Cleveland people.

Doctor O'Reilly called the following day at the hotel and conducted me to the Catacombs, to the Coliseum, etc., etc. I was indeed glad to avail myself of his knowledge of those places and of several other matters in Rome.

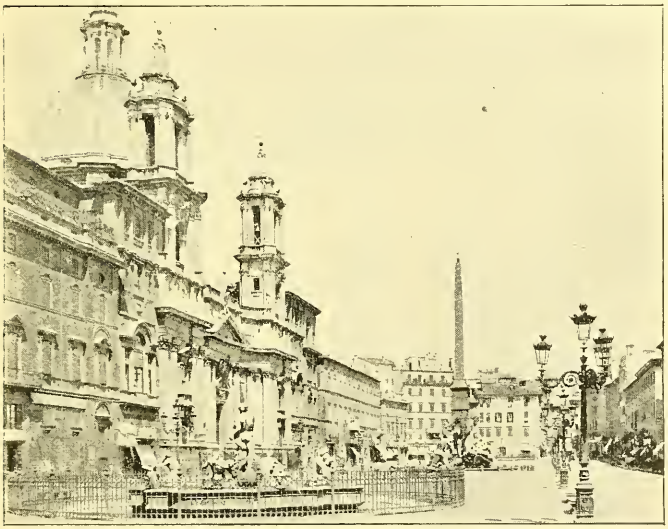


ST. AGNES.

A letter of introduction from Rev. P. Farrell, D. D., of the Cathedral, procured me a very kind reception from the vice-rector of the American College, Dr. Farrelly. He kindly showed me around on my first walk through Rome. A letter from his old classmate, Rev. John Hickey, of Cincinnati, introduced me to the Rector, Mgr. O'Connell, and enlisted his influential offices for me at the Vatican.

Having previously made the necessary arrangements, I started early one morning to the Church of St. Agnes, beyond the city walls. The Virgin Martyr is honored by a beautiful church at the entrance to the Catacombs of St. Agnes. To reach the church it is necessary to descend some fifty steps, divided by about ten landings. The floor space, bounded by the sixteen choice marble columns, is about

ninety by fifty-five feet. There are six side chapels beyond the pillars, three on each side. The rich and exquisite altar is under a beautiful canopy, supported by four columns of marble. The marble platform upon which the altar is built is thirty by twenty-five feet. This rises three steps from the floor and is enclosed on three sides by a very fine marble



ST. AGNES' CHURCH, PIAZZA NAVONA.

railing. The altar enshrines the body of the Saint whose innocence, youth and beauty touched even the hard hearts of those present at her martyrdom. While celebrating Mass at the tomb of this model of purity and fortitude, I could not but recommend to her protecting care the pastor and people of St. Agnes' Church at home.

There is in Rome another church dedicated to St. Agnes. It is erected on the place where she was martyred. This

place is called "Piazza Navona," and occupies the Circus of Domitian. The square is embellished by three fountains. The church, which is in the form of a Greek cross, is very imposing. I had the privilege, also, of celebrating Mass in that church, the place of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes.

Beyond the walls of the city is the Basilica of St. Laurence. This is one of the oldest churches of Rome. It is claimed that it was founded by Constantine. It is very large, and is also richly decorated and architecturally much admired. In this basilica are preserved the relics of St. Laurence, of St. Stephen, the first Martyr, and of St. Cyriace. They are all enclosed within the tomb, covered by a fine altar and a rich shrine. Father Benedict, O. S. F. C., granted me the privilege of celebrating Mass on that altar. He also conducted me through the church, the old monastery and the extensive cemetery. Father Benedict spent some time in England. He brought me to the Tomb of Pius IX. and showed me his will.

The following is the exact text of the will relating to his place of burial:

The Vatican, March 15, 1875.

My body is to be buried in the Church of St. Laurence, beyond the walls, just beneath the little arch which is opposite the so-called gridiron, or stone, on which are still to be discerned the stains left by the martyrdom of the illustrious Levite. The cost of the monument is not to exceed 400 scudi (£80).

On the exterior of the monument are to be carved a tiara and keys, and the epitaph is to read thus: "The bones and ashes of Pius IX., Supreme Pontiff. He lived —years. Was Pontiff— years. Pray for him." The family coat of arms is to be a death's head.

The wishes of Pius IX. were carried out at the time. But some years after a movement was started to embellish the tomb, and to turn the place into a mortuary chapel in his honor. Different dioceses contributed to this laudable

purpose. I was pleased to notice that the Cleveland diocese had contributed its share to the memorial.

Father Benedict gave me a copy of the will of Pius IX. He also told me some facts connected with the burial of the Pope, who died Feb. 7, 1878. But his remains were not transferred until July 18, 1881. The funeral took place at midnight, so that the Garibaldians and others of that ilk



ST. CECILIA.

would not have an opportunity to cause a disturbance. But the emissaries of the secret societies had somehow received information. They met the quiet funeral cortege, and sought to desecrate the remains of the Pontiff. It was only by a manœuver in getting the hearse through a side street and hastening to the Church of St. Laurence, that they were prevented from carrying out their diabolical design.

The Church of St. Cecilia is built upon the place of her former home, and her body is enclosed by a very rich shrine. I said Mass there in her room. The altar stone is the slab upon which she suffered martyrdom. Were our church musicians better acquainted with the life of St. Cecilia, they would emulate her piety, often invoke her aid in chanting the divine praises, and would consider it an honor to participate in an office similar to that which the angels render in Heaven. St. Cecilia, the Patroness of Church Music, should be dear to the hearts of all our choirs.

The other shrines at which I celebrated Mass in Rome were those of St. Philip Neri, St. Paul of the Cross, the Ara Coeli, the relic of St. Theresa and at the altar of St. Gregory in St. Peter's.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RECEIVED BY THE POPE — WAIVING THE ETIQUETTE OF THE PAPAL COURT — NOVEL PONTIFICAL AUDIENCE — ST. PETER'S, THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL — THE VATICAN — THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

Every Catholic pilgrim, and especially every Catholic priest who goes to Rome, is anxious to see the Vicar of Christ, the Head of the Church on earth. So many go to Rome from all parts of the Catholic world, and so great is the demand upon the time of the Holy Father, that all cannot be gratified in their laudable desire.

On my first evening at the hotel, I met five priests from the United States. They were deeply disappointed in not having been able to see the Pope. They had been a week in Rome and had received letters from Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College. But all their efforts had failed, and they were about to leave Rome the following day. The outlook was discouraging to me, but I told them that my expectation of seeing the Holy Father was still strong. When they left they told me that the prospects for me were not bright, but they hoped I would succeed.

When I had my recommendations all properly prepared, I went to the Vatican and presented them in person to the Secretary. He asked me how long I would remain in Rome. To give too long a time would indicate that I was in no hurry, and hence the audience could be postponed; to give too short a period would be equally bad, as there might be too many applications ahead of mine to make arrangements in the time. Considering these matters, I gave "ten days" as my limit.

I saw the Secretary on Tuesday. I did not worry much about the result, but was somewhat disquieted, since I had learned of many disappointments. Saturday, while at dinner in the hotel, Mr. Croke suddenly said: "There is the official messenger from the Vatican." He came to our table and presented me with what I had anxiously sought, permission to assist, the following day, at the Pope's Mass.

It is needless to say that I was much gratified. Mr. Croke and others thought that I was very fortunate to get a favorable response in such a short time. At the hotel were a number of non-Catholics with whom I had been on the tour through Palestine. I ventured to see if I could get any extra tickets. I got two more. They came at 6 a. m., Sunday. I had not told of my efforts to get tickets, not wishing to raise hopes only to blast them.

At first I contemplated giving the tickets to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. White of Cleveland; then I reflected that the ministers were in a position to use the knowledge they would glean to more advantage. I awakened Rev. Dr. Campbell of New York, and Rev. Dr. M'Clurken of Pittsburg, and asked them: "Would you like to see the Pope?"

"Most assuredly; but it is impossible," Dr. Campbell replied.

"I have two tickets that will admit you; get ready and meet me at the Sistine Chapel at 8 o'clock," I said.

"We are more than delighted," they replied.

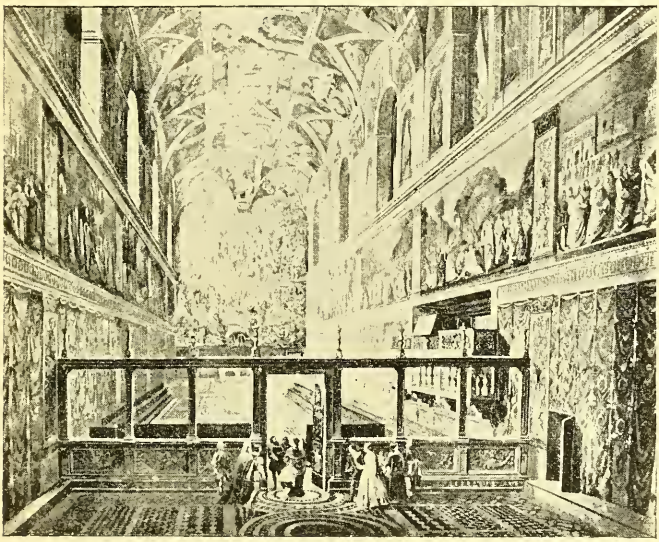
"You will have to get the necessary court dress to conform with the rules."

"We will be only too glad. Where can we get the necessary articles for the costumes required?" they asked.

I told them that the steward of the hotel would see that they were properly provided.

I will not stop to describe the Swiss Guards, the Noble Guards, or the walk up the long marble steps and magnificent

approaches to the Sistine Chapel. When I got in I found the Sistine Chapel nearly full, more than an hour before the specified time. The only vacant places were down under the gallery. I was assigned to one of them. I was not satisfied and wanted "to go up higher." An appeal to a member of the Noble Guard availed not; a second trial



THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

was equally ineffective. The two ministers were better placed than I. They had been quietly trying to attract my attention and finally succeeded.

After a time, I saw an ecclesiastic who was evidently a man of authority. I spoke to him and gave him my card. I said that I wished to take a few notes for the readers of "The Catholic Universe," and hence I wanted a better position. He looked around, but found no way to help me.

After a time, I saw him examining the situation. Finally, he beckoned to me. I went quickly. He pointed out a place near the opposite wall. When I got there I saw a way clear to get near to the Papal Throne by walking along the passageway near the wall. I took advantage of the situation. By taking that place I attracted all eyes. I cast my own down for awhile, embarrassed at my own presumption.

As the Holy Father had not arrived, I began to look around. The chapel was full. All the men present wore the prescribed black suits, and the women wore black dresses and veils. I had been told that the crowds in attendance at the Pope's Mass exhibited more curiosity than piety, and that opera glasses were as plentiful as prayer books. I was pleased to mark the evident reverence and piety of the large audience, an audience that represented all classes of society and all parts of the earth. About and above us were the grand paintings of Michael Angelo. On the ceiling are represented the various acts of the Almighty in creating the universe. On the wall back of the altar, in a space of about sixty by thirty feet, is represented the Last Judgment. On the right of Christ are the Saints and the just, supported and protected by the angels; on His left are the sinners, vainly, but too late, trying to reach Heaven. Below the assembled multitude is hell with its fearful torments. The demons claim their own as they hurl them to the eternal flames, and even claim others, but the angels protect those who were faithful unto death. In the center are Christ and the Virgin, surrounded by the Apostles and Saints. The effect is startling and terrifying.

A sudden commotion arouses me. The people in the chapel are all on their feet. A welcome, loving cry is raised. Away in the distance, borne aloft in his chair, appears the venerable and beloved Leo XIII. He is imparting his blessing right and left, as he is carried along. The cry is



LEO XIII. IMPARTING HIS BLESSING.

raised, and again and again repeated: "Long live the Pope." "Long live Leo XIII." Tears are falling down the faces of nearly all as the Holy Father, in his white habit, is borne up the aisle. His eyes are bright and keen, but kind and benign. His form is stooped. But as he gets out of the lowered chair, I notice that his step is quite elastic.

Mass soon began. All must have been surprised at the strength and sweetness of the Pope's voice. The Papal, the celebrated Papal Choir, began the sacred music. The singing was sweet and solemn and enchanting. Next to being at the Pope's Mass, I was glad to hear the entrancing Papal Choir.

After Mass was over, the Holy Father ascended the throne and was absorbed in prayer during the celebration of another Mass, the Thanksgiving Mass. I was but a few feet from him.

When the second Mass was finished, the Papal chair was placed at the altar. Near me was a pilgrimage of clergy and laity from Austria. After the Pope had taken his seat, a number with red cards in their hands approached the Holy Father. I also left my place and went near to the altar and listened to the address presented and the reply of the Pope. One by one those in the ranks were being presented. I went back and took my place among the people approaching the Holy Father, two by two. I noticed that one of the Papal officials took the red card from each one who knelt before the Pope and introduced the bearer. I had no such card and I was sure that the official did not know me. When my turn came, I knelt before the Holy Father. The official was silent and looked puzzled, evidently the whole ceremony had come to a standstill. I concluded that it was time to act. As no one else presented me, I presented myself. The language used was either Latin, Italian or French, as the speaker chose.

I said in Latin: "Most Holy Father, I am a priest from the United States of America, from the diocese of Cleveland. I kneel to ask your blessing on myself and also the Papal Benediction, for the people of my parish."

The Pope graciously held out his hand, and as I kissed his ring he said: "Bene," and I received his blessing and my petition was granted.

As I arose I noticed quite a number of dignitaries looking at me in a rather surprised sort of way. The master of ceremonies began his introductions again. I spoke for a moment to one of the Chamberlains with whom I had got acquainted, and said to him without thinking much of what I was saying: "It's a fine day." Then I went to my place. I found that others had crowded up there. An ecclesiastic said to me as I was getting my position near the Papal Throne:

"Well, Father, are you not making a mistake in your place?"

"Not at all."

"But this place is special."

"Well," I said, "I am special to-day. This is my place. Do you not see my beads, medals, etc., which I left here after the Papal Blessing?"

"Why, where have you been?"

"I have been up to speak to the Holy Father and get his blessing."

"You have?" he asked in astonishment. That ended all questions, and I took my place.

After all was over the Holy Father was carried out by the twelve scarlet-dressed chair-bearers. Scenes similar to those which took place when His Holiness was carried in followed. While being carried in and out the Pope continued to bless the people on the right and left.

At dinner in the hotel, Mr. Croke asked me about the Papal Mass, those present, etc. He then said: "You will probably get a private audience with the Holy Father on Tuesday."

"I have seen the Holy Father," I answered.

"I know you have," said he; "you saw him as did the others present at the Mass. What I mean is that you will get an opportunity of speaking to him and receiving his blessing."

"I spoke to His Holiness and also got his blessing," I replied.

Mr. Croke looked at me in amazement. He said: "Now Father, don't be joking; for joking you must be."

I replied: "I am not joking; I would not joke on that subject."

"Well," he said, "what does all this mean? Please explain."

I told him as I have written above. He was still more amazed. He said: "Father McMahon, did you not know that no one is presented in the Sistine Chapel, unless the matter has been arranged weeks before, and then for some special reason."

"I did not. I thought that anyone at the Mass could go up, and I wondered why all those people were keeping their places in the pews."

Then Mr. Croke laughed heartily and asked: "What did the guards do? What did the officials do when you walked up and stood at the throne and then walked into line? Who introduced you?"

I told him that I waved the guards aside, nobody interfered, and that I introduced myself, etc. etc.

"Well," said he, "that beats all I ever heard of at Rome. I wager that the like never happened in the Papal Court before."

"Well," I replied, "I cannot say that I am sorry for not having known the etiquette of the Papal Court. It was a case of blissful ignorance."

Afterwards, I told Mr. Croke that I was much charmed and edified by the piety and devotion and deep reverential feelings of the people in the chapel, as I had been told a few years before of the rude conduct of many present on the occasion of the Papal Mass.

Mr. Croke said that there had been many complaints in

the past of such conduct. It was found that it was on the part of non-Catholics, who possess no proper idea of the Mass and go there out of mere curiosity, but that for about two years a rule had been adopted excluding non-Catholics from the Pope's Mass, but still admitting them to audiences in the Vatican.

"Worse and more of it," I said.

"To what do you refer?" exclaimed Mr. Croke.

"I refer to your statement that non-Catholics are not admitted to the Pope's Mass. I gave two tickets to Protestant ministers, and both were at the Pope's Mass this morning."

"Your visit to Rome," said Mr. Croke, "is certainly remarkable. I guess you hold the record."

"Well," I said, "how is a stranger to know of all these rules and regulations? The ministers acted very respectfully, and afterwards told me how much impressed they were with the whole ceremony, and how they envied me my privilege, as they saw me walking about the Papal Throne and speaking to the Holy Father."

I am not likely to forget the day I saw the Holy Father.

In the hotel the next day, one of the ministers said to a non-Catholic lawyer: "I saw the Holy Father and assisted at his Mass yesterday." The lawyer replied: "I'll bet you $50 you didn't. I'll bet you $50 to a cigar you didn't. You can't fool me."

St. Peter's is universally recognized as the largest and most imposing temple in the world. I will not pretend to give a description of it. A volume would be required to do that. So perfect are the proportions that its immense size does not at first dawn upon the visitor. In fact, I think that the first impression is one of some disappointment. So much has been written of this noble edifice that free run is given to the imagination of the tourist approaching its

portals. As regards St. Peter's the feet measure better than the eyes. After walking and walking, and growing tired of walking, one realizes something of the immensity of the edifice. Then, when the eyes have feasted on the richness of the decorations, on the artistic beauty of the many and large mosaic pictures, on the numberless fine marble and bronze statues, groups and monuments, and the magnificent altars, the tourist recognizes the wealth of beauty in that Temple of Temples. Neither one nor two visits suffice to reveal the hidden treasures of St. Peter's.

The circular Colonnade of Bernini, in front of St. Peter's, has nearly three hundred columns, forty-one feet high, set in four rows, and leaving between them a central passage for carriages. On the colonnade are one hundred and twenty-six statues, each about twelve feet high. The piazza is one thousand one hundred and ten feet by eight hundred and forty feet.

In the center of the piazza there arises an obelisk. Two fountains adorn the semi-circles of this vast arena, into which an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men could be marched.

A rather remarkable anecdote is related in connection with the erection of the Obelisk of Caligula. That no accident might happen in raising the obelisk, absolute silence, under penalty of death, was imposed on all the workmen. When the ropes strained and it was quite evident that they would give way under the immense weight, one of the men suddenly cried out: "Acqua alle funi" ("Throw water on the ropes"). His counsel saved the obelisk. He was a sailor named Bresca. As a reward he was allowed to fly the Pontifical flag at the masthead of his ship, and was given the hereditary privilege of supplying St. Peter's with palms for Palm Sunday. Mrs. C. A. Grasselli, of Cleveland, in a late visit to the family, found that the privilege is still exercised.

The dome of St. Peter's is the true mountain of this spiritual empire, and the hills make a circle of homage around it. St. Peter's is the history of Christianity, sung in a poem of stone and marble, and a sacred monument to the unity, the sanctity, the Catholicity and Apostolicity of the Church.



BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S.

The mortal remains of eight Apostles, all the Fathers of the Church, all the founders of orders, thirty-five canonized Popes and Martyrs still await the Resurrection under the vaults where their successors will slumber at the feet of St. Peter.

At the foot of the high altar eighty-seven lamps are perpetually burning on the circular balustrade on the Crypt of the Apostles. They look like a mass of yellow roses. Their

stems are gilded cornucopias. At the foot of the steps, Pius VI. is represented kneeling in prayer, his eyes fixed on the Tombs of the Apostles. His last desire, as he lay dying in exile, was a wish for that burial place.

This basilica was consecrated over two hundred and seventy years ago. It cost originally $50,000,000. The annual expense of maintaining the edifice is from $35,000 to $40,000. The new sacristy, which is of much later date, cost about $900,000.

Measured in square yards the Cathedrals of the world present the following figures: St. Peter's, 18,000; Milan, 10,000; St. Paul's, London, 9,350; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 8,150; and the Cathedral of Cologne, 7,400.

On the pavement of St. Peter's the length of each great Cathedral in the world is laid off and marked as follows: St. Peter's, six hundred and thirty-nine feet. St. Paul's, London, five hundred and ten; Florence, four hundred and eighty-nine; Milan, four hundred and forty-four; St. Paul's, Outside the Walls, Rome, four hundred and seventeen; St. Sophia's, three hundred and fifty-four. If the portico of St. Peter's be included the length is six hundred and ninety-six feet, the height of the nave one hundred and fifty, width one hundred and sixteen, and length of transepts four hundred and fifty feet. From the pavement the dome is four hundred and three feet, to the top of the cross four hundred and thirty-five feet. The dome is one hundred and thirty-eight feet in diameter. In addition to the high altar there are twenty-nine other altars. There are one hundred and forty-eight columns.

The portico of St. Peter's would itself make a fine church. It is two hundred and thirty-four feet long, forty-three and a half feet wide and sixty-six feet high. It is decorated with fine stucco ornamentation.

The four large buttresses which sustain the dome are

each two hundred and thirty-four feet in circumference. About the dome in mosaic letters runs the inscription: "Tu es Petrus, etc." From the floor the letters do not appear very large, but the measurement shows that each letter is six feet.

Rev. P. O'Doherty and I, having obtained the necessary permission, ascended to the dome and thence to the ball beneath the cross. An easy spiral incline ascends to the roof. It may not be an incline in the strict meaning of the word, but it is very nearly an incline. Along this winding way, in marble tablets on the walls, are the names of royal personages who have made the ascent.

I was much surprised to find dwelling houses on the roof of St. Peter's. These are for the workmen constantly employed on the building. The dome rises three hundred and eight feet over the roof, and is six hundred and thirty feet in circumference, Walking around the inside of the dome, high above the floor, we had a good view of the interior of the church.

My attention was attracted while in the dome by a noise similar to the buzzing of bees. I paused to listen. At first I thought that persons were speaking beyond or within the walls of the dome. I then perceived that two men were conversing at the other side of the dome. By experimenting Father O'Doherty and I found that by placing ourselves on opposite sides of the dome, a distance of one hundred and thirty-eight feet apart, with our faces to the wall, our lowest whisper could be distinctly heard by each.

We then ascended to the Lantern by an easy stairway, which is placed between the inner and outer domes. On the top of that is a perpendicular iron ladder which ascends to the copper ball under the cross. From the ground the ball does not appear more than one foot in diameter. Yet on entering it we found that it is large enough to hold sixteen

grown persons. From the peep-hole in the ball we enjoyed a magnificent view of Rome and its surroundings.

In or about all the most prominent churches of Rome there are guides and "hangers-on." If one of them holds a door open to let you pass, he expects a gratuity, though you yourself could easily push the swinging door open. They keep their eyes on the tourist to note his movements, hoping to get some of the contents of his pocketbook.

One day while going through St. Peter's with note-book in hand, I left my hat upon a bench. About fifteen minutes later I looked in that direction, and found that it had disappeared. I betrayed no uneasiness, but continued my observations. In about an hour's time I got back near the bench, but the hat was nowhere to be seen. I had been long enough in Rome to suspect that someone had purposely removed it for a prospective offering. Quietly looking around I noticed a man, and at once I suspected that he had taken my hat. I walked over and told him that I wanted my hat. He opened his eyes wide and looked surprised. When I repeated my demand he went and brought my hat from behind one of the large doors. I took it and continued my walk about the church. Then a "guide" came to tell me that I should give that man something for finding my hat. I gave him a piece of my mind, but told him that I would not pay anyone for hiding my hat.

These "guides" in many cases are nuisances, and ought to be abolished. As a rule, they consider that the English-speaking tourists are Protestants, and then seek to ingratiate themselves by sneers or misrepresentations. It would be well if the ecclesiastical authorities would appoint official guides, stipulating prices for their services.

St. Peter's has a very spacious sacristy, but persons are apt to consider that the Sacristy of the Vatican is one and

the same with that of St. Peter's. They are altogether different and in different buildings.

The Sacristy of the Vatican is the private sacristy of the Pope. It is in charge of the Augustinians. It contains precious treasures, and hence is carefuily guarded. Having become acquainted with Father Locke, a Roman professor



THE VATICAN.

and one of the order, he arranged for an hour when Mr. Croke and I were permitted to visit the sacristy of the Holy Father. The priest in charge showed us the different tiaras and mitres and crosiers of the Popes for ages back; the chalices, monstrances, ciboriums, etc., many of which had been presented by royal personages. I was permitted to take them in my hands, the better to examine their jewels, precious stones and most exquisite workmanship. We were

then shown the rich vestments used by the Holy Father in the canonization of Saints. We were also allowed to see the vestments used at other great functions, many of which were national offerings or presents from religious communities, or from noble or royal donors. I saw the tiara of Gregory XVI., also the hat which Pius VII. wore for eight years in exile. It is a common straw hat, but now covered with scarlet. We were then shown the many richly illuminated parchment missals, and the elegantly bound missals used for different festivals. I had never expected to have the privilege of entering the Pope's private sacristy and there examining its many treasures so intrinsically rich and so historically priceless.

To reach the sacristy we passed through the Papal vestry of the Sistine Chapel and a number of the other Papal apartments. Some delightful hours were spent amid these sacred treasures of the Vatican. There are very few tourists who see the sacristy of the Pope and its rich treasures.

The Vatican is the largest and the richest palace in the world. It ought to be, since it has been the home of the Vicars of Christ for centuries and centuries past. Individuals, communities and nations have gladly contributed to its many treasures. The palace contains twenty courts, and it is said to have eleven thousand rooms, including halls, chapels, private apartments, etc. But a small part of the Vatican is used by the Pope himself.

With Mr. Croke, who is well informed on all things in Rome, I visited the Sistine Chapel for the second time, the Scala Regia, in former times set aside for the foreign Ambassadors, the Pauline Chapel, Raphael's Stanze, the vast galleries of paintings of wide renown, the galleries of statuary—the masterpieces of the world.

On another day I had an opportunity to visit the Vatican

Library under the guidance of one of its officials. I can only skim over the rich and rare contents of that treasure-house. It contains upward of twenty-six thousand valuable manuscripts in the Latin, Greek and Oriental languages. The most celebrated and valuable manuscripts are exhibited in glass cases. The great hall is twenty-nine feet high, and is paved with marble. Around the pillars are forty-six cabinets, which contain the manuscripts. There are a number of gifts presented by the following royal personages: Napoleon I., Napoleon III., William IV. of Germany, Charles IX., Emperor of Russia, Marshal McMahon, the Khedive of Egypt, William I., Emperor of Germany, etc.

The next hall is the Museum of Christian Antiquities. This hall also contains the addresses, bound, which were presented to the Pope during his Pontificate.

There is also a Hall of Ancient Pictures. In this hall are also gold and silver trinkets and plate presented to Pius IX. by the Emperor of Siam. There are some two hundred thousand valuable bound volumes in the library. There is one Bible for which $100,000 in gold has been refused.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROUND ABOUT ROME—ANCIENT MONUMENTS AND RUINS—THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS — MAGNIFICENT BASILICAS AND SHRINES—THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA—THE SCALA SANTA—THE CEMETERIES.

Rome is a city of some five hundred thousand people. It is a bright, clean city, with many fine, wide business streets, but in several sections the streets are narrow and winding, and so intricate that a stranger is very apt to lose his way. The city walls are pierced by fifteen gates. There are nearly four hundred fine and commodious Catholic Churches. Some of them are the most magnificent temples to be found in the world. The stranger is astonished at their cost and at the architectural genius that brought them to perfection.

Rome, in any view, is an inspiring theme for thought. It may be called the center about which civil and ecclesiastical history has revolved in the past, and from which Divine Truth yet radiates to all parts of the world. It still easily holds the scepter for sculpture, painting and architecture.

There are a few, very few, Protestant Churches. These seek to reach the people through their bodily wants. Their success is not lasting. I passed one that had lost its small congregation and had been turned into a machine shop.

Sundays and holydays appear to be very well observed in the city of Rome. The stores are all closed, and as much so on holydays as on Sundays.

On my first Sunday in Rome, I assisted at High Mass in the Church of the Gesu. There was a large congregation present, and the singing was excellent. An open platform, about six by nine feet, is used instead of a pulpit. I noticed

an arm chair and a small table upon the platform. The sermon began by an introduction, which laid down the different points of the discourse. At the end of each point in the sermon the priest sat down, and the people then did their coughing, used their handkerchiefs, glanced about, etc. In a minute or two the preacher resumed his discourse. The priest was very animated, and resorted to a good deal of gesticulation. I noticed that a similar method was used in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers. The platform is quite common in the churches of Rome.

The first object that drew my attention as I approached the Eternal City was the old Aqueduct of Claudius, completed over one thousand and eight hundred years ago (A. D. 52). Rome is remarkable for its abundant supply of pure water; furnished over ancient aqueducts repaired by the Popes. Through these Rome receives daily 377,000,000 gallons. Cleveland, with four-fifths of the population, uses less than 62,000,000.

The Coliseum is a remarkable and magnificent ruin, dedicated in 80 A. D. It is six hundred and twenty feet long, five hundred and thirteen feet wide, one hundred and fifty-seven feet high, and seated eighty thousand and had standing room for twenty thousand more. The distance around it is one-third of a mile. Its dedication was long and bloody. Gladiatorial contests and encounters with wild animals continued for one hundred days while one hundred thousand spectators, seated tier after tier, applauded or called for mercy or death by the turn of their thumbs. The blood of the Christian Martyrs by the thousands soddened the sand of the Flavian Amphitheater. Formerly the Way of the Cross was made in the Coliseum, but is now discontinued. The Popes have sought to preserve the Coliseum as a historical monument.

Below ancient Rome, and along the fifteen Consular roads

which radiated from the Capitol as a center, there existed in the third century twenty-six great catacombs. It is calculated that their labyrinths measured perhaps one hundred miles. The Catacombs formed the cradle of the infant Church. Strange to state, the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, were discovered only in 1852 by Signor Rossi. Close to the Tomb of St. Cecilia reposed the relics of twelve martyred Popes. The distinction of possessing a patrician origin could not save Pope Callixtus from martyrdom.

Six million Christians are buried in the Catacombs of Rome.

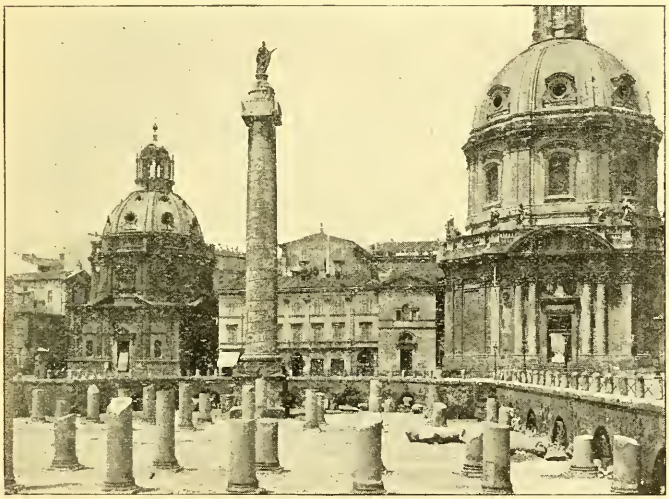
As I stood looking on the ruins of the Roman Forum, the words of Scripture come to me: "With God a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years." Man and his works are the playthings of time. In that bit of narrow valley the interests of the world were debated. From time immemorial that spot was the brain and the theatre of the Roman Empire. The entire history of the people, the most renowned of all peoples, worked itself out on that scene, the very soul and sanctuary of pagan Rome.

Finally the very sight became obliterated. The shovel and pick of the archæologist have uncovered a portion of its ruins. With Mr. Croke and alone, I visited this scene of departed power and grandeur a number of times, fascinated both by its history and by its destruction. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

On a scene as narrow as that of a theatre what wondrous events occurred! There Brutus showed the dagger of Lucretia. There Cicero fulminated his last oration against Catiline; a little distance away on your left the accomplices of Catiline in the Mamertine Prison heard the murmurs of the people aroused by the orator, and felt their doom was sealed. There Cato swayed the people, and there Marc Antony spoke against the murderers of Cæsar, and bared

his bloody body to the gaze and horror of the populace. There were unyoked the chiefs and kings from the triumphal car of the conqueror, and then they were led to the Mamertine Prison where they were strangled.

But little of the splendid Forum of the Emperor Trajan is now in existence, except the celebrated column. The magnificent buildings, founded by the Emperor within the



FORUM OF THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

limits of this Forum, have crumbled and decayed. The Column of Trajan was dedicated to that Emperor by the Senate in commemoration of his victory over the Dacians. The height of the column, exclusive of the statue, is one hundred and twenty-seven feet. Sculptured upon the column are over twenty-five hundred human figures, besides horses, military engines and weapons. The statue of Trajan has been replaced by a statue of St. Peter, erected by Pope Sixtus V.

The Arch of Titus, on the Via Sacra, was erected to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. One thousand and eight hundred years have passed since Domitian dedicated this noble arch to his brother Titus and his father Vespatian.

Titus made slaves of the captive Jews and treated them with such great severity that over twelve thousand of them died. Seventy thousand Hebrews were then in Rome. No Jew will pass under the Arch of Titus.

The Arch of Sept. Severus is seventy-five feet high and eighty-two feet wide. It marks the old level of the Forum at the Temple of Concord.

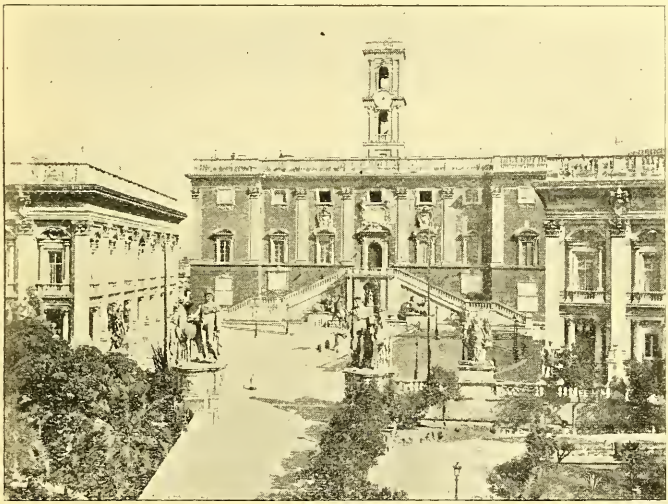
The Arch of Constantine, like that of Sept. Severus, has three open arches. It is grand and harmonious and much admired.

The Appian Way is called by the Romans the "Queen of Roads." It was constructed by Appius Claudius (B. C. 312) as a military road. It is still in perfect condition. At first it extended from Rome to Capua, one hundred and twenty-five miles. Afterwards it was continued to Brindisi.

Not far from the Church of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way, is a small circular building which bears the title: "Domine quo vadis?" St. Ambrose tells us that at the beginning of the persecution of Nero, St. Peter fled from Rome at the request of his Disciples, who conjured him to save his life, so precious for the infant Church. Early in the morning there St. Peter met Christ facing towards Rome. The amazed Apostle cried: "Domine quo vadis?" ("Lord, where goest Thou?") "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." Peter understood. He bowed his head, returned to Rome and suffered martyrdom. The words "Quo Vadis" take their title from the place and incident.

The Pantheon of Agrippa was erected B. C. 27. In this unique temple Boniface IV. replaced the statues of the false gods by those of the Martyrs in 608. It was here that in

830 Pope Gregory IV. instituted the Feast of All Saints. The building has no windows. It is lighted by a circular opening in the roof, twenty-four feet in diameter. The rain is as free to enter as is the sun through the opening, one hundred and forty feet above the floor. The portico rests on sixteen enormous monolithic columns of Oriental granite, crowned by



THE CAPITOL.

the finest capitals that Rome has bequeathed to us. Their oblique position produces imaginary perspective, the effect of which is to throw the distances back.

Raphael is buried there. There is the Tomb of Victor Emanuel. The granite obelisk in front of the Pantheon was erected by Pope Clement XII. over the charming Fountain of Honorio Longhi.

The Pincian is the fashionable park of Rome. About two hours before sunset the aristocracy meet there and visit in

their carriages. The military band renders fine music and the tourist is given an opportunity of seeing the elite of Roman society.

Through the Porta Pia on the 20th of September, 1870, the followers of Garibaldi entered Rome. Since that time the Quirinal Palace has been the residence of the King. The building was begun in the reign of Gregory XIII., in 1547. The colossal Statues of the Horse Tamers at the entrance to the Quirinal date back to Imperial Rome.

The Capitol sits on one of the Seven Hills of Rome, the smallest, but historically the most important of the hills. The former Senate Chamber has been turned into a museum.

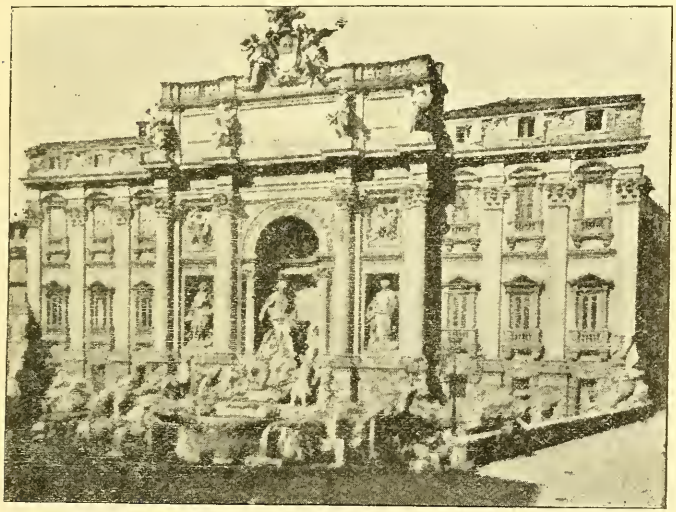
On walking out the first morning after my arrival in Rome, I heard a sort of indistinct murmur like that of distant waves. Reaching the corner of the street I found myself all at once in front of a magnificent fountain. I was dazzled and delighted by sheets of water which tumbled foaming and sparkling on every side over a heap of rocks overlooked by a building covered with statues. The water then appeared to be swallowed up in a cavern.

I stood before the celebrated Fountain of Trevi, which is perhaps the finest in the world. In the midst of the rock-work and shells Neptune emerges with his steed apparently from the basement of the palace. The pretty and graceful bas-reliefs describe the discovery of the Aqua Virgine at Tusculum by a youthful maiden in the time of Augustus. The aqueduct was restored by Pope Nicholas V. and still supplies Rome.

The American College is not far from the Corso, the principal street in Rome. It faces the narrow street of Via Umilita. The building was formerly a convent. It is protected by the American flag. The Italian Government attempted to confiscate this College in 1884. President Arthur successfully interfered. The robber government,

which has confiscated nearly all the church property in Italy, was foiled.

The College was founded by Pius IX. It was opened in 1860. It is controlled by a Board of American Bishops, who appoint the Rector. The Rector has many demands upon his time by American visitors trying to get Papal audiences.



FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

They call upon him, irrespective of creed or class. He said to me: "I do the best I can, but even then I often fail. We cannot get audiences for all." To get a Papal audience is a difficult matter.

St. Mary Major is the largest of the eighty churches dedicated in Rome to the Blessed Virgin. An edifying legend is connected with the foundation of this church. In the time of Pope Liberius, A. D. 352, an old couple resolved to devote their ample means to the honor of the Blessed

Virgin. They sought inspiration as to the best medium of so doing. On the 5th of August, the Queen of Angels appeared to each of them in sleep, and bade them go at dawn to the Esquiline, and build a church on a spot which they should find covered with snow. The Sovereign Pontiff was similarly warned. They found the spot covered with snow. There was erected the first church dedicated in Rome to the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was called at first "Our Lady of the Snow" and also the Church of Liberius. Now it is called St. Mary Major, to show its excellence and primacy.

The interior is rich and rare. The three aisles are divided by thirty-eight white columns of polished and lustrous marble from the old Temple of Juno. The Borghese Chapel in its dazzling beauty is considered the second finest in the world, the finest being in St. John Lateran.

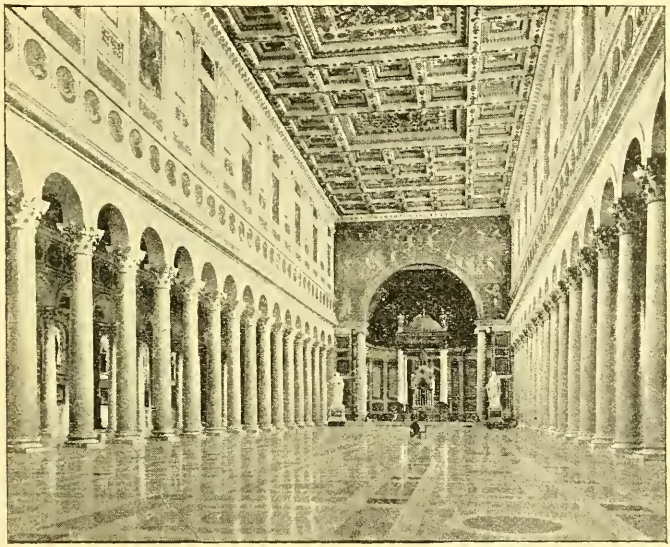
Christmas is celebrated there with the greatest pomp, because there is preserved the very cradle or crib of the Infant Jesus. All Rome flocks to St. Mary Major on the Feast of the Nativity.

The high altar is formed by a large urn of porphyry, covered by a slab of marble, which is supported by four angels in gilt bronze.

St. Paul's, Outside the Walls, is one of the major basilicas. The new church is splendid and most costly. The old basilica was founded by Constantine on the Tomb of St. Paul, and rebuilt with great splendor from 386 to 392. After fifteen centuries it was destroyed by fire in 1823. Plumbers working in the building had thoughtlessly left fire on the roof, from which the conflagration started. It was restored and reconstructed on the same site and after the same plan.

When the Ostian Basilica was destroyed Pope Pius VII. was dying. They succeeded in keeping the sad news from him. Leo XII. ordered the reconstruction of St. Paul's. The

whole world joined in the work. Schismatical Russia offered the gift of an altar of malachite. Mahomet brought as tribute to the Sanctuary of Christ four columns of Oriental alabaster presented by the Sultan. Gold, silver and jewels poured in from every side. The church in its beauty and magnificence presents a wondrous spectacle, rivalling, and



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S.

in the opinion of some, outshining St. Peter's. It has all along the friezes the medallions of the various Popes, from St. Peter to Leo XIII. The five aisles with their superb colonnades and columns of Paros are reflected in the polished paving as in a looking-glass. The altar, covered by a Gothic canopy of marble, is supported by four columns of Oriental alabaster.

In St. Paul's is preserved the famous crucifix which spoke

to St. Bridget. One of the priests lighted the candles on the altar, and opened the case so that I could see the crucifix as I knelt before it.

The cloister of St. Paul's is remarkable for its age and artistic beauty. I spent some time in walking around it and admiring the workmanship.

Not far from St. Paul's is a small chapel which marks the spot where St. Peter and St. Paul embraced at the Crossing of the Ways, as they separated for martyrdom, the one there, the other on the Tiber.

With Mr. Croke I visited the Slope of the Janiculum, the Monastery of the Order of St. Jerome. Within this monastery is the tomb of the poet, Torquato Tasso. He died there in 1595. Pius IX. erected a monument over his tomb. In another chapel of the same monastery is the tomb of the celebrated linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died in 1849.

We paid a visit to Tasso's Oak, which is a little distance away on the side of the hill. Efforts are being made to guard and preserve the poet's venerable oak. There also are the tombs of the celebrated Irish exiles, Hugh, son of the great O'Neil, and also Roderick O'Donnell. From Tasso's Oak there is a very fine view of the city of Rome.

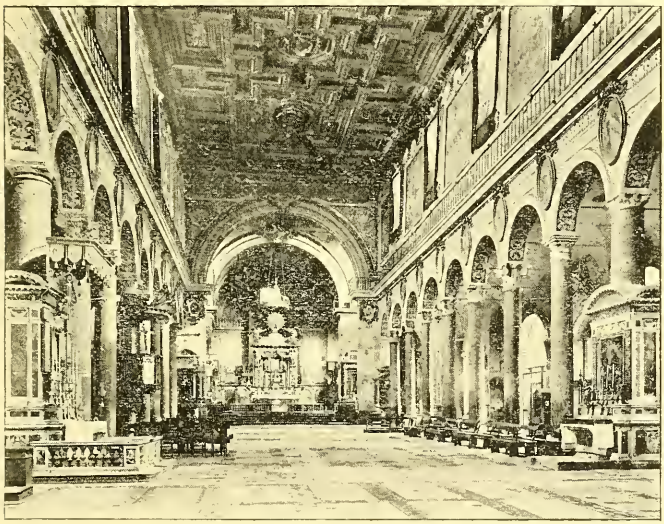
We visited the Church of St. Pancratius, the Saint referred to by Cardinal Wiseman in "Fabiola." Scenes from his life are frescoed on the walls.

In the Church of St. Sabina was the old home of St. Dominic. Over the portal of one of the rooms, now a small chapel, the following notice is inscribed, but in Latin: "Attention! Here once throughout the night the most holy men, Dominic, Francis and Angelus, the Carmelite, were engaged in sacred conference." Surely, we were entering on holy ground.

I was shown into a room in the monastery at the window of which Pius V. prayed for the victory of Lepanto. Kneel-

ing at this window, he had a vision of the far-away victory in 1571. In honor of this victory the festival of Rosary Sunday was established.

A little behind where the Temple of Jupiter used to be rises the Franciscan Church of the Ara Cœli, the headquarters of the Franciscan Order. The Church contains the celebrated Bambino. This is a statue of the Infant Jesus



INTERIOR OF ST. MARIA IN ARA CŒLI.

richly bejeweled. Young children, now and then, have been allowed to preach before the Statue of the Bambino.

St. Isidore's Church is in charge of the Franciscans. It is famous as the former home of the widely known and celebrated Irish Monks, Luke Waddington, of Cork; Anthony Hickey and Father Harold, of Limerick, A. D. 1625.

In this church is the Tomb of Amelia Curran, the

daughter of the Irish orator, John Philipot Curran. Miss Curran was the affianced of the martyr to Irish liberty, Robert Emmet. It was strange to find their tombs so far apart, and her remains in a foreign land. Her tomb bears the date of 1848.

We visited the Church of St. Gregory. This church is interesting from the fact that from it St. Augustine set out on his mission to convert the Anglo-Saxons of Great Britain. He knelt on the steps of this church to receive the blessing of Pope Gregory on his work. In this church there is a chapel dedicated to St. Barbara. There is also shown a table and a place at it where once an angel sat at dinner.

After visiting the Farnesina Gallery of famous frescoes and paintings, we went to the Church of St. Sebastian, in Pollara. The Franciscans have charge of that church. There is the Shrine of St. Leonard, of Port Maurice.

St. Leonard was born in Port Maurice in 1676. He was educated in Rome, and became a Franciscan. In gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for restoring him to health after a sickness of five years, he vowed to give himself to the conversion of sinners. His first act after leaving his room was to make the Way of the Cross. He went through Italy preaching "Either Penance or Hell." He gave three hundred and sixteen missions, and in two hundred and sixteen places established the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. He used to scourge himself. "I wish not for rest on earth," he would say, "but in Paradise." When, weak and exhausted, he was urged to omit the Holy Sacrifice, he answered: "One Mass is worth all the treasures of the world." On his way to preach in Rome he died in 1751, at the age of seventy-five. His feast is on the 25th of November. I was permitted to enter the room which the Saint had occupied. His shrine was opened, and I was shown the body of the Saint. Near the tomb is the Shrine of St. Flavian and St.

Columba. Under another altar in the same church is the Tomb of the Venerable John Baptist de Burgundy. I was highly privileged to be permitted to kneel at those holy shrines and to view their sacred relics.

We then went to the Church and Tomb of St. Frances of Rome. We were lighted down to the shrine. We afterwards passed the former home of the Saint.

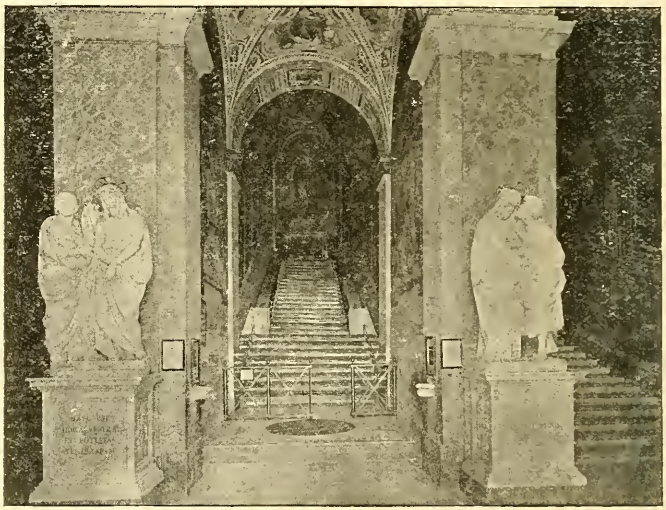
St. Frances was a model Christian wife and mother. Duty with her was as sacred as prayer. She would quit her devotions to perform it, saying: "A married woman must, when called upon, quit her devotions to God at the altar to find Him in her household affairs." It is related that she was called away four times in succession from the same verse in one of the Psalms in the Office of the Blessed Virgin. As a reward for her obedience and patience, she found on returning the fourth time that the verse was miraculously written in golden letters. She had the privilege of seeing and conversing with her Guardian Angel. Her feast is on the 9th of March. She passed to Heaven in the year 1440.

Not very far away from the Church of St. Frances is the Church of the Quattro Coronati. These Saints are the patrons of all those who are sculptors, stone-cutters or stone-masons. Those who follow these occupations have a meeting-hall on the grounds, where they recite the office of these Saints. There are not many trade societies that meet to recite a sacred office.

In the Mamertine Prison I found two chapels, one built over the other. The lower one is called "St. Peter in Chains." SS. Peter and Paul were imprisoned there. St. Paul converted and baptized the jailers, Processus and Martiniannus.

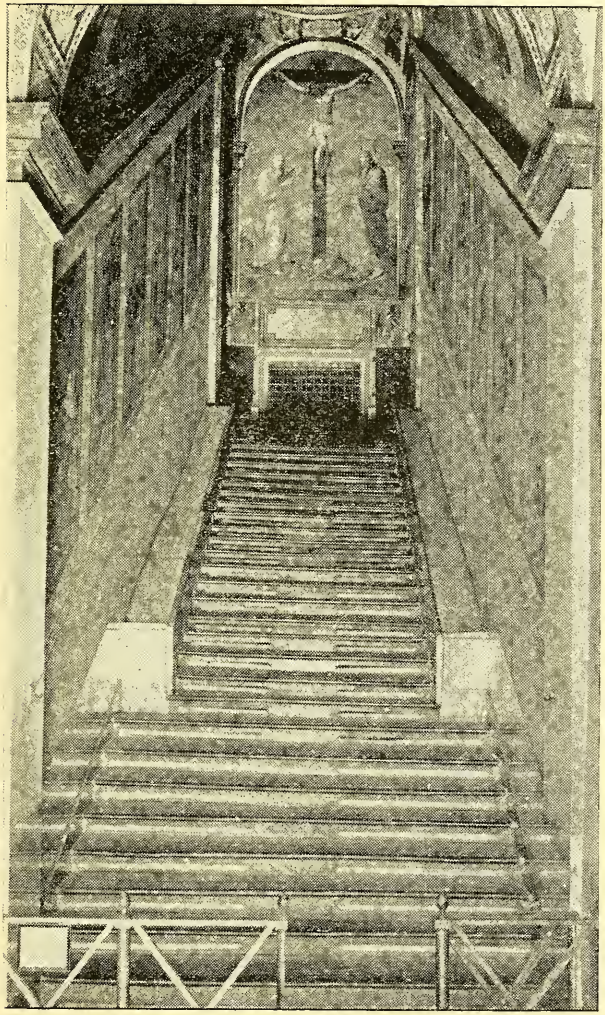
In the Church of the Holy Cross, erected by St. Helen to be the depository of the True Cross, which she had found, we met Cardinal Agliardi, ex-Nuncio to Vienna. Mr. Croke

introduced me. We were conducted to the remote chapel, a chapel carefully guarded and kept locked, which contains the True Cross and the relics of the Passion of our Blessed Lord. The brother lit the candles and then opened the shrine of the most precious relics for us. The relics of the Good Thief and the body of St. Theodore are preserved in this chapel.



THE HOLY STAIRS.

In Rome is the Church of the Scala Santa, or the Church of the Holy Stairs. The twenty-eight marble steps which compose it belonged to Pilate's house in Jerusalem. Jesus Christ ascended these steps and descended bathed in His Precious Blood. Hence they are held in great veneration. People ascend them on their knees, meditating and praying on each step. Many others were performing this exercise while I was engaged in the devotion.



THE HOLY STAIRS.

After ascending the steps the chapel called the Santa Santorum is reached. In it is preserved a painting of our Savior, generally attributed to St. Luke. At the foot of the Holy Stairs is some beautiful marble statuary erected by order of Pius IX.

With Mr. Croke I got permission to visit the headquarters of the Knights of Malta, an order similar to the Knights of St. John. They have a very fine enclosed garden and a commodious building near the Church of St. Sabina. The members are of the first families of Rome. The eight-pointed cross which they wear as an emblem signifies the eight Beatitudes. When I told of my visit a non-Catholic gentleman at the hotel said: "I am a Knight of Malta. I wish I could get to that temple." He was rather surprised when he learned that all the Knights are practical Catholics, and must be Catholics to obtain membership, and that they trace their origin back, link by link, to the Crusades. I told him that they have in their building a large and beautiful chapel, with a marble altar, and that Mass is celebrated there twice each week. This was news to that Knight of Malta.

I paid a visit to the non-Catholic Cemetery of Rome. It is situated near the Pyramid of Cestius. It is evident from the inscriptions on the tombstones that Americans, English, Germans, Irish, French and other visitors to Rome have been buried there. There I found the tomb of Keats, the poet, and that of the poet Shelley.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned in 1822. His remains were washed ashore in the Bay of Spezzia and cremated. His ashes are in the Roman tomb. It bears the following:

> "Nothing of him that doth fade
> But that doth suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

In the same tomb with Shelley was interred the body of

his friend, Edward J. Trelawney, in 1881, aged eighty-eight years. The following lines are on the tablet:

"These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For the two hearts in life were single-hearted."

In the older and now unused part of the graveyard are buried the remains of the young poet, John Keats. I read on his tombstone the following melancholy inscription:

This grave contains all that is mortal of a young English poet, who, on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tombstone:

"Here lies one whose name was written in water."

February 24, 1821.

It appears that the young poet was broken-hearted by the criticisms which appeared against him in the "Edinburgh Review."

In the same burial lot, and side by side with the grave of Keats, is a grave with the following inscription:

Joseph Severn, a devoted friend, and at the deathbed of John Keats, whom he lived to see numbered among the immortal poets of England. An artist. British Consul, 1879.

I saw the grave of Gavazzi, the apostate, who was born in Boulogne in 1809; and died at Rome in 1889. There is also the grave of John Gibson, the sculptor, who had won renown previous to his death, in 1866. I also saw the grave of George Perkins Marsh, Minister of the United States to Italy in 1882.

In the large Catholic Cemetery near the Church of St. Laurence it appears to be customary to place the likenesses of the departed, either sculptured or painted, on the tombs. On one of these, with the picture of a beautiful young married woman, was the simple, but very expressive inscription: "Dura Lex, Sed Lex" (A hard law, but law). This

vividly pictures and emphasizes the decree: "It is appointed for all men once to die."

With Mr. Croke I rode out on the famous Via Nomentana across the historical Nomentana Bridge over the River Arno. Roman history tells us something of the famous scenes witnessed in that vicinity in ages long departed. We passed through the gate where the Italian army entered Rome in 1870. A large number of soldiers are always under arms. The old revolutionists fear a new revolution.

I remained in Rome for seventeen days. They were busy days, yet I had to leave much unseen. Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the American College, told me he had spent eight years in Rome, and yet he found new subjects for investigation either above or beneath the surface. This convinced me that I could not, in my limited time, "do" Rome properly. "Rome was not built in a day," nor can it be seen in a day.

My last day in Rome was Sunday. The day was bright and beautiful as I made my way to St. Peter's to celebrate Mass. I walked slowly through the magnificent basilica, and my eyes lingered on the beauty and grandeur of that Temple of Temples.

When I went to the rich and spacious sacristy I was soon waited upon and vested. I was glad, indeed, to celebrate Mass in St. Peter's. I looked up and read again under the dome: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." There is no lull in the battle for Heaven, but there is no doubt of the victory for those who remain faithful.

After thanksgiving I paid a final visit to the altars, the mosaics, the statuary, the monuments, the chapels and the Tomb of the Apostles. My feet were heavy as I approached the portals for my departure from St. Peter's.

Mr. Croke kindly called at St. Peter's in a carriage to take me to the station. When we arrived there, I found

that my baggage had not been sent from the hotel as directed. I requested Mr. Croke to forward it to Florence, as I had resolved not to postpone my departure on its account. Just before the train pulled out, Father O'Doherty hurried in to tell me that he could not go to Assisi, but that he hoped to meet me in Florence.

On my way to the famous Shrine of St. Francis, a journey of nearly five hours from Rome, I began to reflect that I had not noticed any song birds in Italy. St. Francis had a special love for birds. Naturally, we would expect birds of all kinds to abound in a country so beautiful and with skies so bright. I began to look for the birds, but I could not see any for hours. It appears that in Italy all kinds of means are devised to ensnare the feathered tribe, and altogether too successfully. For the sake of the farmers themselves, and for the sake of the country, the destruction of the feathered tribe should be stopped. However, the absence of birds is on a par with the absence of joy in a country burdened to death with taxes to support a government guarded by nearly one million soldiers.

CHAPTER XXX.

PRECIOUS RELICS AND MONUMENTS OF ASSISI — MEMENTOES OF THE SERAPHIC SAINT — ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI — ST. CLARE — THE OLD CONVENT — CHURCH OF THE PORTIUNCULA.

I arrived at Perugia about 3 p. m. It is a town of about eighteen thousand. It was the episcopal home of Leo XIII. before his elevation to the Papacy. It is finely situated. From the high position of Perugia Assisi can be easily seen on a clear day.

I did not remain long in Perugia, but left for Assisi, where I arrived about 4 p. m. From the station I looked with deep interest at the old town of Assisi, made famous by the virtues, the works and the miracles of the Seraphic Saint. Though called to Heaven more than six hundred and seventy years ago, his memory is fragrant, and his work continues in the flourishing order he left to bless mankind.

Another star, bright in the firmament of God's Saints, shines over Assisi, lending additional interest to the old town and serving as another magnet to attract the Christian traveler to that sanctified spot. There was the convent home of St. Clare. Emulating St. Francis in her prayers, virtues and penances, God showered upon her special graces, and protected her and her spiritual daughters by divine intervention. Miracles marked her life, and testified to her sanctity. She joined the Saints in Heaven twenty-seven years after St. Francis was called to the Home of the Blessed.

Assisi is a quaint old town of some four thousand. It is situated on a high and steep hill, about one and one-fourth miles from the station. The streets are mostly narrow,

winding and walled in. There appears to have been very little change for centuries. The roofs are covered with ancient tile overgrown with grass and moss.

I took a walk through the town, guided by a boy whom I found in front of the small hotel. I visited the Cathedral, and was shown the font where St. Francis and St. Clare had been baptized. I was also shown a number of ancient and valuable paintings. I then assisted at Vespers, conducted by the Bishop and the canons of the Cathedral.

I paid a visit to the large stone Church and Convent of St. Clare. I descended some thirty-five steps on the wide stone stairway to the shrine of St. Clare. It was kindly opened by the Sisters and illuminated. Both this shrine and that of St. Francis are very rich and the center of great devotion. I told the Sisters of the Convent of Poor Clares in the Forest City.

At supper in the hotel I was much surprised to find my only companions a nun and a young lady with her. They had begun their supper before I got to the dining-room. When I blessed myself and said grace the nun paused and also blessed herself. We gradually drifted into conversation. After a time the nun said:

"Father, I will doubtless fall in your esteem when I inform you that I am a heretic—an Anglican Nun."

Well, I was surprised. Her habit was much like the habit of an Ursuline Nun. The young lady, Miss White, I found to be her sister. The "nun," in answer to my surprise, told me that she had a great love for St. Francis, and wished to visit his home and his shrine at Assisi. Her sister had accompanied her. They had been to Rome. The "nun" had medals, crucifixes, etc., from Rome and Assisi, which she treasured. They had, also, with great devotion, visited the Shrines of St. Clare and the Portiuncula, and were to depart the next day. Their home was in New York. The "nun" had

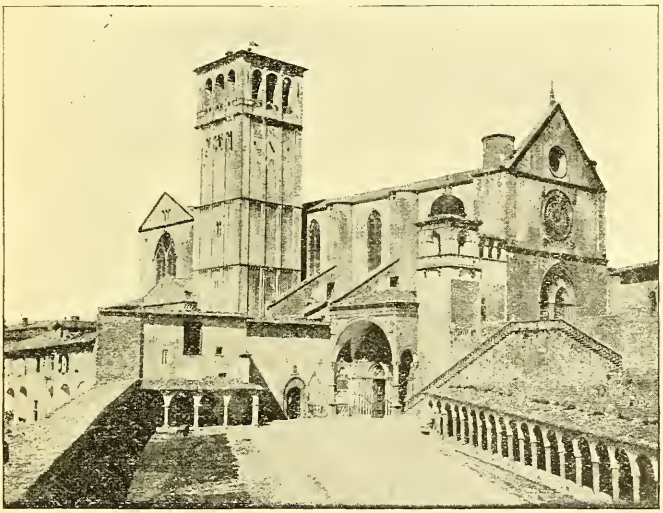
been a pupil under the guidance of Bishop Doane, of Albany. I could not but hope and pray that, being apparently of good will and earnest and having a love for St. Francis and St. Clare, that God would finally bring this strayed sheep home to the One Fold of the One Shepherd.

Monday morning I had the privilege of celebrating Mass at the Shrine of St. Francis. It was lighted and opened during my Mass. I could not but be mindful of my neighbors, the Franciscan Fathers, the Poor Clares, the Franciscan Sisters and the Members of the Third Order, while offering up the Holy Sacrifice at the shrine of their founder and patron, the Seraphic Saint.

There are two branches of the Order of St. Francis in Assisi. One of them dwells in the former home of St. Clare known as the Monastery of St. Damien. This is outside the walls. The other dwells at the church which contains the Shrine of St. Francis. The body of St. Clare was buried in the Convent of St. Damien. The body of St. Francis was buried in the Church of St. George. After Gregory IX. had canonized St. Francis he gave a sum of money for a new church. Elias, the General of the Franciscans, increased the sum, and a magnificent church was erected. It was finished in 1230, and the body of the Saint enshrined in it the same year. A new church and convent was built in 1260 where the Church of St. George had stood. They were dedicated in honor of St. Clare. Her body was transferred thither from the Convent of St. Damien in 1265.

The Church of St. Francis is virtually a triple church. From the church on the ground floor we descended to the church which contains the Shrine of the Saint, which is directly under the main altar. Over the church of the ground floor rises the main church, which is embellished with fine altars, carvings and paintings. While walking through it, I was greeted by: "Why, how do you do," spoken by a

gentleman who extended his hand. I could not place him, until he said that I had met him in Rome. He was a convert and from Kentucky. He had made the journey from Rome on his bicycle, and intended to wheel his way through Europe. He regretted very much that he had not known that I was to celebrate Mass at the Shrine of St. Francis that morning. He had been to Mass in another church, and had received Holy Communion.



CHURCH CONTAINING THE SHRINE OF ST. FRANCIS.

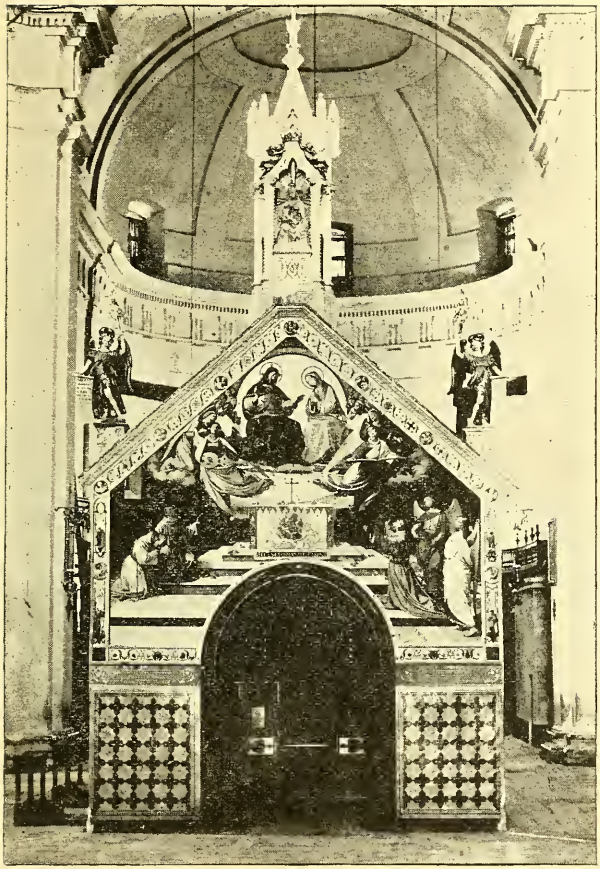
I paid a visit to the old church and the old convent of St. Clare. These are now in the possession of the Franciscan Fathers. There I saw the room of St. Clare, the refectory and the table where she blessed the bread which was miraculously multiplied, the room in which she cured the sick Sister, the place where St. Clare sat in the refectory, the dormitory, the monstrance which contained the Blessed Sac-

rament by which she put the Saracens to flight, and the window where she knelt when the miracle took place.

The monstrance is round and open and made of ivory. I was shown her breviary and the vase which contains some of the blessed bread, and the "Garden" of St. Clare. But the garden is not more than eight by ten feet. I was also shown the opening in the wall through which St. Clare and the Sisters received Holy Communion. In the chapel there is a large and remarkable crucifix. It is life-sized and carved in wood. Standing in front of the crucifix, the figure appears to be gasping in agony. Standing on the left it appears just to have given up the Ghost.

In the choir of the chapel I was shown the place in which St. Francis recited the office, and also the place where he was hidden when his father sought him. There is also preserved, in the chapel, some relics of St. Bonaventure.

Going down from Assisi to the plain and about a mile away in the direction of the station is the Church of Portiuncula. It is very old and very small. The tourist in vain would search the plain for the Church of Portiuncula, but he would soon find and admire a large and beautiful church built in the form of St. Peter's in Rome. Entering here he would discover under its dome the ancient Church of Portiuncula. It is only about thirty-five by fifteen feet. There St. Francis spent much time in his devotion. There, Christ, in a vision, directed him to go to the Pope, who would grant a Plenary Indulgence to all sincere penitents who would devoutly visit the church. Pope Honorius III., who was then at Perugia, granted the indulgence. There it may be gained daily. At other places presided over by the Franciscans it is granted on the 2d of August, the day of the dedication of the Church of Portiuncula. This church is presided over by the Recollects, or Reformed Franciscans. There is an inscription on this little old church which states that whatever is



CHAPEL OF THE PORTIUNCULA.

prayed for sincerely within the church or chapel will be granted. Of course, it must be understood, on the usual conditions. However, it is a specially favored place, and I was glad to be privileged to kneel before its altar and within its consecrated walls.

I met there a Franciscan Father who could speak English very well. He had spent ten years in London. I got him to bless a number of articles for me. I also asked him if he had met the "Anglican nun." He had. She had desired to get a number of medals and crucifixes blessed. He hoped that some day she would be a member of the True Church.



CHURCH OF THE PORTIUNCULA.

I went out to the garden in which bloomed the thornless roses. Here St. Francis, by rolling himself among the thorns, overcame a vile temptation. Since then the bushes are thornless. I saw the room of St. Francis, and an altar made from some of its furniture.

The little Chapel of Portiuncula is over fifteen hundred years old. It was transferred to St. Francis to be always preserved. It is enriched with many indulgences, and the

favors asked for are promised to those who pray within its sacred walls.

Assisi gets its fame from being the birthplace of St. Francis. Non-Catholics are being more and more attracted to its shrine since some of their authors have presented his life and his work and character in very eulogistic writings.

St. Francis died at Portiuncula on the 4th of October, 1226. The next morning his body was transferred in great pomp to the town of Assisi. The procession stopped at the Convent of St. Damien, where St. Clare and her Nuns venerated the remains.

From the summit of the hills of Assisi, one of the most beautiful views in Italy is presented. A very luxuriant and attractive valley, finely cultivated, extends away as far as the eye can see. I left Assisi, its shrines and sacred places with reluctance.

When about to leave the hotel, I called for my bill. On looking it over I found that I had been charged for a bottle of wine. Pointing to the item I told the proprietor that he had made a mistake. "Didn't you have a bottle of wine last night?" he asked. "Not to my knowledge," I said. He called the clerk and then someone else. The consultation resulted in the slow erasure of "le vin." My C. T. A. badge was vindicated.

CHAPTER XXXI.

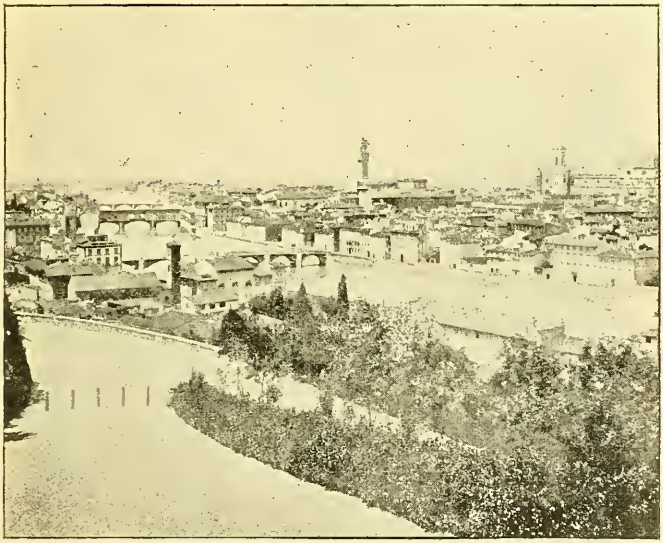
SOME OF THE SHRINES AND ART TREASURES OF FLORENCE—ASSOCIATIONS THAT CLUSTER AROUND THE OLD CONVENT OF ST. MARK—MEMORIES OF SAVONAROLA.

On Monday afternoon I started for Florence. I passed through a number of towns and cities, and arrived there about 8 o'clock in the evening. I put up at the Washington Hotel. Looking for Father O'Doherty the next morning, I again met the "Anglican nun" and her sister. We exchanged a few words of greeting.

I found at Gaze's office that Father O'Doherty had been looking for me. We finally met. I asked him how it came that he got into such a little, cramped hotel. He said that a fellow grabbed his valise at the station and he had to follow him, so there he was. While the quarters were poor he thought it was not worth while to change for the time we would stay in Florence. He asked me if the porters had not grabbed my baggage. I told him that they did not—because I had none—I had left it to be forwarded.

Mr. John A. Foote, a former merchant on Euclid avenue, very well and favorably known in Cleveland, had then resided in Florence for two years with his family. Having noted my arrival he called at the hotel. Not finding me in he left a note requesting me to call on him. Father O'Doherty and I did so. We spent a very pleasant evening with him and his family. They were delighted to meet a resident of Cleveland, and were especially pleased when they found me well acquainted with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cotton and family, of the Forest City.

Father O'Doherty and I visited the churches, picture galleries, museums and places of interest in the city. I inquired how long it would require to examine the Uffizi Gallery. I was told that it would require a month; that I might get through it in a week, that I could glance at the paintings in two days, but if I was a good walker I might be



A VIEW OF FLORENCE.

able to go through it in three hours. I found afterwards that this description was not very far astray.

In the Monastery of St. Mark, confiscated by the robber government, are many fine frescoes by Fra Angelico. The rightful inmates have been driven out there as in most other religious houses. I visited the cells of Savonarola and Fra Angelico, the master painter, whose paintings have been taken possession of by the iniquitous government. An en-

trance fee is charged by the civil officials for all who wish to visit the historic building and examine the beautiful frescoes painted by Fra Angelico.

The Cathedral is one of the great churches of the world. It is a perfect treasure-house of art. The dome is three hundred and fifty-two feet high. The bell tower is perhaps the most famous Gothic campanile in the world. It is two hundred and ninety-two feet high, and is decorated with delicate tracery.

The Baptistry nearby in front of the Cathedral is noted for its bronze doors, with ten scenes from the Old Testament and twenty-eight from the life of Christ and early Church history. The doors were made over four hundred and fifty years ago. I think no other work of art in bronze can approach them in artistic merit. Michael Angelo said that they were worthy of the "Portals of Paradise." It would occupy too much space to give the list of the subjects portrayed.

The Church of the Holy Cross is sometimes referred to as the Westminister Abbey of Florence, on account of the many tombs of eminent men contained therein. I was shown the tombs of Galileo, Michael Angelo and others, and a monument to Dante. There are twenty-five altars in the church.

The Chapel of Medici is one of the finest chapels in the world. It was built to contain the Sepulchre of Our Lord, which it was hoped could be taken from Jerusalem. It cost $4,000,000. It is now the Mortuary Chapel of the Medici.

The Emir Faccardino, Governor of Jerusalem, had agreed to have the Holy Sepulchre transplanted to Florence. He could not keep his promise. The chapel is certainly very rich and very beautiful. A chapter might be written on its architectural beauty and its rich and historical monuments.

Quaint old Ponte Vecchio, an old bridge of 1362, and covered with shops, crosses the River Arno.



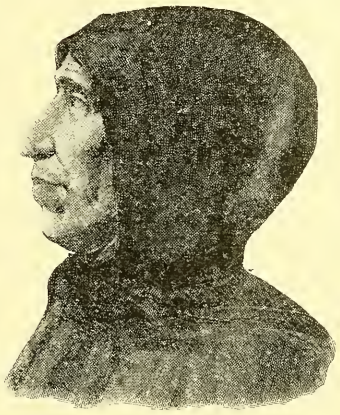
THE UFFIZI GALLERY.

I drove to the old but beautiful Church of St. Miniato. This church is surrounded by a large cemetery. It is itself a veritable cemetery within, with perpendicular tombstones. Existing for nearly nine hundred years it shows the marks of cannon shot on its venerable walls. There are five transparent marble windows behind the altar of this old church. A magnificent view of Florence and the surrounding country is presented from the fine site and elevated situation of this church.

In the Church of the Holy Cross a guide imposed himself on me. I told him that I could get along without him. He persisted. In view of some information I got I made him an offering as I was about to get into the carriage. I increased the offering to avoid a scene. He made the welkin ring for more, and showed his license as a guide, and intimated that he would call a policeman. Quite a number of people were attracted to the spot by the noise he made. Thinking that I was again going to increase the offering he held out his open hand, upon the palm of which rested the change I had bestowed upon him. I reached out and took the money which I had already given him. I put it in my pocket and said: "I did not hire you. You were with me ten minutes. I gave you more than you earned, even if I had engaged you. Now let me look at your license, that I may get your name and number. I will see if such imposters are permitted to prey on strangers visiting these churches." He would not let me see his license. When I persisted he ran away, grumbling. I got into the carriage and was driven off, "a richer and wiser man."

After my encounter with the "guide," I drove to the Church and Monastery of St. Mark. I had been there before, but the place had a special attraction on account of its historical associations, and as the former home of Father Jerome Savonarola. He was, to my mind, a most remarkable

man. His cell in St. Mark's contains some of his manuscripts, his portrait and also his bust. I found more visitors and sketchers in his cell than in any part of the building. Non-Catholics look upon Savonarola as a precursor of Luther, and as a martyr to the principles of Protestantism.



SAVONAROLA.

Time settles all things. The character of Savonarola is not so black as it has been painted by his enemies. While he erred, his errors were of the head rather than of the heart. What student of history but has been interested in his life? Following his career, looking into the purity and self-denial of his private life, I could not but sympathize with him in his suffering and his ignoble death.

Possibly my readers will be interested in a short sketch of this remarkable character from the scenes of his labors, and the city in which his execution took place four hundred years ago:

As a child, Savonarola was neither pretty nor playful, but serious and subdued. As a youth, impressed with the truths of religion, his constant prayer was: "Lord, make known to me the path my soul should tread." In 1474 such an impression was made upon him by a sermon that he resolved to become a monk. He was then twenty-two years of age. Wishing to avoid the pangs of separation, he left home secretly. The next day he wrote to his parents, asking their blessing, and declared that the gross corruption of the world had driven him into the monastery.

It appears that Savonarola was of middle height, of dark complexion, of a sanguine, bilious temperament, and of a high-strung nervous system. His eyes were dark grey, but very bright, his nose aquiline, his lips thick, his mouth large. His rather harsh features were lit up by a melancholy smile.

In the Dominican Monastery he led a life of silent meditation, and he became absorbed in spiritual contemplation and deep study. His superiors were frequently obliged to curb his zeal and to restrain his mortifications. Having been sent to preach near his former home, Savonarola declared that the result verified the Scripture that no prophet hath honor in his own country.

In 1481 Savonarola was sent to St. Mark's, in Florence. He rejoiced in the learning and piety of the monks. One of them was the celebrated painter, Fra Angelico. The tourist walking through the deserted cells admires the exquisite mural paintings still on the walls of each room.

Lorenzo the Magnificent was then at the height of his power, and in the midst of his immoralities in Florence. He dominated the city and influenced the people by speech and song and example to sinful living.

I visited the large Church of St. Lorenzo. It is plain without and beautiful within. Savonarola's first mission in Florence was to preach the Lenten sermons in this church. The precepts of Aristotle and Plato, rather than those of the Gospel, engaged the attention of the people. They wanted flowers, not food. A large audience greeted the preacher. But by the last of the Lenten instructions it had dwindled to twenty-five, and most of these were women and children. Savonarola had about resolved never again to preach, but to remain in the monastery as the instructor of the novices.

I remembered as I walked in the deserted garden, surrounded by St. Mark's, that it was there under a rose tree that Savonarola began his semi-public sermons. Monks, novices and visitors composed his audience, and the Apocalypse was his theme.

On Sunday, August 1, 1489, Savonarola felt himself impelled



IN THE CONVENT OF ST MARK.

to preach in the pulpit of St. Mark's. His sermons were based on three propositions: 1, the Church will be scourged; 2, it will be speedily regenerated; 3, all this will come to pass quickly.

Crowds flocked to the church. Florence was stirred. The sermons were transferred to the Cathedral that more might have an opportunity of hearing. The preacher scourged society and terrified the people. Lorenzo, the ruler and dictator, paused in astonishment and fear. One day the Friars of St. Mark's ran to the cell of Savonarola and cried: "Lorenzo the Magnificent is in the garden." Savonarola answered: "If he does not ask for me let him go or stay at his pleasure." Lorenzo expected that Savonarola would come to pay court to him. Afterwards he sent rich presents.

The next Sunday Savonarola said in the pulpit: "A faithful dog does not leave off barking in his master's defense because a bone is thrown to him."

Lorenzo, on his deathbed, sent for Savonarola, whom, while he feared, he respected. Savonarola was surprised at the call, but he went and declared that amendment of life and restitution were the essential conditions of the sacraments.

After Lorenzo's death, Savonarola became the virtual founder of the Florentine Republic. He was the author of the Decima, the single tax, a 10 per cent tax on real property alone, or on all income from real property.

The Jews of Florence lent money at thirty-two and a half per cent compound interest. At this rate, one hundred florins in fifty years would amount to forty-nine millions, seven hundred and ninety-two thousand, five hundred and fifty-six florins. Savonarala instituted a Monte de Pieta, which loaned at 5 per cent.

Political and interested enemies arose. It would appear that Savonarola had an intimation of the future. In a sermon he exclaimed: "A youth left his home and went forth in a bark to fish, and, while fishing, the master of the bark steered far to sea, and out of sight of the port; whereupon the youth burst into loud lamentations. O Florence! the lamenting youth standeth here in the pulpit. * * * Storms and temptests are gathering before mine eyes. * * * O Lord, Lord, where hast Thou led me? * * * From all sides I behold war and discord coming upon me. * * * Grant me then this martyrdom and quickly let me

die for Thee, as Thou hast died for me. Behold the sharpened blade already appears before mine eyes."

The sermon which contained the above must have been preached some years before the tragedy on the public piazza.

The political party named the Arrabiati contrived to obtain, about the end of 1494, a mandate for Savonarola's removal to Lucca. He prepared to depart. In a sermon, he said: "There be many in this city who would fain make an end of me, but know that my hour hath not yet come. I depart because it behooveth me to obey orders."

The authorities of the city, the "Ten," got the decree of removal revoked that Savonarola might preach the Lenten sermons in Florence. Savonarola, who had no human respect, was displeased that political influence could either obtain his removal or retention.

Alexander VI., on July 25, 1495, ordered Savonarola to Rome. On the ground of ill health, which had for a time prevented him from preaching, he obtained a revocation of the mandate. On the 8th of September, another order came forbidding him to preach, on the ground that he was a disseminator of false doctrines, a pretended prophet. September 2 he wrote to the Pope: "As to my doctrines, I have always been submissive to the Church; as to prophecy, I have never absolutely declared myself a prophet, although this would be no heresy, but I have undoubtedly foretold various things of which some have already been fulfilled. * * * I am ready, if I should be in error, not only to correct myself, but to avow it publicly, and make amends before the whole people. I submit myself and all my writings to the correction of the Holy Roman Church."

The "Ten of War" obtained permission for Savonarola to preach the Lenten sermons in 1496.

Some who claim that Savonarola was a Protestant should read his sermons even after 1496. "I am prepared to yield obedience to the Roman Church, and declare that whosoever obeyeth Her not shall be damned. * * * I declare and confess that the Catholic Church will surely endure to the Day of Judgment."

He exercised wonderful influence over the people. Twice the "Pyramid of Vanities" was burned on the piazza. The pyramid was two hundred and forty feet in circumference at the base and sixty feet high. It was built of immoral books, pictures, etc. etc.

But Savonarola did disobey the Pope. He claimed the Pope had given command, influenced by erroneous information. He preached and celebrated Mass. He was then excommunicated. Meantime his political enemies obtained office and power. They battered down the doors of St. Mark's. Murder was committed. A fair-haired young German, Fra Eprico, an adherent of Savonarola, laid about him, exclaiming at each blow: "Salvum fac populum tuum Domine" (Save thy people, O Lord). Savonarola, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro were arrested by order of the Signory. The trial was an outrage. Torture most diabolical was used. The sentence of death was passed. The three monks prepared quietly for death. Father Savonarola received permission to celebrate Mass, according to Villari, and gave Communion to Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro.

At the request of his gaoler, Savonarola wrote some words on virtuous living. The following extract will show that he was no precursor of Luther: "Therefore, perseverance in virtuous living, in good works, in confession, in Communion, in all that draweth us nearer to grace, is the true and certain way to procure its increase."

On the 23d of May, 1498, Savonarola and his two companions were publicly hanged, and then their bodies were burned on the piazza in Florence.

As I stood on that spot the historial account of that terrible scene came to my mind.

In 1868 a monument was erected at Worms to Martin Luther. Savonarola was placed upon it, notwithstanding the protest of a French Dominican, Father Ronard, who wrote a pamphlet defending the orthodoxy of Father Savonarola.

The streets of Florence are full of life, the shops are numerous, and attractive monuments of men of renown and spots of absorbing historical interest attract and hold the tourist in the beautiful city that nestles in the Valley of the Arno. Florence has many drives made attractive by nature and art. The city is filled with palaces, churches, museums, libraries, gardens and parks.

On the morning of my departure from Florence, I was rather perturbed by the non-arrival of my luggage from Rome. It finally came to Gaze's office about ten minutes before the leaving time of the train. Not having any check system they had enclosed all in a box. To unpack that and to get to the station in time required something of an American "hustle." I took what I needed in a small bag and had the rest shipped to London.

I met Father O'Doherty at the station. We also met a Father Conway of the Archdiocese of Baltimore. He was making a European tour. He had been in Rome and was then bound for Venice. As Father O'Doherty and I were anxious to visit Padua and its celebrated Shrine of St. Anthony, we soon had to separate from Father Conway.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WONDER-WORKER OF PADUA—SOME TRADITIONS OF THE GREAT SAINT IN THE CITY OF HIS PREDILECTION—ST. ANTHONY'S SHRINE—HIS MIRACULOUS POWER—TAX ON SALT WATER.

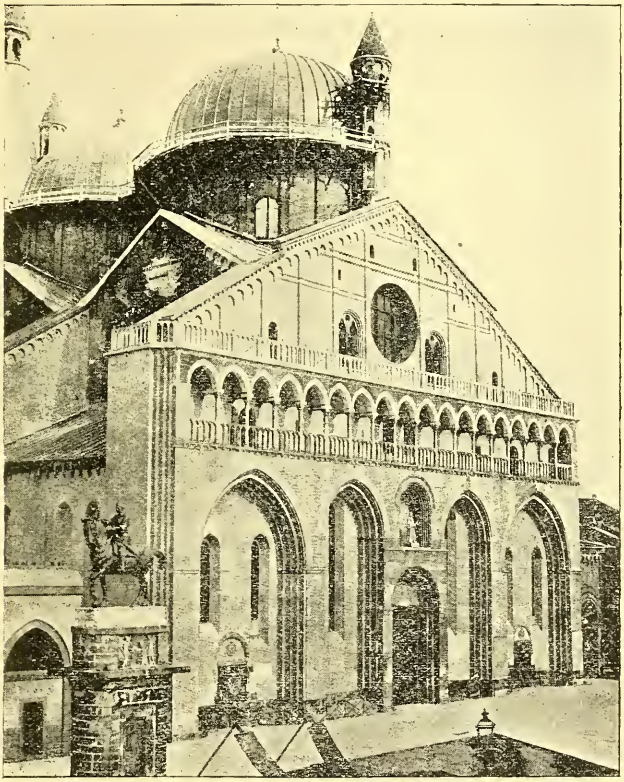
We arrived in the celebrated University City, Padua, quite late at night. It was not until the next day that we got a good view of the well-known city. It has a population of about eighty thousand. We could hardly realize that at one time twenty thousand students thronged its halls of learning. Galileo occupied a professor's chair in the university. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Harvey, Chaucer and Goldsmith were numbered among its students.

The streets were deserted when, early in the morning, we made our way to the Shrine of St. Anthony. I was surprised at the size and magnificence of the church which encloses the Tomb of the Saint. It is three hundred feet long, about one hundred and forty feet wide, and more than one hundred feet in height, and is crowded with paintings, bronzes and monuments. There are many side chapels. The shrine is very rich, and the altar most magnificent, and is elevated about eight feet from the floor. After waiting some time we got the privilege of celebrating Mass at the shrine. A large number of people were at Mass, and many of them received Holy Communion. A number of Masses were being celebrated, among them the Oriental Rite had a place at one of the altars.

Padua is old and quaint, and for itself and its history, and more than all, for its famous shrine, is well worth a visit, even by the hurrying tourist. There are a great many

other large and well-known Catholic Churches in that ancient city.

The devotion to St. Anthony is widespread, and, I am



CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY.

pleased to note, is still growing. The clients of the "Wonder-Worker" will be pleased to learn something more of the Saint, and of the place that he selected for the scene of his principal labors, and which was consecrated by his sanctified

death. I am glad to be able to write of quaint old Padua, celebrated of yore for its university, and celebrated now for its shrine.

"Where are you from?" asked Leo XIII. of Don Locatelli.

"From Padua, your Holiness."

"And do you love your Saint?"

"Love him, Holy Father? Indeed, yes! I was born and bred in sight of his tomb, and I bear his name."

"Not only must you love him, but you must make him loved; for, mark me well, St. Anthony is the Saint, not of Padua only, but of the whole world."

When St. Francis of Assisi was about fourteen years of age, Anthony was born. Portugal was the birthplace of this, "the eldest son of St. Francis." On the 15th of August, 1195, Anthony was born at Lisbon. At his baptism he received the name of Fernando. His mother taught him devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the first hymn the young boy sang, and his favorite afterwards, was: "O Glorisa Domina." Devotion to Mary became the keynote of his life. The serving of a priest at Mass was the happiest privilege that could be conferred upon him.

Having a divine vocation, Fernando joined the Augustinians near Lisbon. He had always before him the saying of St. Jerome: "It will benefit naught to live in a holy place unless one lives there holily."

Talented and studious, he became well versed in history, the Sacred Scriptures, religious controversy and theology. Having been ordained priest, he was appointed guest-master in 1219. It was then that he first met the members of the new order established by St. Francis of Assisi. By permission, he exchanged the white robe of the Augustinians for the habit of the Franciscans, and took the name of Anthony. When leaving the Abbey, one of the Fathers said to him: "Go thy way; thou wilt surely become a Saint."

He gently replied: "My Brother, when they tell thee that I am a Saint, bless thou the Lord."

He had no hesitation to declare that he, with God's help, intended to become a Saint. All of us are called to "go up higher," but we fail to realize the call, or to manifest it in action.

The ability and the talent and the learning of Anthony were not known. "The occasion makes the man." The expected preacher not being present at an ordination of priests, Anthony was called upon, and directed to deliver the sermon, of which he had no previous intimation. He obeyed, and amazed all by his learning and his eloquence. In his discourse, he carried his audience to the heights of mystic theology. The Bishop, the Dominicans, the Franciscans and all present were filled with wonder, and could not refrain from tears of emotion. They recognized in him an orator of the first rank, a master-mind and an apostle.

Anthony was at once placed on missionary work. He was of medium height, dark complexion, of a well-knit frame, and had an expression of angelic sweetness. To full knowledge and natural eloquence were added divine inspiration and the gift of miracles. He confounded the heretics and brought back thousands to the sincere practice of religion. While preaching at Vercelli in Italy the body of a young man who had been cut off in the prime of life was brought to him amid wailings and lamentations. Anthony paused and prayed, and then with hand extended said in a tone of authority: "In the name of Christ, young man, arise." Imagine the consternation of the people in witnessing a miracle similar to that over the widow's son at Naim. No wonder that no church could contain the crowds that flocked to hear him. To accommodate the multitude, he was obliged to speak in the open air.

Pen and brush and monument in Padua make many of the

miracles of St. Anthony familiar to the people. Let me hastily and briefly relate some of them:

A man of rather dissipated habits became enraged at St. Anthony for the marks of respect the monk persisted in showing him in the streets of Puy. "What is the meaning of all this nonsense?" he asked, in anger. St. Anthony replied: "I envy you the happiness in store for you. I longed to be a Martyr. The Lord did not grant my desire. This grace is reserved for you. When the blessed hour comes be mindful of me." The man laughed. But he remembered the prediction a few years after, when, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he proclaimed Mahomet an impostor. The Turks were incensed at his declaration, and he suffered martyrdom at their hands. The prophecy of St. Anthony was fulfilled in the Martyr's death.

At Bourges St. Anthony disputed with a Jew named Guillard. The Jew wanted a visible miracle before he would believe in the Real Presence.

The Jew said: "I will lock up my mule and keep it without food for three days. Then I will bring it to the public square. You declare that the Consecrated Host is the True and Real Body of the Man-God. Bring the Host and I will on the third day bring a feed of oats. If the mule will refuse the oats to prostrate itself before the Remonstrance, I will become a Catholic."

St. Anthony accepted the challenge of the Jew for the love of souls. In the interval he gave himself up to fasting and prayer. An immense crowd had assembled as St. Anthony appeared on the appointed day, carrying the Sacred Host. The Catholics in the procession chanted hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. St. Anthony, after imposing silence on the multitude, turned to the mule and said: "In the name of thy Creator Whom I, though unworthy, hold in my hands, I enjoin and command thee, O being de-



ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

prived of reason, to come here instantly and prostrate thyself before thy God, so that by this sign, unbelievers may know that all creation is subject to the Lamb Who is immolated on our altars."

Then the owner offered the oats. The mule, without

taking the slightest notice of the food, went immediately and bent its knees before the Sacred Host and remained in an attitude of adoration. The Jew and many others were converted by this miracle. A monument commemorates the miracle.

A poor sinner overcome by grief could not find voice to confess his sins. "Go and write down your sins," said the Saint, "and bring me the parchment." He returned with a long list all stained with tears. As he read out his sins they disappeared, one by one, from the page, until nothing was left but the spotless paper.

"My son is dead; have pity on a mother's tears," was the plaintive appeal made to St. Anthony. "Go back, my daughter," said the Saint; "God has granted your prayers." On her return home she found the boy alive and well.

St. Anthony scattered miracles as the sower scatters seed in the field.

The most popular representation of St. Anthony is Murillo's famous painting: "The Vision of St. Anthony." The original is in the Cathedral of Seville. We will briefly relate the event upon which the painting is founded.

One evening St. Anthony sought the hospitality of the Lord of Chateauneuf. He prolonged his prayerful virgil far into the night. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by a supernatural brightness. Jesus, under the form of a little child of marvellous beauty and grace, appeared to St. Anthony. The bliss of that hour as he pressed his heart against that of his Lord and felt its throbbing! The caresses would have excited the jealousy of the angels were they capable of envy. The master of the house, attracted by the wonderful light, looked in and saw the vision. He had to promise not to reveal it during St. Anthony's life. From the time of that vision St. Anthony sought to show more and more that the Sacred Heart of Jesus "is the source of the supernat-

ural life, the golden altar whereon burns day and night incense that rises in clouds of perfume towards heaven and embalms the earth."

St. Anthony journeyed to Rome. While preaching there on Easter Sunday, people of various tongues understood his sermon. Here we have the renewal of the miracle of the first Pentecost at Jerusalem.

I saw a representation of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes in the Adriatic. When the people had refused to listen, St. Anthony, inspired by Almighty God, preached to the fishes of the sea. He cried in a loud voice: "Ye fishes of the rivers, ye fishes of the sea, listen unto me. It is to you that I have come to announce the Word of God, since men have turned away from Him and refuse to listen." The people soon crowded to the shore and were converted by the miracle.

St. Anthony began his mission in Padua in 1228. At the request of the Bishop, he preached the Lenten course. Many miracles marked his presence. The law courts were closed, business was suspended and labor interrupted to listen to St. Anthony. His audience often numbered thirty thousand. The confessionals were besieged and vice disappeared.

Father John Parenti, the General, and a native of Florence, sent St. Anthony to that city to reconcile rival factions. He preached during Advent and Lent. In the funeral sermon over one of the wealthy and notable men, St. Anthony took for his text: "Where thy treasure is, there thy heart is also." In the midst of the sermon he suddenly stopped, and after a pause, said, slowly and solemnly: "This rich man is dead, and his soul is buried in hell. Go open his coffers and you will find his heart." It is related that his heart was found among the many gold pieces that he had accumulated by unjust exactions.

By choice and by permission St. Anthony chose Padua

for the scene of his labors. He proved its deliverer. St. Leo confronted Attila, "the Scourge of God," when he was marching on to Rome. St. Anthony went forth to meet the armed tyrant Ezzelino, and boldly addressed him: "How long, oh, cruel tyrant, will you continue to shed innocent blood? The sword of the Lord is suspended over your head, and terrible will be His judgment upon you."

The attendants of Ezzelino, son-in-law of Fredrick II., were astounded at the language of the Friar and at the meek submission of their general. "It seemed to me," he afterwards said, "that the eyes of the monk darted forth flashes of lightning, and that I was on the point of being hurled headlong into the abyss of hell."

St. Anthony is called "The Restorer of Lost Things." Many appeal to him for such favors, and often wonderful restorations are recounted. St. Anthony himself lost his written work, "Commentary on the Psalms." He treasured this highly. He was in deep trouble when he found that it had been stolen. He had immediate recourse to prayer. The thief was suddenly stopped in his flight by a monster on the banks of a river. He was commanded on pain of death to restore the manuscripts immediately. He hastened back and St. Anthony got his treasure. This was the origin of the special prerogative of St. Anthony.

St. Anthony died at Padua on the 13th of June, 1231. He was then only in his thirty-seventh year. Crowds of children inspired, ran about the streets crying: "The saint is dead! St. Anthony is dead!" He appeared at the same moment to his friend, the Abbot of Vercelli, and said, with a smile: "I have left my baggage at Padua. I am on my way home."

In less than a year St. Anthony was canonized. I do not know of any other Saint, of an age so late, who was so quickly crowned with the honor of canonization. His mother

and his sisters were still living. When his mother died, there was inscribed on her tomb an epitaph that constitutes the highest panegyric: "Hic jacet mater Sancti Anthonii" ("Here lies the mother of St. Anthony").

Everyone must have heard of St. Anthony's Bread. It had its origin in Toulon. A good woman there prayed for a special favor to St. Anthony, promising at the same time some bread to St. Anthony for his poor. The favor was miraculously granted. We sometimes see in churches boxes marked "St. Anthony's Bread." The offerings placed on these boxes by those who seek favors from the Saint, are used to purchase bread for the poor. There is now no more popular devotion than that of the nine Tuesdays and the thirteen Tuesdays in honor of St. Anthony.

There is very much to be written of St. Anthony from the place of his last labors, of his death and of his shrine. I will briefly jot down a few facts that may be of interest:

The Basilica of St. Anthony is one of the ecclesiastical gems of Italy. It is a mixture of Gothic and Byzantine architecture. It produces a wonderful effect with its dome, cupolas and elegant campaniles. It is filled with treasures of art. The Senate and citizens of Padua, realizing that the body of St. Anthony was the greatest treasure they possessed, began almost immediately after the Saint's death to erect a church and monastery in his honor.

The Chapel of St. Anthony is separated from the main church by a row of slender pillars. There are five lofty rounded arches enriched with medallions of the four Evangelists and marble statues of St. Anthony, St. Justina, St. John the Baptist, etc. In the center of the richly decorated chapel stands the altar of green marble, enclosing the silver sarcophagus of the Saint, approached by seven steps with a finely executed marble balustrade. The noble vaulted roof is in white and gold, and the walls are enriched with scenes

from the life of the Saint, many of which I have related in this chapter. There are also in the the chapel marble statues of angels and massive silver candelabra weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds. I cannot stop to describe the treasure-house of the Saint. It contains a dazzling array of precious metals, gems and priceless art treasures. There are reliquaries, brilliant with diamonds, golden vessels, jeweled chalices, thuribles and other votive offerings of fabulous beauty and price. At night the place is guarded by two huge mastiffs called the "Dogs of St. Anthony."

We were loth to leave the blessed Shrine of the Wonder-Worker, but time pressed and we had to hasten on.

Sometimes people who read or hear of wonderful incidents in the lives of the Saints ask: "Must we believe these things?" We are not bound to believe them under pain of sin. We are only bound to believe articles of faith, the doctrinal teachings of the Church. Yet it is not well to be a doubting Thomas. I see nothing unreasonable in God granting special favors through the intercession of His favorite and sanctified children, for the spread of religion and for the conversion, edification and good of immortal souls.

Simplicity of mind is advantageous to spiritual progress and pleasing to Him Who said: "Unless you become as little children you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

While we are not bound to believe all the miraculous events mentioned in the lives of the Saints we certainly are not forbidden, if so inclined, to give them credit.

In our compartment, on the way from Padua to Venice, we had the company of three professors from the University of Padua. During the journey Father O'Doherty and I gave expression to our opinions concerning the tyranny and taxation of the Italian Government. The professors warned us to be careful, as "the walls have ears." They intimated that the authorities would not hesitate to arrest and

imprison persons giving such emphatic condemnation of "the powers that be." We told them that we were not accustomed to hold our tongues in the presence of such rank injustice. We evidently gave expression to the sentiments of the professors. "Free and United Italy" terrorizes its people, and taxes them to impoverishment. To take a bucket of water from the sea is a penal offence. Why? Because the peasant might extract the salt and thus lessen the profits of the salt monopoly. Did time permit, I might enter into some more details concerning the scope of taxation.

To the many beggars Father O'Doherty used to say: "Go to Humbert; go to the King for assistance. You helped to despoil the Holy Father. I don't pity you. You did not have to beg when the Pope ruled Rome."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VENICE AND MILAN — THE FAMOUS CITY OF ISLANDS AND CANALS — ST. MARK'S — PALACE OF THE DOGES — THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN — THE SHRINE OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO — THE LAKES.

We arrived in Venice about 8 a. m. All travelers want to visit the city built upon the water, whose carriages are the picturesque gondolas, and whose streets are the one hundred and fifty canals which wind in and out among the dwellings and the business places of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants.



THE GRAND CANAL.

We hired a gondola for the entire day, and began our sightseeing early in the morning. The city is seven miles around. The Grand Canal, shaped like the letter S, two miles long and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet wide, divides the city. Many canals, some small and some large, run into and from the Grand Canal, and wind in and out. The gondolier utters a warning cry as he ap



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AND PIAZZA.

proaches the intersections or windings. Peculiar humped stone bridges to the number of nearly four hundred span these canals.

St. Mark's Cathedral and the Piazza about it is the picturesque center of Venetian life. This is especially noticeable at night, when the bands play and the squares and the cafes are crowded by thousands. It is a beautiful sight to see the hundreds of gondolas decorated with Chinese lanterns flitting

hither and thither with their singing, mandolin-playing occupants. Our hotel was serenaded by a large number of singers, who anchored before the main entrance in a spacious and finely decorated and illuminated gondola.

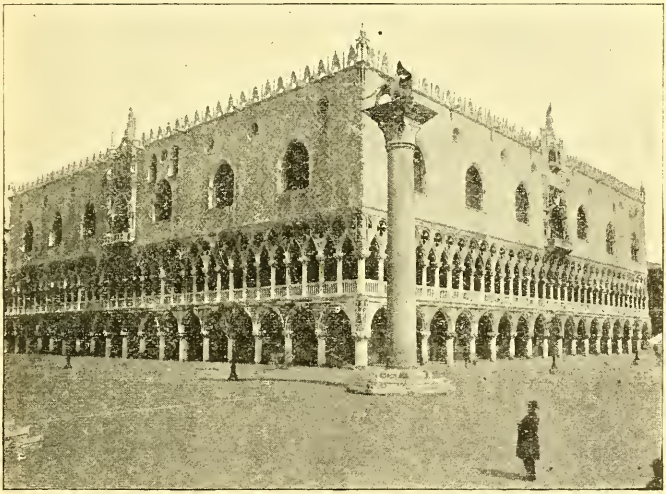
I had read of the pigeons of Venice, hence I was on the watch at 2 p. m. to see the feeding of the doves—a custom in vogue in Venice for over seven hundred years. Shortly before 2 o'clock the pigeons began winging their flight to the Piazza of St. Mark. Soon they occupied the marble pavement by thousands. When the two bronze Vulcans struck the hour of 2 on the huge bell, the pigeons at once flew to the feeding place at the farther end of the piazza. The pigeons are very tame. The tourist may get his photograph taken with them perched on his arms and shoulders and feeding at his feet.

The Cathedral of St. Mark is a richly decorated and magnificent temple. It was built over nine hundred years ago. It is in the form of a Greek Cross. It has five domes and hundreds of marble columns. Over the portal are four horses of gilded copper. They were originally brought from Constantinople. The artistic workmanship is very fine. It would require a volume to describe the Cathedral and its treasures of mosaics, its altars, its "Golden Cavern," its jewels, its baptistry, its statuary, its vestry, and its chapels. One of the best word pictures of the Cathedral is to be found in Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."

Almost in front of the Cathedral is the large Gothic campanile, or bell-tower. It is three hundred and twenty-two feet high. I climbed up for the magnificent view. I was surprised not to be able to see any canals except the Grand Canal. The buildings hide all the others.

I was much interested in my visit to the Doges' Palace. It is about two hundred and fifty by two hundred and thirty feet and four stories high. It was built in the year 800.

The red and white marbles and Oriental designs and Gothic arches combine very richly. We ascended the Giant's Staircase, where the Doges were crowned between the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune. Then we ascended the Golden Staircase and entered the Hall of Great Council, one hundred and sixty-five by eighty-four feet. We visited many other halls crowded with fine paintings and magnificent frescoes.



PALACE OF THE DOGES.

We visited a number of churches. The Gothic Church of Santi Giovannia Paolo is the Venetian Westminster. It is filled with monuments of Doges, statesmen and warriors and valuable old pictures and statues. The floor is lower than the pavement outside. This was the cause of a bad fall to Father O'Doherty. It might have proved serious, but fortunately it did not.

We went to the famous, or infamous, prison, and were

shown the dark cells in which the prisoners were confined; saw the place of execution, and passed over the "Bridge of Sighs," made famous by the poet Byron.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs:
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the waves her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a sunlit land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sat in State throned on her hundred isles."

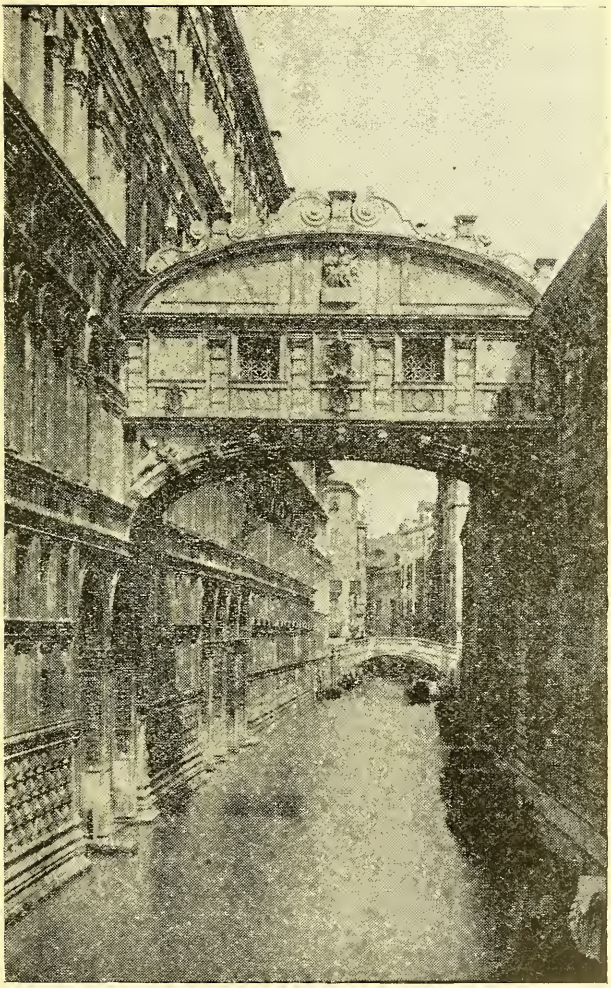
Venice is built on one hundred and seventeen islands. The buildings cover these. There are some narrow passage-ways between the buildings, but I saw no horses or vehicles in Venice. The gondolas serve all the purposes for which these are used in other cities.

At every landing there is someone with a boat-hook to hold the gondola and help you ashore. These people expect at least a penny for services that appear altogether unnecessary.

Famous palaces line the Grand Canal, but they are not very imposing structures. Many homes on Euclid avenue architecturally surpass them. We glided under the famous Rialto, a bridge of one marble arch, and covered with shops. It runs from the fruit market to the fish market.

After supper Father O'Doherty said: "Let us take a walk." I replied: "We would have to take a boat or a swim." There are not many places for walks in Venice. The only place I saw for an outdoor assemblage is the square or piazza in front of the Cathedral.

We left Venice about 11 p. m. We boarded the gondola at the Piazza of St. Mark. We had a very novel, pleasing ride for about two miles to the railway station. Sometimes it appeared to us that collisions were inevitable, but the skill,



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

the signals and the mutual understanding between the gondoliers brought us safely to the landing in front of the station.

After an all-night ride, without Pullman car or sleeper, we reached Milan, where there had been recent Italian riots. Some two hundred had been killed. The city was under martial law. It was stated that the uprising was premature. Had it been better timed, it was said that many other cities would have joined in the uprising. As the people were ripe for revolt, the government would have been seriously embarrassed in putting down the revolution.

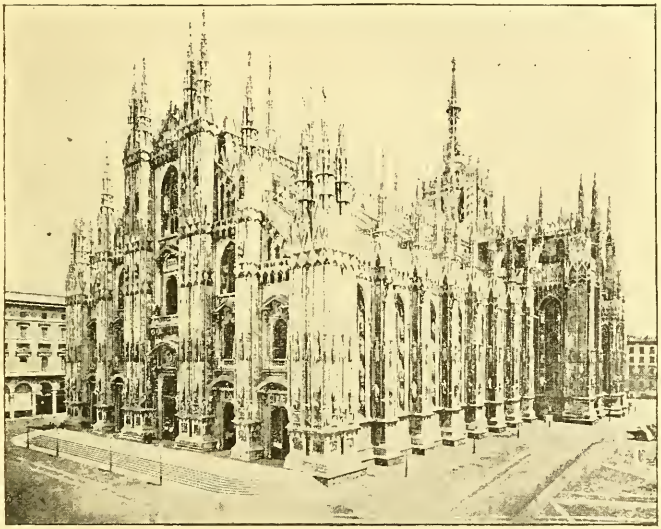
When I was about to leave Rome, knowing that a proclamation had been issued against anyone carrying fire arms, I asked Mr. Croke what would be the penalty in case I was discovered carrying the revolver that appeared so necessary in Constantinople. He consulted a lawyer, and informed me that thirty days imprisonment without bail was the lightest penalty.

Not having any time to spare, and not wishing to see the inside of an Italian prison, I gave my revolver to Mr. Croke. I did not feel its loss, as I never before had carried one. However, it gave me a certain feeling of security while alone in Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine and Turkey. Its appearance in the hands of an American in those lands gives warning of "danger ahead," and creates a feeling of respect for "the man behind the gun."

Milan has about five hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in the center of the rich Lombard Plain.

We were especially interested in the magnificent Gothic Cathedral, and hastened to pay it a visit. The building is second in size to St. Peter's. It required over one hundred years to construct it. It is cruciform, with several aisles and transept aisles separated by fifty-two pillars, each of which is twelve feet in diameter, with niches filled by statues. The

interior is five hundred by two hundred and fifty feet at the transepts, and the height is one hundred and fifty-five feet. The statues number at least six thousand. Most of them are on the exterior of the Cathedral. The floor is of marble mosaic, and the stained glass windows are superb. In the church are many tombs of celebrated men.



THE CATHEDRAL.

We ascended to the wonderful marble roof. There we found ninety-eight Gothic turrets, hundreds of marble pinnacles, and perhaps two thousand life-sized marble statues, besides innumerable smaller ones. We were surprised to find a little party picnicking on the marble roof. Up and up we ascended, until we had climbed four hundred and ninety-four steps. We went higher still, until we were near the base of the cross. I will not soon forget the sensation that came

over me as I stood on the narrow platform on that dizzy height. Men on the pavements were as pigmies. The Apennines and Alps were visible away beyond the Lombard Plain. I shudder even now as I think of that dizzy height, the narrow platform and the great earth beckoning the man on the pinnacle to jump off and sail away in the howling wind.

When I got down a man asked: "How did you like it up there?"

"Very well, now, since I am on terra firma again," I said.

We went to visit the Shrine of St. Charles Borromeo. It is gorgeous. The priest in attendance opened and illuminated the shrine for us. Here lies the body of Milan's saintly Bishop robed in rich pontificals, with jeweled crozier, mitre and episcopal ring, the offerings of devout and wealthy Catholics. I asked the cost of the shrine, and was told, and could easily believe, that it amounted to nearly $1,000,000.

We made arrangements and got permission to celebrate Mass there the next morning. Father O'Doherty, who was suffering from a bad cold, celebrated Mass at 5:30. I enjoyed the same privilege at 6 o'clock.

We visited the celebrated Church of St. Ambrose, founded in the Fourth Century. There St. Augustine embraced Christianity, and there it was that St. Ambrose confronted the Emperor Theodosius, and forbade him to enter the church until he had done penance.

In the refectory of the Abbey Church of St. Mary of Grace we saw the grand fresco of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Last Supper." It is quite well preserved. A number of artists were engaged in copying it. I was much pleased with a copy about four by ten feet in size. I asked the price. It was $1,200. That settled my contemplated purchase. There, as elsewhere, a fee must be paid the government to enter the monastery.

The government everywhere in Italy has confiscated the Church property, and gets what income it can from visitors. Its presence everywhere, with its hat in its hand, would remind you of the hand organ combination. No wonder its people are emigrating to other lands.

After having visited the principal places of interest, Father O'Doherty and I left Milan at 7 a. m. We were together as far as Como. I had heard and read of the beauty of the Lakes of Northern Italy, so I resolved to make a trip through them. Father O'Doherty wished to hasten on to Paris and thence home to Ireland. So we parted at Como, with the promise to meet at Derry, in the Emerald Isle.

Como is a city of about twenty thousand. I made direct connections with the steamer at Como. Unfortunately, it began to rain, but I got a good position in the pilot house, and had a fine view of the lake and its many islands. The lake is thirty-two miles long and from two to three miles wide. It is one of the loveliest lakes in the world. Its natural charms of mountains and forests are heightened by the vineyards, hamlets and villas, and charming summer resorts along its shores. The lake is eighteen hundred feet deep. The steamer took a zigzag course through the lake to the different towns on the shores, until we reached Menaggio. I got off there, and took the railway over the mountains to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano. We rode behind a climbing engine. We twisted in and out among the mountains and over the precipices until we were dizzy. The view at times was beautiful, and then grand in the extreme.

At Porlezza we took the steamer for Lugano. This lake is fourteen miles long and three miles wide. It consists of deep, sinuous gulfs among the mountains, with Swiss territory on one side and Italian on the other. The steamer sped along amid very lovely scenery. I was told that the climate is of perpetual Spring.

Lugano is beautifully situated. It has several fine hotels, well patronized by the numerous tourists. There were quite a number of these wanderers on the steamer. The absence of Americans was frequently commented upon, but the war was considered a sufficient reason for them to stay at home. The hotel people who sympathized with Spain, and most of them did, bewailed the lack of the money of the open-handed Americans.

"The world is wide," but sometimes events transpire which make it appear small. After I had ascended the incline railway to the station at Lugano, I met Father Conway, of the Baltimore Diocese. It will be remembered that we had met some days previously at the station in Florence, where we parted, not expecting to see each other again in Europe. The meeting at the station in Lugano was a mutual and glad surprise. On comparing programs we found that we could be together through Switzerland. We had dinner, and after an hour's wait we got the express train for Lucerne.

The train was the best appointed I had met since I had left the United States. It had something of the American "go," and something of the American style. The American railroads are far ahead of the European. The express was crowded, but I found a seat. Father Conway was not so fortunate.

When the conductor came Father Conway said to him: "It is strange you would not have a seat for a person with a first class ticket." The conductor looked at him very earnestly and said: "Was sagen sie?" I took up "die sprache" and explained matters. The conductor then got Father Conway a seat. Father Conway looked at me in surprise and asked: "Where in the world did you pick up German? I am glad you know it, anyhow, for they don't understand the plainest English here."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE LAND OF WILLIAM TELL — SOME OF THE WONDERS OF THE SWISS ALPS—THE FAMOUS ALPINE SANCTUARY OF EINSIEDELN AND THE MIRACLES WROUGHT — REMINISCENCES.

We went to Lucerne via the St. Gotthard Railway, the great international highway between the North and South of Europe.

I found a gentleman on the train who was well posted on the history of St. Gotthard Tunnel. I think it well to give a brief summary of his talk on the celebrated pass.

Work was begun on the tunnel in 1872. The average number of workmen employed was twelve hundred. They were all natives of Piedmont, for, strange to say, it was found that they were the only men who could endure the work in the tunnel. The work was carried on from both ends simultaneously. After nearly nine years' work, marked by many fatal accidents, the two parties of workingmen shook hands in the middle of the tunnel in the winter of 1880. The level of the tunnel is nearly three-quarters of a mile above the level of the sea, or, to be exact, it is three thousand eight hundred and forty feet above the sea level. The tunnel cost $10,000,000. The St. Gotthard Railway, one hundred and fifty-two miles long, cost nearly $35,000,000. It has fifty-six tunnels. The traveler is continually passing from daylight to darkness, and from darkness to daylight.

The scenery in many places is truly awe-inspiring. One of these places is the Teufelsbreuck, or Devil's Bridge. This place is memorable as the scene of a battle between the French, Austrians and Russians in 1799.

Near Wassen the railway traverses a beautiful district, and displays the greatest triumph of railway engineering in Switzerland. After circling twice around Wassen by means of spiral tunnels, it crosses the Maienreuss three times by bridges at different heights. Looking down we could see the railway track we had passed over at three different levels.

We passed through Altdorf, the little town which figures prominently in the story of William Tell. There Gessler ruled, and there is the place where it is said that the Alpine hero pierced the apple on the head of his son. A fine monument to Tell has been erected at Altdorf.

As we approached Lucerne about 7 p. m. on Saturday evening, we got a good view of the beautiful Lake of the Four Cantons. This is considered the most lovely lake in Switzerland. The railway also skirts the fine Lake of Zug.

Lucerne is situated in the heart of Switzerland, and in the midst of very grand scenery. It is estimated that two hundred thousand strangers visit the town each year. It is well supplied with good hotels. The population is twenty-five thousand, and it is one of the strongholds of the Catholic Faith in Switzerland. It is a well-built and well-kept city.

Lucerne enjoys a magnificent position, and the surrounding scenery is incomparably charming. The town is divided by the River Reuss. The stream is spanned by four bridges. One is a very handsome stone structure, which must have cost about $100,000. There is a very curious old wooden bridge with a roof.

The Rigi comprises a group of mountains lying between the lakes. The name is usually applied to the north peak. It commands a beautiful panorama of more than two hundred and fifty miles in circumference.

Mount Pilatus, or Pilate, is much higher than the Rigi.

The summit is seven thousand feet above the sea. The people around about look upon Pilatus as a barometer. They all seem to have the following rhyme:

"Wenn Pilatus hat einen Hut,
Wird das Wetter recht gut;
Hat er einen Degen
So kommit sicher gar bald Regen."

("If Pilatus wears his hat, serene will be the day,
If his collar he puts on, then mount the rugged way.
But if his sword he wields, then keep at home, I say.")

"The Degen" or "The Sword" has reference to a strip of cloud encircling the mountain. A railway now runs to the summit of this mountain. The view is exceedingly grand.

Father Conway and I, after supper, took a walk through the streets and along the side of the lake. The promenade was crowded with people who appeared to be happy and full of enjoyment. A large number at one place were rapturously listening to the playing of a fine brass band.

Quite early on Sunday morning, Father Conway and I went to seek a place to celebrate Mass. We had been to the church the night before, but had not met any of the clergy. In the cemetery which surrounds the church we met a priest who conducted us to the seminary close by. We found it in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. They kindly made the necessary preparation, and two of the seminarians served our Masses.

After breakfast I proposed to Father Conway that we should make a visit to the celebrated Shrine at Einsiedeln. That renowned place was not on his program, but he gladly agreed to visit the shrine. We went by means of the Wadensweil Mountain Railway, and arrived at the Chapel of Our Lady of the Hermits "in the Dark Wood" about noon on Sunday.

Einsiedeln is the terminus of the railway. The town's

population numbers about four thousand five hundred. It is a very attractive and finely situated village. Benziger Brothers have a large plant in Einsiedeln.

A brief history of the shrine will no doubt be of interest. "The Sanctuary in the Dark Wood" owes its origin to St. Meinrad. He was of the noble race of Hohenzollern, and was born about 797. He assumed the Benedictine habit at the age of twenty-five. While teaching at Zurich he longed for the forest clad summit of Etzel, which was visible at the opposite side of the lake. Thither by the permission of his superiors Meinrad betook himself in 828 to lead a hermit's life. Soon people began to flock to his little chapel and oratory. After seven years he fled, and withdrew still deeper into the "Dark Wood."

His only possessions were the rule of St. Benedict, a missal, a book of homilies, the works of the Monk Cassian and the Statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been presented to him by the Abbess Hildegarde, a daughter of King Ludwig, which statue, under the title of "Our Lady of the Hermits," is the object of veneration in the celebrated Chapel of Einsiedeln.

After he had lived at Einsiedeln for twenty-five years two plunder-seeking robbers murdered St. Meinrad in his cell January 21, 861. Two tame ravens belonging to the Saint pursued the robbers to Zurich, and were the means of their capture and execution.

Out of the cell of St. Meinrad rose the vast Monastery of Einsiedeln. The body of the Saint was brought back to his cell in 1039. There it is venerated to-day. A large church was built enclosing the Chapel of St. Meinard.

Bishop Conrad of Constantine came in 948 to consecrate the holy chapel and church. On the eve of the consecration, September 14, the Bishop went to the chapel at midnight to pray. He had been there but a short time when suddenly it

was filled with a light brighter than that of the sun, and he heard the chanting of Psalms by a great multitude. In front of the Statue of Our Blessed Lady he beheld Jesus Christ standing, assisted by the four Evangelists, offering up the Holy Sacrifice. Angels wafted incense, the Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and Pope Gregory bore in their hands the Pontifical insigna. St. Stephen and St. Laurence assisted as deacons, while a choir of angels made the church resound with their celestial songs. St. Conrad heard the blessing of the chapel in the following words: "May the blessing of Heaven rest upon you, and may the angels, may God Himself make His dwelling in you."



THE MIRACULOUS CONSECRATION.

Astounded the Bishop continued to pray until the morning. The monks sought him, and told him that the hour for consecration had arrived. He then related what he had seen, and refused to dedicate the chapel because it had received a divine consecration.

No one would believe him. The Abbot Eberhard directed that the ceremony begin at once. When the procession reached the altar a mysterious voice, descending from Heaven,

was heard by the vast concourse: "Cessa, cessa, frater; capella divinitus consecrata est" ("Cease, cease, brother; the chapel has been divinely consecrated").

Sixteen years afterward Pope Leo VIII. officially pronounced an anathema against anyone, who in future, should dare to renew the consecration of the Holy Chapel.

During the past centuries the church, surrounding the chapel, has on several occasions been burned to the ground, but the chapel always remained intact.

I applied to the monastery and one of the fathers kindly conducted us through the buildings. He showed us the apartments of the monks, the large picture gallery, the fine library, etc. The monastery covers a space of ground five hundred and sixteen by four hundred and fifty feet. The church occupies the central portion. The monastery is three stories high.

Much might be written of the library and of the paintings. Many of these were presented by the Emperors of Prussia, France and Austria, and other monarchs.

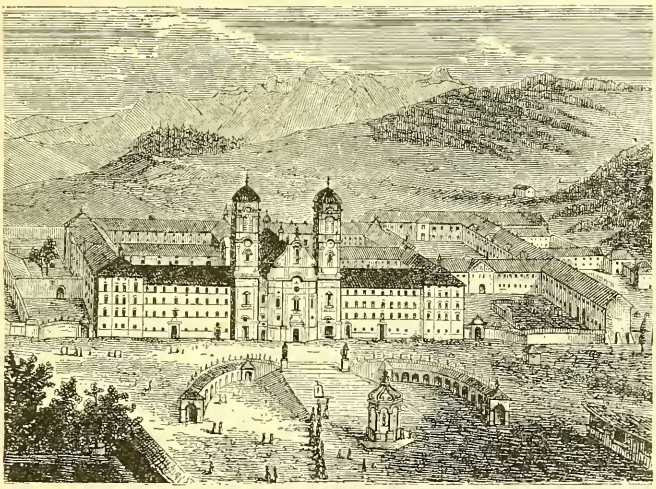
Within the church, and about thirty feet from the front door, is the celebrated chapel, a small black marble building. Just beyond it, suspended from one of the domes in the church, is a magnificent chandelier, twenty-four by twelve feet. It was presented by Napoleon in 1865, in honor of a visit made to Einsiedeln by his mother, Queen Hortense.

The church is three hundred and seventy-five by one hundred and forty-one feet. Much space would be required to describe the church and its chapels, the frescoes and the paintings.

The Holy Chapel is twenty-four by eighteen feet and seventeen and a half feet high. There is an inscription which states that Marcus, Archbishop of Salzburg, faced the wooden walls of the chapel with marble.

Above the altar stands St. Meinrad's Statue of the Blessed

Virgin. It is of wood and very massive. It is richly draped in gold cloth. The Child is on the left arm. The hands and the faces of both figures are black. The blackness, however, is not the natural color of the wood. Golden crowns, set with precious stones, are on the heads of the Blessed Virgin and Child.



THE MONASTERY.

Comparatively few of the many English-speaking tourists who visit Switzerland are aware that it has something even more attractive to offer than its wonderful Alpine scenery and beautiful vales. Yet about one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims come every year to "The Shrine in the Dark Wood."

The church was crowded at the time of our visit. The people were very devout; many of them were making the Stations, and a number were praying audibly. The space

about the Holy Chapel was densely crowded, so much so that it was difficult to get to the door.

We waited for Vespers, as we had heard something of the exquisite singing for which the church is famed. The Benedictines make a specialty of church music. They taboo the solo. The singing was indeed fine. At the "Salve Regina" the clergy and servers leave the sanctuary, and go down to the Holy Chapel, where it is sung. This is a special musical feature, and is very solemn and impressive. There are two pipe organs. Many people were obliged to stand during Vespers. Considering the size of the church you can judge of the crowd.

The average number of confessions heard in that church is one hundred and fifty-five thousand annually.

The village is divided almost equally by a paved street, and is situated in a pleasant valley, enclosed by two ranges of mountains of moderate height.

I do not think that the Sanctuary of Einsiedeln is mentioned by the guide-books. Hence the idle traveler hears nothing of "The Sanctuary in the Dark Wood." What is the tourist's loss is Einsiedeln's gain, for the reason that it escapes the unseemly staring, lounging and whispering which distract the worshiper at the shrines in Italy and in the Holy Land.

Though there are over one hundred guest-houses and hotels in Einsiedeln there are times when the Benedictine Fathers have to leave the church open all night to give shelter to those who can find no other lodgings.

The Sunday before the college vacation begins the students assemble in the garden below the Abbot's apartments and entertain the professors and community with a vocal and instrumental concert. The town people are there in large numbers. The concluding song is in Latin and is centuries old. Lately the music and words have been printed.

Miracles are being constantly wrought at Einsiedeln. I saw a number of offerings made by those so highly favored. I give three instances of the miraculous occurrences that demonstrate that Einsiedeln is supernaturally blessed:

A servant at Innspruck by degrees became entirely blind. Moved by her entreaties, her friends brought her on a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln. There she prayed most earnestly to Our Lady of the Hermits. But the conclusion of her novena marked no improvement in her case. With deep sorrow and disappointment she prepared for her long journey home. She went back in her piety to say a farewell prayer in the chapel. Her prayer over, she arose. On reaching the church door, she exclaimed: "Merciful Heavens! I can see! I can see!" Running back she prostrated herself on the pavement of the Holy Chapel and remained there for a long time, offering up with sobs and tears her thanks to God. The beautiful altar of the Sacred Heart in one of the side chapels is the thanksgiving offering for this miracle.

A Sister of Charity was totally blind. She went to Einsiedeln to pray for fortitude to undergo a severe surgical operation. When about to receive Holy Communion, the pain became intolerable. Just as the priest placed the Sacred Host on her tongue, she involuntarily put her hand to her eyes. The pain ceased, and the Sister found her sight perfectly restored.

I will relate one more miracle. A young girl who had been completely crippled by an accident was brought from France. Her hands were as if nailed to her shoulders and her limbs were so bent as to be perfectly useless. Eminent physicians in Paris had pronounced her case hopeless. She was wheeled into the church at Einsiedeln just as Mass began. At the elevation all were startled by a noise. The girl suddenly arose and stood upright in her cart. She

sprang out crying: "I am cured! I am cured!" as she prostrated herself before the Holy Statue.

The government officials made a formal investigation of this case. The people of her own village went out in procession to meet her on her return home. The splendid robe of gold cloth in which the Statue of Our Lady is vested on September 14, was sent to Einsiedeln from the girl's home by the grateful people.

Having spent a delightful day in and about Einsiedeln, we started back on Sunday evening. The beautiful scenery more than repaid us for the trip, to say nothing of the joy, the lessons, the knowledge and the gratification received from a visit to the "Shrine in the Dark Wood."

After circling around the mountains and passing over some precipices which made us catch our breath, Father Conway and I got back from Einseideln to Lucerne. The next morning we asked for our hotel bills and prepared to depart. I had posted myself somewhat on the habits and ways of Continental landlords, and hence was somewhat prepared to forestall "extras."

"Make hay while the sun shines" is a proverb which European hotel proprietors have well learned and busily practice. If the tourist does not like the "bill of fare," he will find that the extras ordered will bring considerable grist to the mill of the landlord. In America the traveler knows the cost when he learns the rate per day charged by the hotel. Such is not the case in Europe. The "extras" on the bills will often make the tourist wonder if he won't "be short" before the end of his journey.

As the burnt child fears the fire, the traveler of experience fears the landlord in tourist lands. It is perhaps a little humiliating to inquire about the price of the bed, the service, the lights, etc., but it is prudent. Lights and service are frequently extortions of the worst description. It is

not uncommon to be charged twenty or thirty cents for a candle which you may not have burned ten minutes, and the original cost of which was three cents. "Boots," of course, must have a tip. The resplendent "portier," who receives you on your advent with a low bow, will be near your elbow when you leave, waiting for his big tip, because his service is not included in the bill "for service." There is a good deal of protection from this kind of extortion in having Gaze's or Cook's hotel coupons, but even then you are not entirely safe.

I was much amused by a scene I witnessed in a prominent hotel in Rome. A party of about twenty Americans, and some of them from Cleveland, were traveling under the auspices of the tourist agent, Mr. Clark. On the morning of their departure, the porters, the clerks, the bell boys and servants lined up on either side of the wide hallway. When the Americans appeared, both "help" lines bowed profoundly. The first four tourists were for a moment somewhat surprised at the cordiality of the hotel force. But they soon recovered their American manners and returned bow for bow, and passed on to their carriages. The other quartets were received with equal obsequiousness. They also returned the salutes with interest, and passed on to their carriages, apparently oblivious of the fact that tips were expected by the lined-up, bowing force. As the carriages drove off and the lines were broken, I was amused by the faces of the individuals that had composed the ranks.

Hotel proprietors will charge high prices, not a bit lower than in the United States, and then expect to have the wages of their help paid in the way of tips. It is demeaning to the servants and an outrage on the traveling public. For the sake of the help, as well as for their own, the custom ought to be frowned down by the tourists.

The custom of "tipping" has now a foothold in the

United States. It would be well if those concerned would learn that their tips really go to the capitalists, because they cut down the usual wages in view of the amount contributed in the way of tips. Ask sleeping-car porters and others. and the truth of this statement will be verified. I heard of a Wagner porter who came to a passenger and said: "You owe me twenty cents, sah." "How so?" "That haf dollah you gave me, sah, was plugged."

In proportion to its size, Switzerland leads the rest of the world by far in the number of its hotels or inns. The entertainment of tourists appears to be the chief business of the land of William Tell. The receipts from this source alone are estimated at $25,000,000. Think of the amount paid for other forms of entertainment by the strangers who go to recreate themselves on the "Playgrounds of the World." and you may have some idea of the tribute tourists annually pay to Switzerland.

I had paid my bill at Lucerne and walked down the hall when I heard Father Conway's voice raised in emphatic protest. The landlord was also talking loud. I went back. Father Conway asked of the proprietor: "What do you mean by charging me a shilling (twenty-four cents) for a bit of soap used only two or three times? It is an outrage, sir." Custom and justice, the rules of the house, etc., etc., were pleaded. Father Conway asked me if I had been charged. I told him that I carried my own soap. Before we left I said to Father Conway: "That is a new cake of soap. You have paid for it two or three times over. Go and get it and put it in your bag, or you will be charged for soap in every hotel you stop at." Father Conway took my advice. I have heard of some tourists who have taken and thrown away the candles for which they have been charged at such exorbitant rates. "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

From Lucerne to Basle, a distance of fifty-five miles, we

passed through some very delightful and much varied scenery. We drove through Basle city, and visited the very fine Cathedral.

From the terrace in the rear of the Cathedral I got my first view of the famous Rhine. In "Vivian Gray," Lord Beaconsfield alludes to the Rhine as follows: "Triumphant and imperial river, flushed with the tribute of these vassal streams — the Maas, Moselle, Nahe, Main, Neckar, Aar." I thought of Longfellow's lines: "Beneath me flows the Rhine, and like the Stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past."

From the terrace we also got a view of the heights of the famous Black Forest, away in the distance.

There was not very much to detain us at Basle, so we hastened on through flourishing Mulhausen to Strasburg, the well-known capital of Alsace and Lorraine.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ALONG THE STORIED RHINE — A PANORAMIC VIEW OF ITS FAMOUS CATHEDRALS AND CASTLES — TOWNS AND GLORIOUS VISTAS THAT GREET THE TRAVELER'S VISION — IRISH SAINTS IN GERMANY.

Strasburg is built on a plain, and is one mile from the Rhine. One of the earliest events of the war of 1870 between Germany and France was the blowing up of the railway bridge by the Germans at Strasburg. Strasburg is a busy city of, I should judge, about one hundred and thirty thousand population.

We arrived in Strasburg on a fete day. The streets were thronged with people. Soldiers on and off duty were very numerous. They were well uniformed and carried themselves with more of the ideal soldierly bearing than I had observed in the other countries through which I passed. However, I was struck with the great proportion of young men, very young men, among them. The military law of the Empire accounted for this condition. As Strasburg is one of the cities won back from France, it is strongly guarded and fortified to impregnability.

The grand sights of Strasburg are its red stone Cathedral and its wonderful astronomical clock. The lace-like stone spire is a marvel of carving, and is one of the highest in Europe, rising to a height of four hundred and seventy feet. The magnificent organ was pierced by a shell in the bombardment of 1870, but is now none the worse. It had been in use eighty-four years before the shot was fired. In the bombardment of the seven weeks' siege, the Cathedral was several times set afire. The Prussians appeared to make that a

special mark. As a result of the conflagration, the roof of the Cathedral fell in, but then the fire died out for want of fuel. Strange to say, the wonderful clock was not injured. Father Conway and I paid quite a long visit to the Cathedral and were much interested in that magnificent building.

From Strasburg we went to the City of Worms. That city is especially known from the fact that it figured prominently in the trial of Martin Luther before the Emperor Charles V. There is a fine monument erected there to the memory of the excommunicated apostle. In the account written of Savonarola, it was stated that the statue of that monk is unjustly on Luther's monument as a precursor of that heretic.

Some twelve years ago, when I had a controversy with some Lutheran ministers in Cleveland, a Protestant physician said to me: "I am surprised that the ministers don't defend Luther's moral character against your attacks with more confidence and spirit than they do. Why don't they?"

"Well, doctor," I said, "I will illustrate the reason of their reticence by a story: A boy came home crying from school. His mother asked: 'What is the matter with you?' He replied: 'The boys plague me, saying that I have a patch on the seat of my breeches.' Indignant, she asked: 'What did you say to them?' Between his sobs, the boy replied: 'What — what could I—I—I say? Didn't I know it—it was there?'"

"Ah! I understand now why the ministers are silent," said the doctor, laughing.

As time goes on and Luther's life becomes better known, the task of the defense of his moral character becomes harder, if not impossible.

Worms is a decadent city. Its population has dwindled from seventy thousand to less than twelve thousand.

We arrived, towards evening, in the well-known city of

Mayence. We took a stroll through the town and paid a visit to its famous Cathedral. It is a busy city of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and is finely situated on the Rhine.

Early in the morning, while it rained quite briskly, we walked through the market. The market truck was spread over the sidewalks and nearly half way across the asphalt paved street. The hardy and industrious German women did not appear to pay much attention to the rain, as they either waited for customers or discussed prices with those ready to bargain.

Thorwaldsen's Statue of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, stands near the Cathedral. The house in which he was born is not far away.

St. Boniface, the English Missionary and Apostle of Germany, was made Archbishop of Mayence in 751 by Pope Zacharias. Hence the city has the honor of having been the Episcopal See of the Apostle of Germany.

The Cathedral was founded in 978. Six times it was burned and as many times restored. It is a vast structure, with domes and towers, one of which is three hundred and twenty-four feet high. The interior is very grand, richly frescoed and has fifty-six columns upholding the vaulted roof. There are scores of fine monuments within the Cathedral.

The importance of the Rhine, both as an attraction for tourists and as a thoroughfare for freight, is increasing year by year. It is rapidly becoming the greatest artery of German internal commerce. The fleet upon its waters now includes one hundred steamboats, four hundred tugs and six thousand barges. The steamboats carry more than a million passengers yearly, but I have been unable to obtain the tonnage of the freight traffic. Few persons realize the size of the river. It is five hundred and thirty-seven miles from Basle to the German Ocean; steamers of twelve feet draft

can go as far up as Strasburg; the water is twenty-five feet deep at Mayence, at the Loreley Rapids it is seventy-six feet deep, and nowhere between Mayence and the sea is it less than thirty feet.

There are now railways on both sides of the Rhine all the way from Cologne to Mayence, but the river is said to carry as much freight as both of them together.



NEAR FURSTENBERG.

There are two cables of heavy steel wire about two inches in diameter stretching from Mayence to the mouth of the Rhine at Rotterdam. One is worked in a novel manner by vessels going up and the other by vessels going down stream. The company which laid and maintained the cable owns a fleet of tugs, each of which is rigged with a grooved drum around which the cable is twice wound. This drum is made to revolve by cog wheels worked by a shaft from a small

engine so that when the boat picks up the cable it can pull itself along as fast as the drum revolves. The tugs usually tow a fleet of three or four heavily laden barges, carrying from one thousand to two thousand tons each, and make a speed of four or five miles an hour. It is represented that by this process an engine of ten or twelve horse power can haul as much freight as an ordinary tug of four or five hundred horse power, which is a great economy in fuel.

At 9 o'clock in the morning, we took a steamer at Mayence for the tour of the Rhine. We had read and heard so much of the trip on the famous river that our expectation was keyed up to a high point. There were quite a large number of passengers aboard, one of them an American, named Woods, from New York. I also got into conversation with a German army officer, who spoke English very well. Speaking of the war, he thought that Spain stood the best chance of victory, for the reason that her soldiers, being better trained as regulars, would have the advantage over our volunteers. I should judge that the officer was not over twenty-eight years old. He was tall, well-built, and a soldier "every inch of him." The result of the war showed that he was astray in his judgment concerning the result. Like many others in Europe, he evidently wished that Spain would triumph.

For about two hours during the trip the scenery was rather disappointing. There was nothing very remarkable as we looked from the deck of the steamer. We then came to Rudesheim, near which are the heights of Johannesberg. The hill, three hundred and sixty-two feet over the river, is covered with vineyards.

The Johannesberg wine is famous the world over. The estate includes only forty acres, but from the quantity and quality of the product of its vines it pays the owner an income of from $35,000 to $60,000 a year. It is undoubt-

edly the most prolific and profitable piece of cultivated ground on the earth's surface.

Lord Rothschild sells his vintage to royal customers only, and the steward at the Schloss will tell you that so many cases are sent annually to Windsor Castle, so many to Potsdam, so many to the Elysee in Paris, so many to the Quirinal, so many to the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria and to other of the crowned heads of Europe.



BINGEN.

At Bingen—we remembered something of speaking at school the piece, "Bingen on the Rhine." Here the river bends around the Niederwald, on which is the fine new national monument.

The Nahe joins the Rhine at Bingen, and the scenery grows in beauty.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Forms o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of water broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees;
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them shine."

—Byron.

As we approached the handsome old town of St. Goar, we passed the deepest and narrowest, as well as the swiftest, current of the Rhine. The precipice, which rises over the whirlpools, is four hundred and thirty-three feet high.

Before reaching Boppard we came to a broad bend in the river, where rich meadows and green fields came into view as the hills receded.

Passengers who wish to visit the famous Ems, the most delightful and most noted of German watering places, have to disembark at Oberlahnstein. Ems may be reached in one-half hour by rail. We passed the famous Apollinaris Spring. It is leased to an English company. About one hundred thousand bottles are filled daily. Seven hundred and fifty thousand are shipped each month to the United States. There is not much local consumption.

Coblentz is a city of about forty thousand, and is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Castle of Ehrenbreitstein, or the "Broad Stone of Honor," is on the opposite side of the river. The strength of the fortifications may be known from the fact that it is designated the "Gibraltar of the Rhine."

Those who may wish to go to Treves will find it one hundred and forty miles up the Moselle. In Treves are preserved Christ's Seamless Robe, a Nail from the True Cross and

a Fragment of the Crown of Thorns. The scenery of the Moselle, I was told, is beautiful, and by some is preferred to that of the Rhine.

Remagen on the Rhine is noted for its beautiful Gothic church. Its frescoes are masterpieces of modern German art. The best view on the Rhine may be had looking down the river from Oberwinter, whence the whole range of the "Seven Mountains" may be seen.

During the trip on the Rhine, an Englishman seated near me in the group on deck, asked: "Do you know how this river got its name?" Getting no answer, he said, with mock gravity: "Because it was discovered by Paddy Ryan."

After the laugh had subsided, I said: "Perhaps you gentlemen are not aware that the annals relating to the Rhine prove that the exiles of Erin, centuries ago, acted a prominent part in the history of this river and some of its towns." No, they had not heard, but they expressed a wish to hear. I told them that nations in the darkness of paganism had to receive the light of Christianity from without. Ireland had so received it from St. Patrick. Germany was indebted, like other countries, to foreign missionaries. The arly pioneeer missionaries of Germany were Irish and Scotch. The first of these was an Irishman, by the name of Fridolin, afterwards canonized. He arrived on the banks of the Upper Rhine in the year 511. He founded a monastery and also a convent, and preached Christianity to the people on both sides of the Rhine.

St. Columbanus, born in Ireland in 543, came to Germany. He ascended the Rhine from a point below Mayence, and finally established himself on the Lake of Constance. His chief assistant was another Irishman, whom we call St. Gall. He laid the foundation of the Cathedral Monastery of St. Gall, a short distance from the spot where the Rhine falls

into the Lake of Constance. He died at the age of ninety-five, in the year 638. By his labors and preaching he had Christianized the entire country of the Alemanni.

Willibrod, an Anglo-Saxon priest, had studied in Ireland. He became Bishop of the Utrecht on the Rhine in 692. St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, was a disciple of his. If St. Boniface was not actually a native of Ireland, it appears to be certain that he was of Irish parentage.

The Englishman asked, rather petulantly: "Where is your authority for these statements?"

"The next city we reach is Bonn," I said. "The 'Bonn Periodical on Irish Missionaries in Germany,' and 'Alzog's History,' the 'Lives of the Saints,' and the 'Writings of Montalembert,' and the claims of other authors, are sources you may consult to verify my statements."

An Irishman present said: "More power to you, Father. I did not know that we had so much interest in this blessed country." Then turning to the Englishman, he said, with mock gravity: "You may be right, after all, in saying that this fine river was discovered by Paddy Ryan. Who knows?"

Bonn is a finely situated city, twenty-one miles from Cologne. It is noted for its university and famous library. It can also boast of being the birthplace of Beethoven. In ancient times Bonn was a great Roman fortress. Between Bonn and Cologne the Rhine is not remarkable.

Before noon the steward of the steamer went among the passengers selling tickets for dinner. Each ticket cost three marks, nearly equal to seventy-five cents. The son of the Emerald Isle near me thought the price rather high. He did not wish to spend that much for a meal, neither did he wish to fast until we would reach Cologne in the evening. After a time he concluded to take a dinner ticket. As he

paid out his three marks, I heard him say: "God save the marks; I can't."

Mr. Woods and I had a talk about the respective merits of the Rhine and the Hudson River. Abstracting a small portion of the Rhine and its old castles, we came to the conclusion that the American river, for natural beauty and as a body of water, is not inferior to the Rhine. In extent and variety of scenery, the Hudson is not behind the famous stream of "Unser Vaterland," and many consider it superior.

"Adieu to thee again! A vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine,
The mind is color'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

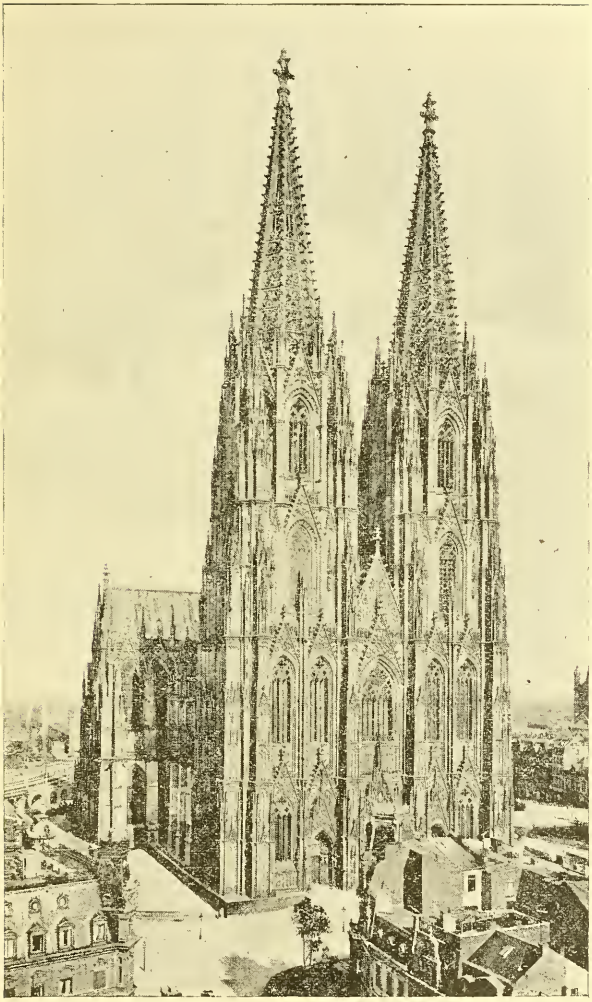
COLOGNE AND BRUSSELS — FAMOUS CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE —ITS MAGNIFICENCE AND WONDERFUL HISTORY—INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN GERMANY—IN THE BEAUTIFUL BELGIAN CAPITAL — THE WONDERFUL PULPIT.

Shortly after leaving Bonn the tourists aboard the steamer looked for the towering spires of perhaps the grandest Gothic structure in the world. It was not so very long before it greeted our vision with its towering magnificence which grew upon us as we approached nearer to the city in which Roman Emperors were crowned and in which Clovis was proclaimed King of France. That of Milan is the only rival of the Cologne Cathedral.

Cologne sprang from a Roman colony planted there over eighteen hundred years ago. The city now numbers about three hundred thousand. It presents a fine view to travelers approaching it by water. We had long passed the famous bridge of boats and were soon at the steamboat landing.

As soon as possible after reaching the hotel I paid a visit to the Cathedral. It is magnificently situated, and is free and open from all sides. I walked slowly around it and feasted my eyes upon it at all points. Perfect in proportion, artistic in execution and magnificent in design, it is a poem in carved and polished stone. The portals of this temple, rich in statuary, cost more than many imposing churches.

The first Cathedral of Cologne having been destroyed by fire, the present structure was begun six centuries and a half ago. For hundreds of years the work progressed slowly. It was then retarded by the outbreak and the disturbance



THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

caused by Luther. Early in this century the Germans, impelled both by religious and national enthusiasm, contributed large sums toward the completion of the temple of which the whole people are justly proud.

In 1842, the work was resumed with great eclat. The Archbishop presided, and King Frederick William IV. addressed the assembled multitude in these words, both memorable and prophetic:

"Here where this stone is being laid, guarded and arched by mighty towers, the finest portals in the world shall rise. Germany is erecting them, and may they, by the grace of God, be the portals through which Germany shall enter upon a new, grand and golden time."

We would hardly think it possible that after such words had been uttered by the King, the Kulturkampf legislation could have found a place on the statute books of Germany. However, the persecution but brightened and strengthened the faith of the people.

Time passed on and with its march the work on the Cathedral was finally completed. Magnificent was the scene of its dedication in the year 1880. The Emperor William I., surrounded by the Royal Family, by the Sovereign Princes and by the nobility and officers of the nation, laid the last stone of the noble temple. Its crowning glory are the two great towers, the grand portals and the great window between them. I could hardly realize as I stood across the square and looked up at the twin stone spires, richly ornamented, that they rise to a height of five hundred and twenty-five feet. The cut here presented will convey a good idea of the magnificence of the Cathedral, Germany's pride.

The Cathedral is constructed in the form of a cross. It is five hundred and ten feet long and two hundred and forty-nine feet wide at the transepts and one hundred and fifty feet to the top of the nave. The beauty of the stained

glass windows can not be adequately described. Between 1842 and 1880 the sum of $3,000,000 was spent upon the Cathedral.

The chapel containing the relics of the Three Kings, or the Magi, is a gorgeous shrine within the Cathedral. These relics were brought by the Empress Helena from Constantinople to Milan. Frederick Barbossa brought them from Milan to Cologne. Judging from the number of people about the shrine, the inhabitants of Cologne have great reverence for the relics of the Three Kings.

In the evening I went to the Cathedral to assist at the closing devotions of the month of May. There was a large number of people present. After Benediction I walked through the Cathedral for some time. When the lights had been partially extinguished two men went through the church giving warning in a loud voice that the doors were to be closed. No curious tourists are permitted to wander through the aisles of the Cologne Cathedral during Mass, or at any public service.

Time settles many accounts and brings about many retributions. The French Army was in possession of Cologne in 1795. It made use of the unfinished Cathedral as a hay depot, or as a storehouse of supplies. The French, during the time of the occupation, stripped the lead from the roof of the Cathedral and molded it into bullets, and they made gun metal out of the bronze tombs of its Archbishops. Now, from the tower of that temple the sweet and solemn tones of a thirty-ton bell summon the people to worship. The monster bell was cast from French cannons, captured during the war of 1870.

Cologne has many fine churches, and several of them are remarkable on account of the relics they contain. I visited a number of them, but will write only of the Church of St. Geron and that of St. Ursula.

St. Geron was an officer in the Theban Legion. This brave Roman Legion was composed of Christians. They had proven their loyalty and bravery on many a battle-field. Ordered by the Emperor, they crossed the Alps. Part of the legion, under the command of St. Maurice, went to Lake Geneva. For refusing to apostatize, himself and the soldiers comprising his command were martyred. The detachment under St. Geron reached Cologne. On their refusal to sacrifice to the pagan idols, they were all put to death. These Martyrs numbered nearly four hundred. About the middle of the Third Century, the Empress St. Helena had their bones collected, and caused a church to be built upon the spot to commemorate their glorious death. The church is dedicated in the name of St. Geron, the heroic leader of the noble band of Christian Martyrs.

The Church of St. Ursula in Cologne is only about five minutes' walk from the Cathedral. I went one afternoon to visit this church, in which are enshrined the relics of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand companions, all martyred centuries ago near Cologne by the barbarous Huns. The Virgin and Martyr, St. Ursula, is the Patroness of the Ursuline Order, founded in 1535 by Angela de Medici. The saintly foundress died in 1540, having enriched the Church and blessed Christianity by establishing the celebrated teaching order.

Having had a pleasant talk with the priest in charge of the church, I got permission to celebrate Mass in the "Golden Chapel," which is the shrine of the relics of the army of Virgin Martyrs. Early in the morning of the first day of June I availed myself of the privilege. I was glad to offer up the Holy Sacrifice at the shrine of their patron Saint for all the members of the Ursuline Order, individually and collectively, in the Diocese of Cleveland.

The Golden Chapel is not far from the main portal of

the church. It is exquisite and very rich in decorations, as the name itself indicates.

In St. Andrew's Church is the tomb of Albertus Magnus, the great Dominican, sometimes called "Doctor Universalis." After two years he resigned the Bishopric of Rattisbon and returned to Cologne. He died there in 1280.

In the Church of the Minorites is the tomb of Duns Scotus.

Germany has more miles of railway than any other country in Europe, her total being twenty-eight thousand two hundred and thirty-seven, of which three thousand and thirty-two belong to private parties, the remainder to the government. There were about one thousand miles then under construction, which were opened to traffic during the year 1899. Russia has twenty-two thousand miles of road, France twenty-five thousand, Great Britain and Ireland twenty-one thousand, Austria nineteen thousand, Italy nine thousand, Spain seven thousand. The total length of railways in Europe is one hundred and fifty-seven thousand one hundred and forty miles. But the system is inferior and the dispatch of baggage much slower than in the United States. Large packages have to be sent by "goods trains," and you never know when to expect them. In one of his books of travel Mark Twain tells of his experience. When he shipped a trunk from Hamburg the hair was long, thick, curly and youthful. When it arrived in Frankfort he declares that it was baldheaded.

In 1888 nearly all the railways were brought under the ownership of the State, which has much improved the service. In many of the stations you can drop your money into an automatic box and get your ticket, without having to wait in line at the ticket office. The nickle-in-the-slot machines are very convenient.

Germany is practical in its legislation. Much of it has

tended to head off socialism. Laws have been enacted relative to the following matters:

1. Factory regulations and laws for the protection of labor.
2. Reduction of hours.
3. Regulations for the employment of women and children.
4. Insurance against accidents, sickness and old age.
5. A protective tariff.
6. Taxation of incomes instead of idle property.
7. Colonization and the promotion of the foreign trade.
8. Government control of railways, telegraph, and all monopolies and public works.

Employers in Germany are obliged by law to insure their workmen, not only against accident, but against sickness and old age. The premiums paid by the employers are fixed yearly by the government upon the amount of wages received and upon the degree and character of risk incidental to the employment of each person. In case of accident the injured person is secured support. In case of death his relatives or those dependent upon him receive compensation. In case of permanent incapacity the injured man receives a portion of his ordinary wages for a term of years and the cost of medical attendance for thirteen weeks.

The industrial insurance system applies to about twelve million working people in Germany, including laborers, factory operatives, mechanics of all descriptions, domestic servants, clerks, apprentices in handicrafts and trades, and all other employes whose wages do not exceed $500 a year. The German law is the most thorough, complete, and effective that exists.

We left Cologne quite early in the forenoon, bound for Brussels, a distance of one hundred and forty-one miles. When we arrived at the Belgian frontier we had to submit our baggage to the custom examination. Father Conway's baggage did not get "o. k.'d" because it contained an unopened bottle of the famous "Cologne Water." I had forgot-

ten that we had been in the home of the celebrated "Eau de Cologne." However, I was amused at Father Conway's predicament. The customs' officer said that if he had used some of the bottle it would then be no obstacle to the passage of the baggage. Father Conway said: "What in the world would I use it for? I bought it at the request of my niece. You may take it or tax it, whichever you like."

I told Father Conway to pull the cork and sprinkle some on the inspector, and then he would pass better and be sweeter than that official. Father Conway laughed.

The inspector turned to me and asked: "Que dites-vous?" ("What do you say?")

"How far is it to Dublin?" I asked. Of course he did not understand that question.

In Cologne there are scores of places which are advertised "as the only store where the real, veritable cologne can be had." Many of these places, it appears, do not sell the genuine article.

After a ride of eighty miles we arrived at Leige. That "Sheffeld of Belgium" is a city of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is noted for its manufacture of weapons of all kinds. It is picturesquely situated on the River Meuse.

Eighteen miles from Brussels we passed through Louvain. That city of some forty thousand inhabitants contains the celebrated Catholic University which was founded more than four hundred and fifty years ago. Quite a number of our American priests studied in that celebrated seat of learning.

Brussels is one of the finest cities in Europe. It has a population of about four hundred thousand. It is built partly on the slope of a hill. The upper portion of the city is the most modern and fashionable. It has many remarkable public buildings. The Palace of Justice, finished about

fifteen years ago, cost $10,000,000. The city has fine promenades and parks, and is enriched by many galleries of celebrated paintings. The streets are full of life, the stores and shops are very attractive, and the many tourists we met indicated that Brussels is a popular city for those who wander far from home.

We spent much time in the Cathedral of St. Gudule. The majestic stone structure is so situated as to be visible from most parts of the city. The stained glass windows were, in my opinion, the finest I had ever seen. Five of them were given by Catholic Princes, and each of the five bears the name of the donor. In the nave of the Cathedral are the Statues of the Twelve Apostles. But the great artistic attraction of the Cathedral is the pulpit. It is of wood, but it is the marvel masterpiece of Verbruggan, the celebrated carver. It is said to be the finest pulpit in the world.

The pulpit proper rests upon the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and upon the Tree of Life Abounding With Fruit. The Fall of our First Parents is depicted. The shame and sorrow, the anguish and regret in the faces and figures of Adam and Eve, as they are driven from Paradise, are only equalled by the terrible majesty of the Angel with the Flaming Sword. Among the trees and in the Garden are represented all kinds of birds and animals in different attitudes of fear and astonishment. Above the sounding-board is a Statue of the Blessed Virgin, the new Eve, with the Child Jesus. He carries a cross in His hand, and with it He crushes the head of the serpent.

Brussels has often been selected as the most fitting place for International Conferences. In December, 1892, the Monetary Conference assembled in that city. This conference had been called at the request of the United States to discuss the question of silver.

The celebrated battle-field of Waterloo is about twelve

miles south of Brussels. I was anxious to see the spot where that wonderful military genius, Napoleon, met his final defeat, June 18, 1815, by the united armies of England, Prussia and the Netherlands. An immense mound, surmounted by a huge lion, marks the field where was fought one of the most important military engagements mentioned in history.

Father Conway and I walked through the quiet streets of Brussels early in the morning to the large and finely situated railway station, where we took the train for Paris, two hundred miles distant.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE GAY FRENCH CAPITAL—SOME OF THE GRANDEST MONUMENTS AND SIGHTS OF PARIS — A CITY OF LIFE AND BEAUTY — ITS CLEANLINESS — BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE CONTINENTAL METROPOLIS.

After passing through a number of thriving towns, we finally reached that superb and celebrated city, the capital of France.

One night in the little, stuffy room of the hotel was sufficent. Better rooms were promised if we would remain another day, but we were bent on changing our quarters. After trying five hotels and finding all rooms engaged, I thought that we might have to return whence we came. Finally we got settled in different hotels, not very far apart. It was the season of the great national horse races, and hence there were many strangers in town.

There is no better way to get a good idea of the city than to ride through it in various directions on the top of an omnibus or tram car. These traverse the city in all directions, and give to the traveler a good position from which to examine the buildings and the streets, and to take a note of the moving panorama of Parisian life. Sometimes we got into blockades that appeared inextricable, but the efficient police soon disentangled them.

What did I see in Paris? What did I not see? After walking and looking, and looking and walking through the art galleries, the museums, etc., I appreciated the declaration of Hawthorne:

"It is hopeless, and to me, generally a depressing business, to go through an immense multifarious show like this, glancing at a

thousand things, and conscious of some little titillation of mind from them, but really taking in nothing, and getting no good from anything. * * * It quite crushes a person to see so much at once, and I wandered from hall to hall with a weary and heavy heart, wishing (heaven forgive me) that the Elgin marbles and the frieze of the Parthenon were all burned into lime, and that the mummies had all turned into dust two thousand years ago; and, in fine, that all the material relics of successive ages had disappeared with the generations that produced them."



BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

I did not agree with the iconoclastic ideas of Hawthorne. If a tourist be in that condition of mind, he had better rest or depart for home, because there is no compulsion in the matter of sight-seeing. My only regret was that fleeting time did not permit more leisure to examine and enjoy the many treasures stored in the museums and art galleries.

We spent nearly a week in the capital of France, and we could have spent much more time in that remarkable city without seeing all its treasures or visiting all the places of

historic interest within its limits. We found throngs of people everywhere. As many apparently were as bent on pleasure as on business, and the visitors from other lands were as numerous about the hotels as the natives of the country.

Paris is a city of nearly three million people. It is bounded by a line of ramparts over twenty-two miles in length. The streets are all well paved and very well lighted. In the small and old streets the sidewalks are rather narrow, but on the boulevards they are very wide, and in all cases they are smooth and clean. The thoroughfares are well sprinkled and cleaned daily, and the gutters are washed out once or twice in the twenty-four hours. Some prominent Americans were remembered in the naming of the streets, and among them we observed those of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin and Fulton. From the famous Church of the Madeleine to the Bastile, or to where the Bastile formerly stood, the line of boulevards extends three miles, and forms the busiest and most fashionable thoroughfare in the world.

There are many beautiful and well-kept gardens and parks. The Champ de Mars, which was formerly used for military manœuvering, is now a public garden. It is surrounded by the principal buildings of the Exhibition of 1889, and in the center of it is the celebrated Eiffel Tower. We noticed that the work was being pushed on additional buildings for the Exposition of 1900. Judging from what we saw, the buildings themselves, when completed, will be worth a visit. Visitors to Paris in 1900 will not be obliged to go out into the country to visit the Exposition, as the grounds are within the city limits. The French realize that the "White City" of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago gave them "a mark" hard to beat.

The two largest parks are the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes. Each contains over two thousand acres.

We drove through the Bois de Boulogne. The park is charming. The meandering roads are diversified by sweeps of emerald meadow, long forest glades, mounds of flowers and shrubs, and the most beautiful lakes, with troops of stately swans. It is a most attractive resort for the inhabitants of the city and pleasure-seeking tourists. However, of late highwaymen have waylaid several visitors in the



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

park. The robbers quickly escaped into the bushes and woods. In the dusk of the evening they stretch small ropes across the bicycle paths and rob the bruised and fallen victims. The police were then on the alert. That "force," considered "the finest" in the world, doubtless, soon caught the robbers, who had found the park a good place to obtain much booty.

Paris is rich in monuments. The streets and parks con-

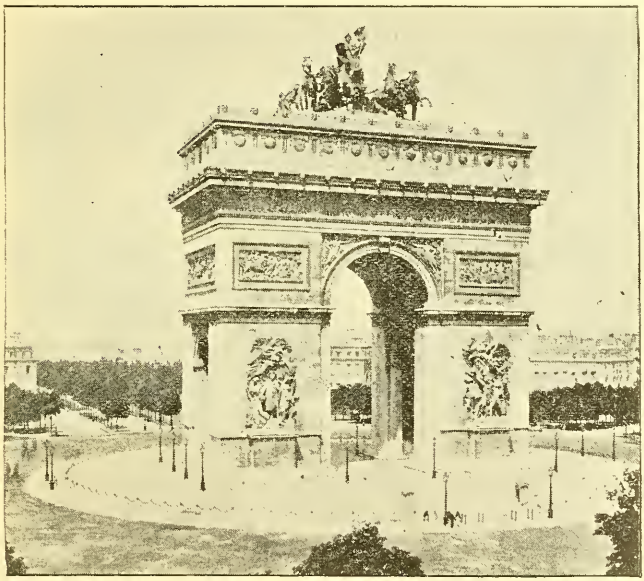
tain many monuments and groups of statuary by noted sculptors. The most remarkable monument is the "Arc de Triomphe" in the Place de l'Etoile. It was begun by Napoleon I., and completed by Louis Philippe. We approached it by the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysee. Such an avenue, for a mile at least, is not to be found elsewhere in the world. We entered it from the Place de la Concorde, a wide open space near the garden of the Tuileries. In this place, the "Place de la Concorde," the guillotine did its bloody work during the dark days of the Revolution. I thought that the name it now bears, "Place de la Concorde," must have been bestowed by the irony of fate. From this square we entered the famous avenue. It has a gentle ascent to the Arch of Triumph, a mile and a half away. The trees, shrubs, and flowers along the borders of the triple causeway give to it, for most of the way, the character of an exquisite drive through a park.

The Arch of Triumph cost $2,000,000. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty-six feet wide and seventy-two feet deep. On the sides are groups representing the campaigns of Napoleon. The names of nearly one hundred and fifty battles appear on the arch.

I ascended the two hundred and sixty steps of the spiral staircase to the top of the arch. The labor was richly rewarded by the magnificent view. Twelve grand avenues approach the Arch of Triumph, as the spokes in a wheel approach the hub. I had never before seen such a panorama of life radiating in all directions. From the Arch of Triumph a person can get a good view of the city, and may go direct to any part of Paris, as the omnibusses and tram-cars and some steam suburban cars start on their trips from the immediate vicinity.

My hotel was near the Place de la Concorde. This square is the central point of all that is grandest and most beau-

tiful in Paris. There is the monolithic Obelisk of Luxon, with an elegant fountain on each side, and at regular spaces are the eight colossal statues and groups, representing as many important French cities. This square was formerly called the Place de la Revolution. King Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday and three thousand others were



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

here executed in the days when Paris was steeped in blood—the blood of the best of her citizens, executed in a little less than sixteen months, from January 21, 1793, to May 3, 1795. The Germans bivouacked there in 1871.

Paris is rich in magnificent palaces. The origin of the Louvre goes back almost to the beginning of the French Monarchy. It was formerly a strong fortress. It was

finally converted into a grand picture gallery and museum, and as such has a world-wide reputation. There are thousands of original paintings and statues of untold value.

After we had spent hours in the Louvre, and our eyes were filled with seeing and our feet were tired with walking, I asked Father Conway which pleased him the more—the paintings or the statuary? He said that it was hard to tell. "Well," I said, "you have more hesitation than the old farmer had." "How so?" he asked. "When the question was put to him, he drawled out: 'I guess I like the statuary best.' 'Why?' 'Well, you can only stand off and look at a painting, but you can walk all around a statue.'"

I visited the "Palais des Luxembourg." It was built over two hundred and seventy-five years ago. It was once a royal habitation. During the Revolution it was turned into a prison, and was also the headquarters of the Directory. It is now the meeting place of the Senate of the Republic. It stands within a beautiful park, and is the home of a large number of fine paintings and exquisite statues. The brave Marshal Ney was shot in the garden where his statue now stands.

The Hotel des Invalides is south of the Seine. Louis XIV. founded it in 1670 for the veterans of the army. It was intended to accommodate five thousand old soldiers. We entered the church hung with the old stained and tattered battle-flags that had waved on a thousand fields. The dome of the Church of the Invalides, gilded in the time of Napoleon I., can be seen from a long distance.

The tomb of Napoleon I. is under the dome in the rear of the Church of the Invalides. The monumental tombs of Grant and Garfield are insignificant when compared to that of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is of red granite and massive, yet tasty, with no excess of ornament. Part is sunk, perhaps twelve feet beneath the floor of the church, in a circular

space with mosaic floor, and contains the names of the principal battles of him whose memory is fittingly preserved in this superb sarcophagus.

The tombs and monuments of some of Napoleon's chief generals are grouped about his own. Nearby I was also shown the last resting place of Marshal McMahon, the first President of the present Republic.



THE OPERA HOUSE.

The Opera House is the grandest and the largest theatre in the world. When I say it is the largest, I refer not to its seating capacity, but to the space of ground it covers. It occupies nearly three acres, but seats only between twenty-one hundred and twenty-two hundred people. I went there one night to see the building, and remained for about an hour. It is exceedingly rich in statutary. The grand staircase of white marble, with balustrade of red antique marble, and hand rails of Algerian onyx, is the finest in the world. The cost of this magnificent building was thirty million francs, or about $6,000,000.

When I went in I noticed an officer on horseback at the curb stone, over one hundred feet away from the main entrance. Himself and his horse, motionless, faced the main portal. When I returned the officer was still seated, sphinx and statue like, on the horse. Other armed sentinels were within and without the main entrance. I did not know whether these guards were usually there, or if the occasion was a special one.

Though a stranger in Paris, and alone that night, I thought I would try to get to my hotel by a short cut. On my way I was accosted by a man, who said: "I believe you are an English clergyman."

I asked him what he wanted of me, and he answered: "Will you save the life of a poor man?"

"Where is the man whose life needs to be saved?" I asked.

"I am the man," he answered. "I came here to do some painting, some portrait work, for a man who had engaged me. I arrived here yesterday, but he had just committed suicide. He had some trouble and then did that terrible deed. I have had nothing to eat all day, and have no place to stay, and am entirely destitute."

I told him I was from America, and was on my way back on a journey around the world.

"Oh, take me with you," he pleaded; "I will paint for you and do many other things for you." I told him that I would be hard enough pressed for means to take myself home.

I walked through a number of side streets seeking a short cut to the hotel. Though a stranger in the city I got my bearings quite well, considering that it was night time. I met a number of queer characters on my way, but the walk added to my knowledge of Parisian life under the gaslight.

Two or three afternoons I went into the Garden of the

Tuileries to read my Breviary. This park extends from the palace to the Place de la Concorde, and runs by a number of the large hotels, and is bounded by the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine.

I wondered why so few occupied the seats scattered about. I took a chair and began my office, and while I was engaged in reading an old woman came up and tore off a ticket from a book of them. She handed me the ticket, but I shook my head. She insisted on my taking the ticket, and I persisted in my refusal. She talked French and gesticulated "to beat an orchestra leader." I thought if all ticket-sellers were as energetic as that old French woman, concerts, lectures and fairs would be largely attended. However, I made up my mind that I was not going to buy a ticket for a French play or concert. The old lady was in agony, and took hold of my chair. I pointed to another a distance off, and told her to take that. She sighed and then held the ticket before my eyes, pleading for me to look at it. I then read that for chairs in the park ten centimes were charged. All was explained. The old lady was the official in charge of the chairs. I smiled and paid my two cents, and she went off to catch her breath.



A PARISIAN BEGGAR.

After a time I was disturbed by a hissing sound. I looked up and saw standing near me, but looking away in another direction, a dirty, ragged, unshaven and unkempt

individual. Still looking away from me he showed his old tattered and torn shoes, and plainly indicated that he wanted help. He went on hissing his petition without moving his lips or changing his position. He was the image of characters often described by Victor Hugo. I soon understood that he acted as he did so as not to attract the attention of the police. When I gave him a coin he went shuffling off in the direction of the Seine.

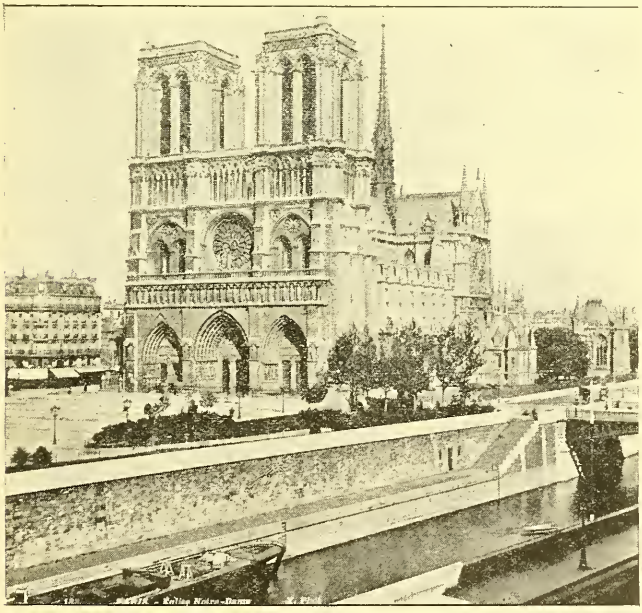
I went to visit the Zoological Gardens. They are very extensive, and prove a great attraction. On one part of the grounds I found a crowd assembled about an immense balloon. It carried about twenty people in the basket. When the complement of passengers was complete, up went the balloon. It was attached to a rope about one-fifth of a mile in length. After reaching this height, the people had a magnificent view of the city and the surrounding country. After a wait of about fifteen minutes, the balloon was hauled back by means of a steam engine. I, too, wished to go up in the balloon. But when I applied, it had its full quota of passengers, and as I did not wish to wait for the second trip, I had not the experience gleaned by being "up in a balloon."

After I had left the enclosure and was walking about, I met a portly gentleman with some ladies. He approached me, and asked in French where he could find the opening, or the gate, entering the enclosure about the balloon. He stumbled in his French. I said to him that I preferred to speak in English. Spontaneously, he blurted out: "By hockey, so do I. I am not too well up in the language of these blasted foreigners." "Well," I said, "don't you think that in this case we are the foreigners?" "Ah, yes," he said, "that is a fact. I never was a foreigner before."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FAMOUS TEMPLES OF PARIS — THE MAJESTIC CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME—THE MADELEINE—THE GREAT BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART, MONTMARTRE—ST. GENEVIEVE—VERSAILLES AND ITS MEMORIES.

All things human have a beginning. Paris had its origin on the Isle de la Cite. On this small island, reached by magnificent bridges, stands the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame. Orators of world renown have spoken to the multi-



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

tude from its pulpit. Having a history spanning seven hundred years, the story of Notre Dame is varied and national. Of course, I cannot pretend to go into details connected with the magnificent building—a production of wonderful architectural genius. It is one of the glories of France. I walked through its aisles, visited its chapels, its monuments, and knelt at its altars. It is a very large building and in a very fine location. On inquiry, I found that it is four hundred and seventeen feet long, one hundred and fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and ten feet to the apex of the ceiling. The three portals are very fine, with their rich Gothic sculptures and crowds of exquisite statues.

How blinded and diabolical men become when the victims of unrestrained passion! In the days of the Revolution, over one hundred years ago, a decree was passed devoting that venerable Cathedral to destruction. Fortunately, the Directory was influenced to rescind the order. But the relics and paintings were carried away, and its statuary destroyed. The church was turned into a "Temple of Reason," and high upon the main altar a danseuse from the opera was worshiped by the mad people as a goddess. Soon after this act of sacrilege, the guillotine claimed for its victims Herbert, Danton and Robespierre, the leaders of the Revolution.

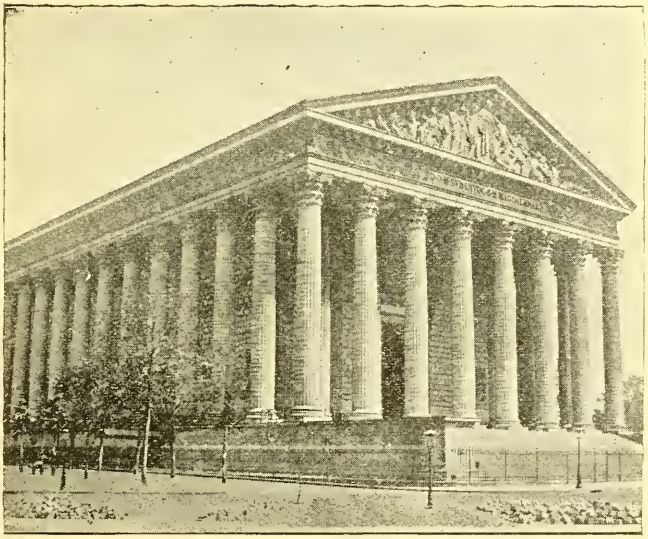
Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned Emperor by Pius VII., in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The Pope who crowned the Emperor anathematized him five years later.

Twenty-seven years ago, the Cathedral of Notre Dame was again desecrated—this time by the Communists. Compelled to retreat from it, they set it on fire, but the fire did not do very serious damage. During the modern "Reign of Terror," the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, was shot by the Communists. The robe he wore, pierced with bullets, is preserved in the Cathedral.

Trinity Sunday I celebrated Mass in the Cathedral of

Notre Dame at about 9 o'clock. While I was there Solemn High Mass was celebrated and a sermon was preached. There were not so many people present as I had expected, but possibly the crowd attended a later Mass.

On the same island is the Palais de Justice, a very large and very fine structure. Marie Antoinette and many other



THE MADELEINE.

victims of the Revolution were imprisoned there. I walked with interest through the magnificent corridors of the Temple of Justice. Justice does not always dwell in the temple, though law may.

The "Sainte Chapelle" is nearby. Here St. Louis loved to pray and meditate while he visited the Blessed Sacrament. The chapel is considered a masterpiece of Gothic architec-

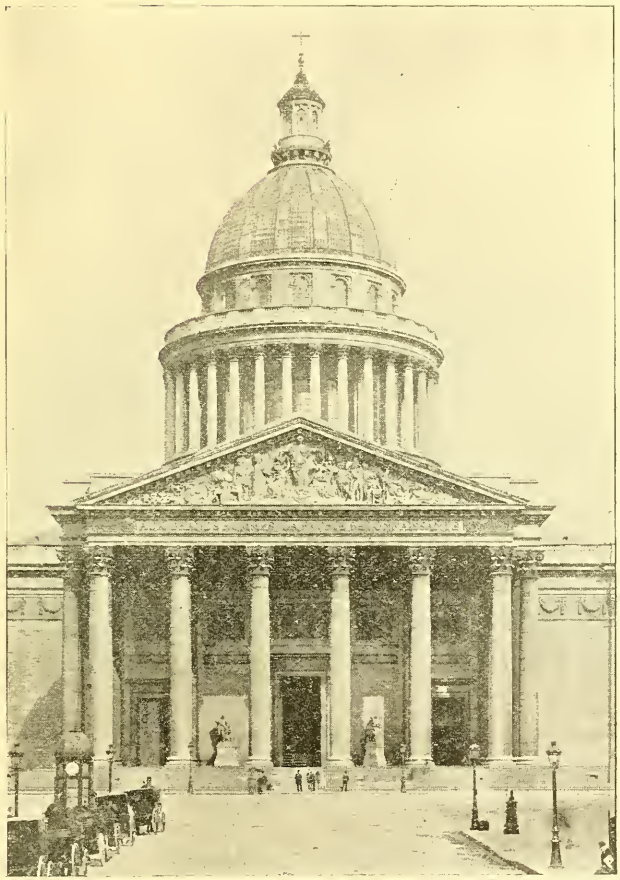
ture, and one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical structures in the world. It adjoins the Palace of Justice.

The Madeleine is another historical church of Paris. I made several visits to this edifice which Napoleon I. had ordered to be finished as a Temple of Glory in memory of his victorious army. But before his project could be carried out, the Battle of Waterloo made him an exile. The building stands upon a raised platform three hundred and twenty-eight by one hundred and thirty-eight feet. The style is Greek. A colonnade of sixty Corinthian columns, each fifty feet high, extends entirely around the outside of the church. There are no windows, the interior being lighted from the roof. Thirty-four statues of Saints and Prophets stand in niches on the outer wall under the colonnade. The Madeleine stands in one of the most prominent centers of Paris, and is a landmark for the stranger within the gates. A flower market is held around about the church on two days in the week. The Madeleine appears to be the most frequented of all the churches in Paris. It cost $2,500,000.

Immediately opposite the Louvre is the ancient Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. From its pulpit the celebrated orators, Bourdaloue and Massillon, preached to the Court of Le Grand Monarque. The morning I visited this church quite a crowd had assembled, of course with piety and devotion, to assist at a marriage. The bridal party had not arrived.

It was from the bell tower of this church that the emissary of the King gave the signal for the massacre of the Huguenot conspirators on the Feast of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. Protestants always try to connect the Catholic Church with this political slaughter, but the facts of history show that neither the Pope nor the Church had anything to do with the crime.

During the last Mass on Sunday, I visited the Church of



THE PANTHEON.

St. Sulpice. It stands in an aristocratic portion of Paris. It is famous from the fact that the sainted parish priest, M. Olier, here founded the Community of St. Sulpice for the training of young men for the priesthood.

A double row of Doric columns, forty feet high, form a

magnificent portico. There are two great towers. The vast and well-proportioned interior is striking. It is lined with twenty-two richly decorated chapels.

A watch service is held in St. Sulpice on the eve of every New Year. The church in the time of the French Revolution was turned into a Temple of Victory. When Napoleon returned from his victorious campaign in Egypt, a great banquet was given to him within the walls of St. Sulpice.

About three-quarters of a mile from St. Sulpice's is one of the highest elevations in Paris. Upon that spot St. Genevieve, the Patron Saint of Paris, died in 511. A magnificent church was erected in 1764 in honor of St. Genevieve, the "Shepherd Girl of Nanterre."

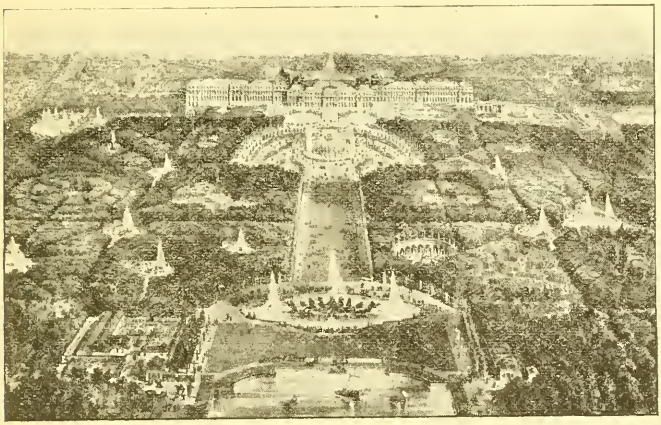
The Convention changed the name to "The Pantheon." However, the Catholics regained possession of it in 1851. But it does not appear to be used for divine service at the present time. It has a magnificent dome, fine paintings and many marble monuments.

I took a long walk one day to the Church of the Sacred Heart on the heights of Montmartre. It is a large and conspicuous basilica in Byzantine style. The church was not then finished. I understood that it would cost $5,000,000. This is the highest point in Paris. I got my best view of the city the evening I stood before the Church of the Sacred Heart.

The Church of St. Vincent de Paul is a very fine structure. An entire chapter might be written about the edifice. I paid it a visit on my way to Montmartre.

Before returning I went to a restaurant to have dinner. The questions and the mannerisms of the waiters reminded me of this story related of a Mr. Hyde, of Chicago, when he went to a French restaurant: "Waiter, I want a dinner." "Will ze gentleman haf table d'hote or a la carte," asked the waiter. "Bring me a little of both, and have them put plenty of gravy on it," answered Mr. Hyde.

One afternoon Father Conway and I paid a visit to the Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise. The Communists made their last stand on the hill in this cemetery. From it they bombarded Paris. The remains of many notable persons are buried in that cemetery. Among the tombs are those of the composers, Bellini, Cherubini, Rossini and Chopin. It is also the burial place of Abelard, Racine, Thiers, Marshal Ney



PALACE AND GARDENS AT VERSAILLES.

and others. There are a great many small chapels covering tombs. The graves are crowded close together. Many of cemeteries in America surpass it in beauty.

We made a trip from Paris to Versailles. "There are many fine cities in the world, but only one Versailles." We passed the forest and the town of St. Cloud, the private residence of the first Napoleon. We were carried through a number of tunnels.

Versailles is two hundred feet higher than Paris. We found the palace a most spacious royal abode. Seven wide

avenues approach it. The rough paved court is of great extent. Around it the palace forms three sides of a hollow square. About the court are statues of distinguished men. In this court assembled the fierce mob that had marched from Paris. Before it stood Marie Antoinette and her children seeking to appease the anger of the blood-thirsty multitude.

We walked through the stately forests and the royal gardens. I will not attempt to give a picture of them. The surroundings fully approach my ideal of a royal abode—even of one so exquisite as "Le Grand Monarque," Louis XIV.

The stately fountains that now play but once a month since the palace is no longer the abode of royalty, were fortunately disporting themselves in all their magnificence on the day of our visit. The mere announcement that the Fountains at Versailles are to play suffices to bring thousand of visitors from Paris, a distance of some ten miles. Each time the fountains play the cost is about $2,000.

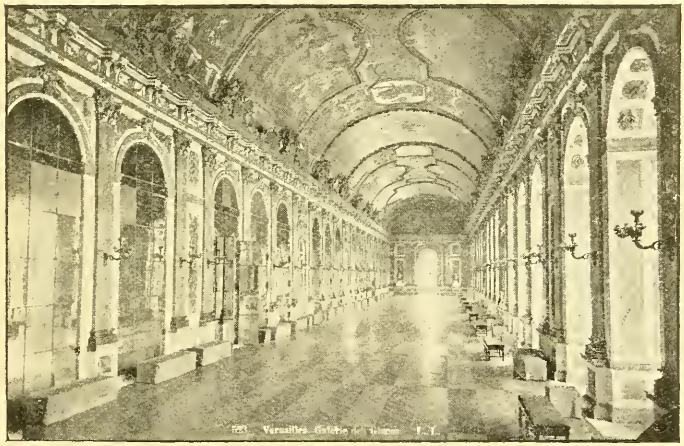
The spacious and stately palace is now one of the finest picture galleries in Europe. The pictures relate, in most cases, to persons, places and battles of absorbing historical renown. Hours are required to give them but a passing glance.

We got back to Paris in the dusk of the evening, fatigued in seeking to crowd into one day the many attractions of Versailles.

As we approached the city, my companion and I exchanged notes and comments on what we saw. I asked him if he knew that the Empress Eugenie had had a narrow escape from being the victim of a tragedy similar to that which deprived the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, of her life. He wished to know the particulars, so I related the facts:

After the disastrous battle of Sedan made Napoleon III.

virtually a prisoner of war, the excited populace rushed to the palace. The Empress fled secretly from the Tuileries. At 7 in the evening, accompanied by one lady, she left the palace by a side door. They took a cab and drove up the Champs Elysee for a mile or more. They then dismissed the cab, walked a square or two and hired another cab. Then they drove, not to the abode of an influential Frenchman, but to



PICTURE GALLERY, VERSAILLES.

the home of an American, that of the celebrated dentist, Dr. Evans, formerly of Philadelphia. The doctor was entertaining some friends at dinner, and sent a servant to inform the strange ladies that he could not see them then. The Empress, who had not revealed her identity, would not be put off. She walked by the servant into the private office. Dr. Evans then went to see the intruder. Imagine his surprise when he beheld the Empress, and heard her exclaim: "Doctor, you must save me!"

When the doctor realized the situation, he acted promptly. Placing the ladies in a retired room, he dismissed his friends as soon as possible.

Accompanied by a friend at 2 o'clock in the morning, he took the Empress and her companion in his private carriage, and drove towards the gates of the city. The streets, even at that hour, were thronged with an excited multitude. But no attention was paid to the private carriage making its way slowly through the crowd. But a guard, representing the Republic, was at the city gate. He demanded to know the identity of the occupants of the carriage. The doctor gave his own name and profession, and handing something to the guard, with the remark that great events were on the tapis in Paris, the carriage was allowed to pass.

They finally arrived at the sea coast. They procured a private yacht from an Englishman. After a fearful passage of twenty hours in a heavy sea, they arrived safely in England.

Sunday in Paris has not much of Sabbath quiet. The crowds are augmented on the avenues and in the parks, but on many streets the stores are wide open, and goods are sold as upon the other days of the week. The storekeepers who open on Sunday are not confined to any one class of trade. We should cherish our Sunday because it is God's day and is also man's day of rest. We should sternly confront the "personal liberty" people who wish to introduce the "Continental Sunday." The plea "for the people" is often a plea in disguise for the pocket. There is a happy medium between too much Puritanism and too much Continentalism.

An Anthony Comstock is needed in many parts of Europe. Many people do not like restrictions, but all law is restrictive, and law is necessary. The declaration: "To the pure

all things are pure" is as false as it is general. People might just as well indulge their appetites without restriction, encouraging themselves by the declaration: "To the healthy all things are healthy."

I noticed in the shop windows in Naples, Rome and Paris the undisguised display of immoral books and prints. The titles in Italy were all in the language of the country, but in Paris many were in English. As darkness approaches the light departs, so, as immorality enters the mind and heart, virtue takes its flight. No pen can depict the evil done by the reading of bad books and papers. No wonder that a people retrograde in strength and morality when they drink at the fountains of vice.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Father Conway and I, having finished our stay in Paris took our departure for England.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ENGLAND — CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL AND THE SHRINE OF THOMAS À BECKET—LONDON—ITS CHURCHES AND MONUMENTS — WESTMINSTER ABBEY — THE TOWER OF LONDON—CURIOS—PETERBOROUGH—DURHAM.

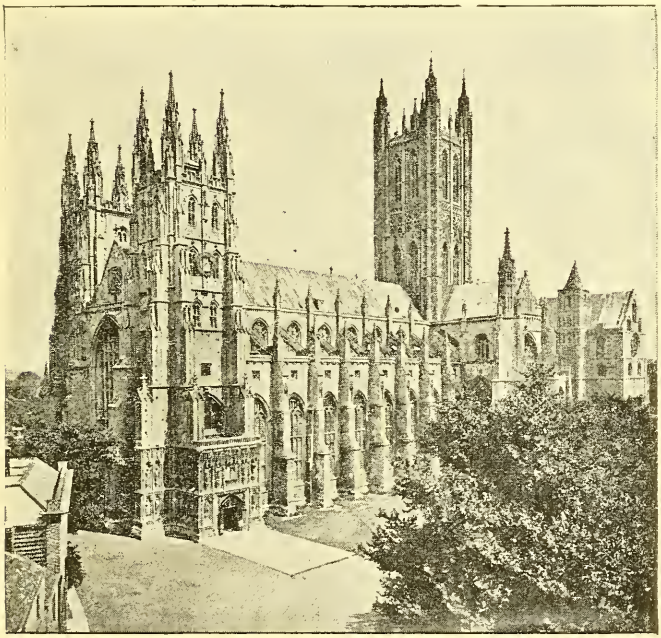
There was nothing of special importance in our trip from Paris to Dover, a distance of two hundred and five miles. When the passengers boarded the steamer at Calais we found that English was the language of the day. This was a pleasant treat after listening for many months to foreign tongues.

Before sighting the high hills at Dover, I proposed to Father Conway that we should visit Canterbury and its famous Cathedral ere going to London. He agreed to the proposition. At the landing two trains were waiting for the passengers. One train was the express bound for London direct, the other for Canterbury and way stations.

In crowding out of the steamer Father Conway and I got separated. He by accident got on the express for London. By chance I met him again, but not for some weeks, and then in another land. Hence I was alone on the rest of my trip through England and Scotland.

Being in England, and near Canterbury, my mind went back to its missionary history. When in Rome I visited the great Monastery of St. Andrew on the Cælian Mount. Gregory lived there in A. D. 597. He had found in the slave markets of Rome some captive youths from England. Being touched by their condition and learning that their country was not blessed by Christianity, he set out on a mission for its conversion. He was recalled before he had

scaled the Alps. Having himself ascended the Papal Chair, he sent Augustine with forty monks on the mission to England. Chanting the Litanies, and marching in procession after the Cross, they approached Canterbury. Fortunately, Queen Bertha was a Catholic, and thus King Ethelbert,



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

though a pagan, received the missionaries kindly. He himself was baptized June 2, 597. It is said that ten thousand converts were baptized the following Christmas at Canterbury. The King gave up his palace as a residence for the missionaries. Augustine died in 604.

We skip over a space of more than five hundred years

and come to a scene forever associated with Canterbury. The State Chancellor and bosom friend of Henry II., Thomas à Becket, was selected by the King to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. He who had lived in almost regal magnificence then became a rigid ecclesiastic. Refusing to be the tool of the King, he incurred his deep anger. In a transport of indignation, the King exclaimed, in the presence of some courtiers: "What cowards I have about me; what sluggish wretches! Is there no one who will rid me of this turbulent priest?"

Impelled by these words, four knights secretly set out for Canterbury, determined to do away with the Archbishop. While the Divine Office was being recited at 5 o'clock in the afternoon the conspirators entered the Cathedral. In the winter twilight a loud voice asked: "Where is Thomas à Becket, traitor to the King?" There was no response. "Where," cried the voice, "is the Archbishop?" "Here I am," replied the Archbishop; "no traitor, but the priest of God. What do you wish?" "Your life," they cried. "Gladly do I give it for God and for the Church." Saying "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, O Lord," the Archbishop fell beneath the blows of the conspirators on the 29th of December, 1170.

When the terrible news reached King Henry he appeared to be deeply afflicted, and vehemently protested that he was not guilty of Thomas à Becket's death.

One day in July the King walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury, as a pilgrim and penitent, to the Shrine of St. Thomas. He knelt at the Cathedral door and then in tears went to the spot where his once dear friend had fallen beneath the blows of the murderers. He then approached the crypt and knelt weeping at the tomb. Public atonement was made for the rash words that had caused the crime. The King then received a penitential scourging.

Left to himself, he passed the night in lonely meditation at the Shrine of the Martyred Saint.

The Archbishop was canonized in 1174. Thenceforth pilgrimages to his shrine became numerous. Chaucer, in his "Canterbury Tales," relates something of these events.

Though the gorgeous shrine is now no more, having been despoiled and destroyed in the dark days of England's apostacy, pilgrims still come and pray in large numbers at the Shrine of the Martyred Archbishop.

Archbishop Stephen Langton, to whom the people owe the Magna Charta, is buried in Canterbury Cathedral. Here are also entombed the remains of Cardinal Pole, the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury.

I walked through ancient Mercury Lane, and under the old and massive gateway to enter the very fine Cathedral grounds. The church is constructed of stone, and is five hundred and twenty-two feet long. On the payment of a small fee I was conducted through the building by one of the official guides. In the vestibule I found a printed notice requiring all persons within the parish to make out and deliver lists, within twenty-one days, of all taxable property, that church rates might be assessed thereon.

On the well-kept Cathedral grounds are the episcopal palace, the parsonage and the college. The town is quaint, but homelike; the streets narrow, but clean. The Catholics possess a fine, large stone church, well situated.

I passed through the old graveyard on a path that crosses it diagonally. The cemetery covers about an acre of ground. Some fine sheep were clipping the grass in it.

I visited St. John's Park. It covers about ten acres of ground, and is well kept. Many children were playing in it. There was no sign requiring them, "Coxey," or any one else to "keep off the grass."

In the evening I started for London, a little over fifty

miles distant. It was dark when I arrived in the largest city in the world. A passenger on the train gave me a few directions to get to the hotel.

I passed from the station down to the underground railroad. Trains of from eight to ten coaches were passing about every two minutes. Each train had some sign to indicate the places it reaches. I soon found one for Gower Street, and boarded that. In about five minutes I reached the place. After ascending the stairs I found my hotel just across the street.

I was very glad to hear from friends at home in the letters that awaited me. A welcome epistle from Bishop Horstmann, referring in complimentary terms to my letters of travel, kindly extended my leave of absence for a month.

I was much surprised the morning after my arrival to find the hotel door locked at 7 o'clock in the morning. No one was about. I noticed that 7 o'clock was the earliest time marked on the "call board." A sign hung on the door: "If you want to get out, ring the bell under the stairs." I did not know what stairs, so I had to content myself with looking out of the window. Who could imagine a large hotel in New York or Chicago, or any American city, closed at 7 o'clock of a busy week day morning? There is not much rush or push in London, but when things finally do move there is great momentum.

In the parlor of the hotel I heard two clergymen of the Church of England talking of the war, etc. One of them, I think, was a Bishop. They had the fashionable English stammer or stutter.

"America will, after a time, want Jamaica," said one. "Oh, yes!" said the other, "I believe America will yet have the whole West Indies." No objection was raised. "I wonder of what nationality were the soldiers who won those battles in the late civil war over there?" "Really, I don't

know, but likely a goodly number of them were Irish." After a pause one said: "I saw the tomb of Gladstone to-day. He is buried so that people walk over his grave. I really don't like this walking over the graves of people."

London is too vast and too full of places of historical interest to be described in detail. With some six million of population crowds are found almost everywhere. I rode and rambled about a great deal in a busy week, and got a glimpse of many things and saw numerous places of renown.

While walking in St. James' Park I found that I was there on one of the Queen's reception days. I had an opportunity of seeing the people who call upon royalty. The carriages in line covered about one-eighth of a mile. There was an abundance of style and wealth. The beauty and the brave awaiting their turn did not appear to be averse to the curious scrutiny of the thousands who lined the way to the palace. Those on the walks had no tickets, but they took in as much of the show as possible. I did not seek to be presented to the Queen, though I was near the palace.

Saturday afternoon I inquired from a cab driver about the location of the nearest Catholic Church. He showed me one around the corner on Gordon's Square. On entering I noticed the name in the vestibule: "St. Andrew's Catholic Apostolic Church." The title had not enough of adjectives, and yet too many to be the True Church. I went out and walked on. After a time I asked a policeman to direct me to a Catholic Church. He did so. Remembering "St. Andrew's," I asked: "Is the church you speak of a real Catholic Church?" "Yes," he said, "that is the genuine Catholic Church." And so it proved. It bore the name of St. Aloysius. Father Smith was the pastor, having Father White and Father McCarthy as his assistants. They received me very cordially.

Father White very kindly showed me around London for

the better part of two days. On Sunday we visited a number of Catholic Churches.

We went to St. Patrick's, in Soho Square, where the famous Father O'Leary officiated for a number of years. A tablet in the vestibule reminds the visitor of the fact.

We visited the Church of the Brompton Oratory, made famous by Father Faber, Cardinal Newman and others. On the first pew I noticed the name of the Duke of Norfolk, one of the most prominent men in England. I was told that with other titled gentlemen he had carried the canopy in the procession at the Forty Hours' the week before my arrival. He often served Mass, and appreciated the honor. The Duke had charge of all the arrangements for the funeral of Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The church is very large, is finely situated and very tasty.

The grand new Catholic Cathedral, under course of construction, is not very far away from Westminster Abbey and the House of Parliament. At that time it was surrounded by a forest of scaffolding.

In the Penal days Catholic Churches were proscribed. The Embassy Churches were then the only places where Mass was allowed. Father White showed me, wedged in among buildings, the old Belgian Embassy Church of those days.

One of the churches confiscated and taken from the Catholics in the days of persecution was the Church of St. Ethelreda. This beautiful church was constructed in 1280. It came again under Roman obedience in 1876. We paid the ancient shrine a visit. The royal arms, which had been erected in the church, after its confiscation, have been removed from the sanctuary and placed in the vestibule.

Looking through the newspapers on Saturday night I saw an announcement that Father Gallway, the Jesuit, would lecture on Sunday evening in St. Mary's Church, Moorsfield. I had heard Father Gallway highly spoken of as an orator,

so I determined to be present at the lecture. After some difficulty and having once lost my way, I succeeded in locating the church.

With the payment of four pence at the door I got a good seat. There were not more than two hundred and fifty persons present. It was far from the number I had expected. Soon the speaker made his appearance. Father Gallway



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

was about seventy-five years old, a little stooped, but of a venerable presence. He took for his text: "Blessed are the peacemakers." He wished to demonstrate that the Catholic Church is the true Church, the Church of Christ. He said that Our Lord came to make peace between God and man, by establishing one religion. The devil, on the contrary, seeks to separate us by lies. A proper explanation sets all things

right. The speaker then went on to explain that much of the enmity against the Catholic religion came from lies. He demonstrated the unity and the beauty and the truth of Catholic teaching. Our Lord wants all men to be saved, and as St. Paul says, to come to the knowledge of the truth. He showed conclusively that the Catholic Church is the True Church, the Church of Christ.

I noticed the red hat of Cardinal Wiseman suspended from the ceiling of that church.

Father White and I walked to many places in London made famous by Dickens. However, the march of modern improvements has changed many of the old scenes. Perhaps the "Seven Dials" has been as greatly transformed as any other locality.

We went to the House of Parliament, and also to Westminster Abbey. This building, it has been said, contains the history of England in stone. Monuments, old and new and notable, crowd the building.

On a stone about two feet square in the pavement of the aisle I read, "W. E. Gladstone" — nothing more. He had been buried but a few days. His resting place is near the magnificent monument of his old and eloquent opponent, Disraeli. In time the grave of the "Grand Old Man" will be properly marked and honored by admiring friends and a grateful people.

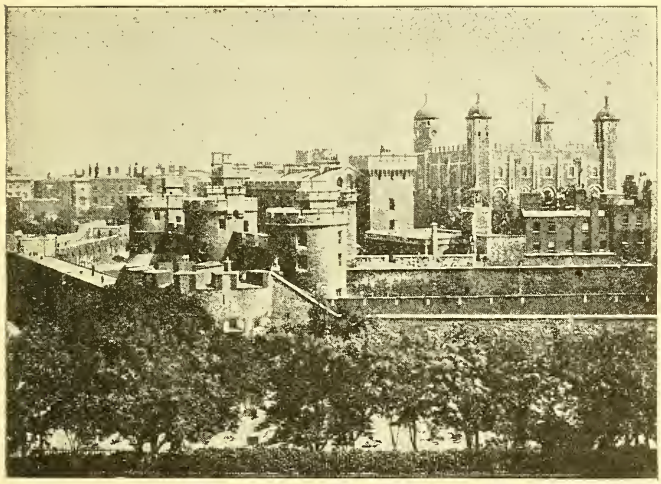
The grave of Charles Dickens had many fresh flowers upon it and a number of visitors about it. It appears to be one of the centers of attraction.

I was taken into one of the interior chapels which contains the tomb of St. Edward, formerly King of England. Let us pray that this royal Saint may be potent in bringing back his native land to the True Faith. Pilgrims go to his tomb in large numbers on his feast day, October 13.

I will not write of the Bank of England, the Mansion

House, the great National Gallery of Paintings and Statuary, the museums, the parks, the famous streets, etc. A library of books has been written about them and the city.

Through a street lined with stables we approached the famous Jesuit Church on Farm Street. The interior of the church is very beautiful. It was filled on Sunday by a fash-



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

ionable and aristocratic congregation. The church accommodates all classes, and all classes find in her the consoling and infallible guide to Heaven.

At the Church of the Oblates I found Bishop Gaughran, with whom, it will be remembered, I had spent some pleasant days in Cairo. He gave me a hearty welcome and an invitation to dine with him. He said he was to start the following day for his faraway diocese in South Africa. He invited me to pay him a visit, but I did not set any time for a trip

to South Africa. He wished to be kindly remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Luke Brennan and family of Cleveland. He had met them some years before in Paris.

Who has not heard of "The Tower," the Tower of London? Every stone in its massive walls could tell of dark deeds and horrible crimes.

Through Billingsgate and the famous fish market I made my way one afternoon to the Tower of London. The fortress with its turrets, its battlements, its roofs and its moats, presents a formidable appearance. It communicates by land with the outer world at two points only. From a palace it became a prison, or served as both at the same time, but it is no longer a royal residence. The list of those executed in the Tower would make a long litany.

The accompanying cut may give the readers an idea of the fortress. If England could efface the crimes committed in the Tower from history her record would be much brighter.

The Tower is built on the Thames. Sometimes the prisoners were brought by barge or boat from the prison to Westminster for trial. On his return trip the Duke of Buckingham, in 1521, refused to use the carpets and cushions in the barge, saying: "When I came to Westminister I was Lord High Constable and Duke of Buckingham, but now—poor Edward Bohun." Sir Thomas Moore went to his trial on foot in 1534, but returned by boat. Anne Boleyn landed here May 2, 1586. She was beheaded May 19. Queen Catherine Howard was rowed to the Tower in a barge and beheaded after three days, February 13, 1542.

I found quite a number of visitors in the room in which the regalia and the crown jewels are preserved. The room is strongly guarded. In the large glass case the crown of Queen Victoria occupies the highest place. It weighs thirty-nine ounces, five pennyweights. The band supports four

silver branches, composed of oak leaves, each leaf bearing an acorn formed of a single pearl, which, meeting in the center, form, as it were, two arches, from which rises an orb or mound of diamonds, on which is the cross, also composed of diamonds, with a magnificent sapphire in the center. There are four other crosses. The one in front contains seventy-five brilliants, surrounding the famous ruby which belonged to the "Black Prince." The three other crosses are each set with an emerald center, surrounded respectively by one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four and one hundred and thirty diamonds. The crown is embellished by two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds, two hundred and seventy-seven pearls, five rubies, seventeen sapphires and eleven emeralds.

I cannot give a description of all the jewels and crowns. Among the crowns are those of the Queen of James II., Queen Mary's and St. Edward's. Then there is the orb, carried in the sovereign's right hand at the coronation, set with jewels and diamonds. The royal sceptre with the cross of gold, is two feet nine inches long, enriched with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. Another sceptre, with the dove, of gold, is three feet seven inches long.

Among the collections are the insignia of the British Orders of Knighthood, the Collar, the Garter, St. George and the Dragon, St. Patrick, the Thistle, the Bath, St. Michael, the Star of India, the Victoria Cross—all rich and gorgeous. Several pages might be used to describe these treasures.

The guards are attired in a quaint uniform, coming down evidently for centuries. I got into conversation with one of them. I asked him about the number of visitors, etc. He said that they numbered from three to five thousand a day, but not so many on the days when admission was charged.

I asked him. "What building is that?"

"That is St. John's Chapel. It is the largest and most

complete chapel of the Norman period now remaining in England, and possesses famous tombs."

"I would like to visit it. May I not enter?" I asked.

"No visitors are allowed in."

"Why?"

"Last summer a dynamiter got in there and nearly destroyed it, hence the prohibition," he said.

I talked with the guard for some time, and gave him my card. After a time he said: "Perhaps I can get you into St. John's." "Do so by all means," I said. He quietly called another guard to take his place, and we walked away together, finally entering the old chapel. He then locked the door.

The interior is a plain vaulted chamber. There are twelve massive columns and two half columns, supporting thirteen arches. The chapel is fifty-five by thirty-one feet. In this chapel the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass had been offered daily.

One large room in the Tower is full of arms and armor, representing different ages and nations. There is also the uniform worn by Wellington, also the soldier's cloak on which General Wolfe expired at Quebec at the moment of victory in 1745. Some of the eighteen-foot pikes reminded me of the brave men of Erin. There is also exhibited a mailed suit of Henry VIII.

Two of the most illustrious victims executed in the Tower were Rt. Rev. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor of England. Both of them were opposed to the divorce of Henry VIII. from Queen Catherine. This was enough to cause the modern Blue Beard to determine upon their death.

Bishop Fisher refused to sign the act disinheriting the Princess Mary in favor of the issue of Anne Boleyn. At eighty years of age he was shut up in a cold and damp dungeon in the Tower. The 21st of June, 1535, was the

day of execution. He exchanged his hair shirt for a clean white one, and dressed himself in his best apparel, saying: "This is my wedding day." Being old and feeble, two men had to carry him in a chair, but he ascended the scaffold unassisted. He made the Sign of the Cross and knelt to pray. His head was exposed for fourteen days on London Bridge. But so many people came to look upon it, some asserting that rays of light shown round the head, that traffic was obstructed. It was then thrown into the Thames.

Sir Thomas More was perhaps the greatest Englishman of his day. He was learned, brilliant, a great writer and orator, and rose from dignity to dignity until he attained the highest office, Lord Chancellor of England. On the way to his execution on the morning of the 6th of July, 1535, he carried a crucifix, and often cast his eyes to heaven. As he passed, a good woman offered him a glass of wine. He refused it, saying: "Marrie, I will not drink now; my Maister had lasall and gall and not wine given to Him at the scaffold." At the block he knelt and repeated the Fiftieth Psalm, and then kissed the executioner, who had implored his forgiveness. He refused to have his eyes bandaged and calmly laid his head upon the block. Froude says: "The fatal stroke was about to fall when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. 'Pity that it should be cut,' he murmured; 'that has not committed treason,' with which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous in Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever."

St. Paul's Cathedral of London is a large and expensive building, and is another Westminster Abbey for national tombs and monuments. As I wandered through it I deemed it far inferior, not only in size, but in architectural proportions and beauty, to St. Peter's. The fact is, that there is hardly any ground for comparison. St. Paul's is five hundred

feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide at the transepts. It has a fine location. It is a large body without a soul.

One day from the top of a "bus" I saw a house bearing the sign: "Thackeray Was Born Here." There are pleasure and profit frequently in calling the attention of passers-by to the places made notable by great events or by great men.

Having visited the parks, and having spent some hours in the famous Zoological Garden, I left the gloom and fog and hum and noise and the crowds of London and made my way by fast train to the ancient town containing the famous Cathedral, Peterborough. It is said that Henry VIII. spared Peterborough Cathedral because the remains of Queen Catherine were buried there.

When I arrived in Peterborough I found it gaily decorated. Princess Louise was to come in the afternoon. The Cathedral was transformed and prepared for a grand concert in which several hundred singers were to take part that afternoon and evening. It was evidently a general holiday for the people of the town and the neighborhood. Peterborough is seventy-five miles from London. That was the first stop made by the express after leaving London.

The Princess Louise came to Peterborough the day I visited the Cathedral. The people turned out in large numbers to welcome her. The afternoon and evening concerts at the Cathedral, honored by her presence, were largely attended, and she was received enthusiastically.

From Peterborough I went to York, one hundred miles away. York for centuries has been a walled city. The walls are well preserved, but the town has grown beyond their confines.

I lost no time in going to the celebrated Cathedral. Hawthorne speaks of the church in raptures, declaring it "the most wonderful work that ever came from the hand of

man." While I consider this language rather hyperbolical, the Cathedral is very fine. It is five hundred and twenty-four feet long, and three hundred and twenty-two feet at the transepts. The window called "The Five Sisters" is remarkable for its beauty and its rich stained glass. The east window was begun in 1450. I read some place that a glazier of repute named John Thompson took the contract to glaze this window for four shillings a week. The time occupied was three years.

There are a number of monuments of very fine workmanship in the Cathedral. Cromwell's soldiers defaced many of them. The magnificent Shrine of St. William, who was the Archbishop of York, was desecrated in this temple by a royal robber in the so-called Reformation days. But it is said that the relics of the Saint are still entombed in the Cathedral. Cardinal Wolsey was the fifty-seventh Archbishop who held the See of York.

In the Cathedral is shown the ivory drinking horn of Ulphus. His sons had quarreled about the division of his property. Ulphus placed his horn on the altar as a sign that he gave all his possessions to God and St. Peter. This indicated his "will and testament." Sometimes in our day we hear of people making gifts "in a horn." These are not desirable, but in the olden days gifts "in a horn" were solid, substantial and reliable. How very changeable our English language is in its signification from age to age.

In modern days there are now and then big "spreads," and the biggest of them is, I believe, called a "barbecue." A barbecue sometimes includes a roast ox or two. We are told that at a marriage feast in "ye olden time" at York the first course consisted of fifty roast oxen. No wonder that John Bull is fond of his roast beef, when such traditions find credence in the "Tight Little Isle."

About eighty-five miles away from York in the direction

of Scotland, is Newcastle. It is a large city. In its population, its iron industries, its smoke and its grime it is several times over a multiplication of Newburg, Youngstown and Newcastle, Pa. It is situated on the Tyne. There is much iron ship-building on that river. About two miles out are the immense gun or ordnance works of Sir William Armstrong. How often we are warned not to do senseless things by the saying: "Don't carry coals to Newcastle."

A man told me a good story about one of the towns through which the railway passes. It is celebrated for most excellent buns. A Bishop in the car called a boy and said: "My lad, here is sixpence. Go and get me a bun, and you may get another for yourself." The boy came back eating his bun. He gave threepence to the Bishop, saying: "There was only this bun left."

We hurried on to Durham and its celebrated Cathedral, a distance of only fifteen miles. It was at the suggestion of Count Moore that I called at Durham; nor did I regret my visit. The Cathedral crowns the eminence upon which Durham is built. I paused on the opposite hill, and I paused again on the old bridge as I took in the glorious scene. The high hill is clasped by the rivers which almost surround it. The steep, rocky and wooded bank, crowned by the ancient Cathedral and castle, forms a picture that will linger long and sweetly in my memory. There are few bits of English scenery lovelier than those in "Old Durham on the Wear."

The Cathedral contains the remains of St. Cuthbert and also those of Venerable Bede. There are many interesting stories told of St. Cuthbert. His feast is, I think, celebrated on the 23d of March. The Venerable Bede was one of the most learned men of his day. He died in 735. St. Cuthbert passed to heaven in 687.

I was shown all through the Cathedral by the official guide. I will not dwell upon a description of the building.

which I consider one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in England.

The Rev. William Greenwald delivered an address in 1879 on the Durham Cathedral. In the course of it he said:

"Ireland is entitled to our regard and attention on account of our Christianity having been introduced from it through Iona, and from other reasons about which I have to speak. Ireland was one of the principal centers of missionary work, and sent religious ambassadors to a large part of Europe throughout the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Centuries. It was also a country whence art at that time was widely diffused. The art which we are accustomed to call Anglo-Saxon, and which is incorrectly known as Runic, is almost purely Irish. The art of ornamentation in use at that time in our own country, upon stone, metal and in books, originated in Ireland."

We would hardly expect such grateful acknowledgement to Ireland from the lips of an English Protestant clergyman.

I rambled with interest through the old churchyard which surrounds the Durham Cathedral. The tombs are very old, and most of the inscriptions are illegible. Here, however, is one upon an architect:

"Here lies Robert Trollop
Who made yon stones roll up;
When Death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up."

I knew that Ursham College, a famous Catholic institution, was in the vicinity of Durham. I asked a man the distance. "The distance to Ursham College? Well," said he, "it is five miles there and four miles back." "That is rather strange," said I. "It be," he said: "but this is the how of it. It is up-hill there; it is down-hill back. You come back by a shorter way than you go." This explanation gave the key to the puzzle.

After looking through the town and getting a fine view of Durham from the station, I started for Edinburgh, over a hundred miles away.

CHAPTER XL.

IN THE LAND OF THE THISTLE — RAMBLES IN THE ANCIENT SCOTCH METROPOLIS — EDINBURGH CASTLE — CURIOUS EPITAPHS—GLASGOW—THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL— BUSY SCENES ALONG THE CLYDE—GREENOCK.

Berwick, on the boundary between England and Scotland, is a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants.

I arrived in Edinburgh early in the evening. It is a city of about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is divided into the "Old" and "New Town" by a large open valley. That valley is made into a public park, through which the railways, almost hidden from view, pass. Princes Street, in the "New Town," overlooks the park. On this street are the principal hotels.

Across the valley, upon a rocky bluff, nearly four hundred feet high, stands the famous castle. To enter it, I passed over the drill ground, upon which a number of raw recruits were being put through their steps. In days gone by, the drill grounds had witnessed a number of executions. With one of the official guides, I passed over the drawbridge and went along a paved roadway, spanned at the upper end by a prison. In this prison Argyle passed the night before his execution. When we reached the summit of the rock, we had a very fine view of the city.

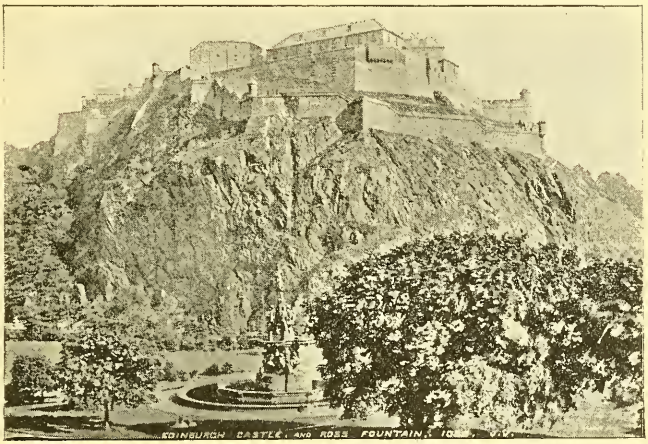
Within the castle and on its highest point is Queen Margaret's Chapel. It is a small stone building, about twenty-five feet by twelve feet.

In the crown room in the castle are the crowns of Robert Bruce and Charles II.; the sceptre, the sword of state presented by Pope Julius II. to James IV., and the royal jewels.

There is shown a room less than nine feet square, in which James VI., afterwards James I. of England, was born. In the ante-room is the portrait of his mother, Queen Mary.

On the south side of the court is the old Scottish Parliament House, now used as a barracks hospital.

High street, in the "Old Town," was once considered the finest street in Europe. There are many finer now, even in



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Edinburgh itself. On my way to it I passed Grassmarket, the place of public execution. On, or near, High Street lived David Hume, the historian. Midway on High Street is St. Giles' Church, where the fanatical John Knox preached.

In what a strange and dishonorable place his remains are buried! South of the church, in the pavement of the public street, and level with it and forming part thereof, is a stone about two feet square, inscribed, "J. K., 1572." This is the grave of the bloodthirsty Knox. I had some difficulty in

finding it. One would think that he had been buried there as a malefactor by public edict.

Farther down the street is the house in which Knox lived and died. On the outside I read the inscription:

"Lofe.God.above.al.and.your.nichbour.as.yi.self."

When Mary Stuart wished for herself the freedom of worship which she conceded to others, Knox said: "I had rather face ten thousand enemies than know that one Mass is said in Scotland." He declared that the murder of Rizzio, the Queen's secretary, was a "just act and worthy of all praise."

Passing down High Street I came to Holyrood Palace. The most interesting part of it is Queen Mary's apartments. Darnley occupied the room on the first floor. In the little boudoir Rizzio was assassinated March 9, 1566.

In the palace is a large number of paintings of Scottish Kings. The Chapel Royal shows the departed grandeur even in its ruins. In the vaults were buried James II., James V. and his Queen and David II.

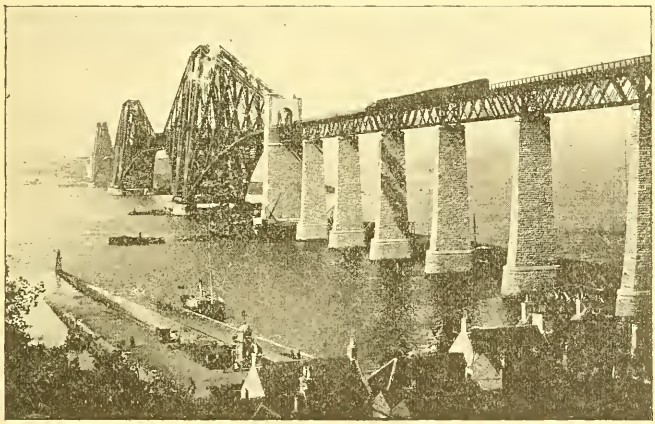
"Earth builds upon the earth
Castles and Towers;
Earth says to the earth
'All shall be ours.'"

The house in which Sir Walter Scott was born was pulled down in 1871. Fine monuments in the park perpetuate the memory of Scott, Burns, Livingstone, Adam Black and others.

Where High Street is intersected by the North and South Bridges stands the Tron Church. I mention this because a public tron, or weighing scales, stood there. When this tron showed that the salespeople cheated in weight, they were nailed up by the ears. How many could be easily fitted for earrings if that penalty for false weight were now inflicted in cities.

Edinburgh contains a gallery of fine paintings. It also boasts of some large and very fine libraries. There are some public buildings in the city that are patterned after those in Athens. For this reason, and for other reasons, Edinburgh is sometimes called the "Modern Athens."

One afternoon I rode out in the country about eight miles from Edinburgh. The ride was delightful. The homes of the gentry bespoke taste, comfort and wealth.



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

The roads are remarkably good, and are kept so by constant and intelligent supervision. The roads are lined by stone walls or hedges, and sometimes by both combined. The mansions of the landlords are generally hidden away in groves far back from the road, and are approached by winding driveways. The tasty lodge of the gatekeeper is always found at the entrance of an estate. We went as far as the celebrated railway bridge that spans the Firth of Forth.

I visited two old cemeteries in Edinburgh. I spent some,

time in looking at the tombs and their inscriptions. In Dean Cemetery are buried Lords Jeffery, Cockburn, Murray and Rutherford. In Warriston Cemetery Alexander Smith, the poet, lies buried. I also saw the grave of De Quincy. I read this sign: "To feu or sell." "Lairs may be purchased at £3 and upwards." "Feu" will be recognized as an old word meaning "to let" or "to rent."

It appeared to be the custom to place on the tombstones the vocation of the departed. I read: "Printer," "Plumber," "Bootmaker," "Carpenter," "Accountant," "Banker," etc. On several tombs were inscribed: "He was a Writer on the Signet." On another tomb:

"Rev. George Paxton, D. D., Pastor of 'Original Seceders.' Did not put off his armour until called upon to put on his crown."

Upon another tomb was the inscription:

"In memory of Luke J. O'Neil. Born in the Kingdom of Naples, 1736; died in Edinburgh, 1824. Nephew of the illustrious Arthur J. O'Neil, Duke of the Holy Roman Empire, on special service and Governor-General of Arragon."

I also saw the tomb of Adam Smith, the writer. On one tomb I read:

"Peter Locke, his remains are 108 feet from here."

The following epitaph is on a tomb in Edinburgh:

"John McPherson
Was a wonderful person;
He stood 6 ft. 2
Without his shoe,
And he was slew
At Waterloo."

Some of the inscriptions teach and preach to the living.

"Time was I stood where thou dost now,
And look'd, as thou look'st down on me;
Time will be, thou shalt lie as low,
And others then look down on thee."

Here are two others that cannot be said to eulogize the deceased:

"Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten,
He never did good, and never would,
Had he lived as long again."

"Here lies Lord Coningsby, be civil,
The rest God knows, perhaps the devil."

I will conclude the quotation of epitaphs with this one which was written nearly one hundred years ago. Of course, it would not apply to any of the gentler sex of our day:

"Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarrelled and stormed her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll raise another storm."

In the early evening I left the beautiful and historic Edinburgh for the city of Glasgow, about forty miles away.

There is a great deal of grand and beautiful scenery in Scotland, and there is much to attract the tourist in the towns and cities and highlands. Many writers of the present day are making fame and fortune in depicting the lives, the manners and customs, and the quaint speech of the people in the "Land of Burns." But the traveler who has to "swing around the circle" in a brief period cannot go into all the by-ways, be the attractions and the ghosts of the past ever so alluring.

As we were nearing Glasgow, a fellow-passenger gave me some information about the city, and recommended to me a good hotel. There are no hotels to be compared with the hotels in the United States for comfort, conveniences and accommodations. When I got on the "lift," it moved so slowly, so very slowly, that I asked the operator:

"Is this the passenger lift?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he said; "it is better than to climb."

"Well, yes," I said, "it is if one be not in a hurry."

I made quite a general round of Glasgow, and visited the points of interest in the city. Glasgow is a very flourishing city, and has grown rapidly. It now numbers something over eight hundred thousand inhabitants, and hence is the second largest city in Great Britain. It is renowned as a great manufacturing, ship-building and commercial center.

A little over one hundred years ago, James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, reported that the depth of water in the river was three feet three inches. As the result of constant dredging, steamers drawing twenty-three feet of water can now easily enter the river. The perseverance of the Scotch in converting the Clyde into a harbor is worthy of admiration. In many places ships three abreast line the extensive docks. The work of improving the Clyde has cost nearly $45,000,000.

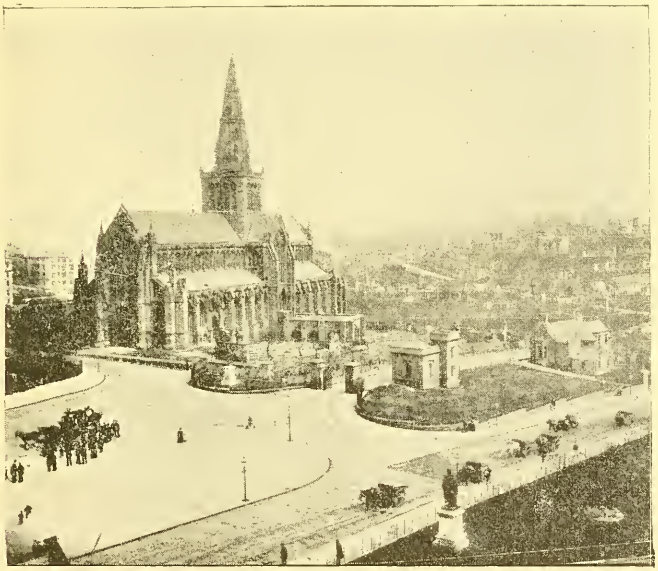
I went to see the new University. It is approached through the West End Park. It has a frontage of six hundred feet, with a fine central tower. It cost $2,500,000.

Glasgow Green is often referred to in song. It is a park which extends one mile along the Clyde. It is adorned with an obelisk of Lord Nelson, and is the scene of open-air preaching on Sunday evenings. Watt was strolling through this park when the central idea of the steam engine occurred to him.

George Square is the central point in Glasgow. It is situated near the two railway stations. At the center of it stands the Scott monument, a fluted column surmounted by a gigantic statue of the poet. There are also bronze statues of Queen Victoria and of the Prince Consort, of Watt, Livingstone, Campbell, Burns, Peel and Lord Clyde. Banks and public buildings surround the square, many of them being very fine and costly.

Tourists in Glasgow make it a point to visit the famous Ca-

thedral. It is celebrated for its beauty, its age and its monuments, and also from the fact that it is one of the two Catholic Churches spared from the fury of the iconoclastic "Reformers." But, though saved by the indignant people after it was doomed to destruction, it was not saved to the Church. It is under the use and control of non-Catholics. It is a



THE CATHEDRAL.

mute witness of injustice and persecution. It is three hundred and nineteen feet long.

I found on tablets a list of Bishops and Archbishops who had presided in the Cathedral from 580 to 1560, the year of the upheaval in Scotland.

St. Kentigen, sometimes called St. Mingo, presided from about 580 A. D. till 601. * * * Bishop Wm. Turnbull founded Glasgow University in 1450 authorized by a Bull of

Pope Nicholas V. issued about 1447. Glasgow was erected into an Archbishopric in 1491 by Pope Alexander VI.

It is affirmed of St. Kentigen, the founder of the Cathedral, that after he came to the years of understanding he never ate meat, nor tasted wine nor any strong drink; and when he went to rest, slept on the cold ground, having a stone for his pillow; and that, notwithstanding, he lived to the age of nine score and five years. He was visited in Glasgow by St. Columba, the celebrated Abbot of Iona.

The Cathedral stands on an elevated spot in Glasgow.

The beautiful Necropolis, or cemetery, is on much higher ground, and quite near the Cathedral. The celebrated cemetery is approached by the "Bridge of Sighs." Many fine monuments to men of renown are found in the Necropolis. From the cemetery a fine view of Glasgow and its surroundings is presented.

Before leaving Glasgow I called at a bank to get an exchange of fifty francs of French gold. Not being able to dispose of it I had to go to the office of Cook & Son. I was charged three shillings, or seventy-five cents. I expressed my opinion at the exorbitant rates. I had obtained the money at Cook's office in Paris. Cook gets the tourist going and coming, but fortunately I had not many dealings with the firm.

When I was ready I called a carriage from the station stand. I was much surprised when I found that the carriage driver did not know the whereabouts of the steamboat landing. I expressed my astonishment.

The driver said: "Well, sir, we are generally given the number and the street to which to drive."

I said: "A man in your position ought to know the location of public stations and landings. How is a stranger to know streets and numbers, and why should he be expected to direct a cabman to local points?"

I told him to drive to the hotel. There we located the landing and drove to the steamer. When we arrived at the dock, I said to the driver: "You ought, after this, to know where to find this dock."

"Oh, I knew," he said, "but I could not tell."

"Well, sir," said I, "you are not bound to keep such things secret."

A porter quite advanced in years came and carried my luggage. After he had deposited it on the steamer I said:

"I suppose you are employed by the steamship company?"

"Well," he said, "I am and I am not. I am licensed, as you may see, sir," pointing to the large brass band about his arm. "Our badges are numbered, so that if anything be lost you can report the number of the porter that carried your luggage and have him brought to account. We pay ten shillings to the corporation to get this badge."

"What pay do you get?"

"No pay at all, sir, except such as you and the likes of you give me for the service I render."

When I had settled with the licensed porter I took a look at the steamboat that was to carry me across the water to Ireland. It appeared to be a staunch boat, but not over eight hundred tons. I would not wish to make a very long voyage in her, with the prospect of heavy storms. On passing up to the prow I saw that our steamer bore the welcome name "Shamrock." The lines of Moore came to me:

> "Oh, the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock,
> Chosen leaf
> Of Bard and Chief,
> Old Erin's native Shamrock!"

It was an hour or more before the "Shamrock" left her moorings. Meantime I enjoyed the panorama of many ships bound in and out. I could then understand something of the high rank which Glasgow enjoys in the commercial world.

Passengers are carried from London to Glasgow by rail. From Glasgow they may go by rail or by water to Greenock. I concluded to take the steamer. A gentleman who was to go by rail told the following amusing story at the hotel the previous night:

Recently a man was going by the night mail to Carlisle. Before starting he called the guard, tipped him heavily and said: "I am going to sleep, and am a heavy sleeper, but I must get out at Carlisle. Get me out at all hazards. Probably I shall swear and fight, but never mind that. Roll me out on the platform if you can't get me out in any other way." The guard promised, the train started, the man went to sleep, and, when he woke up, he found himself in Glasgow! He called the guard and expressed his views in powerful language. The guard listened with a sort of admiring expression, but when the aggrieved passenger paused for breath he said: "Eh, mon, ye have a fine gift o' swearin', but ye conna haud a cannle to the ither mon whom I rolled out on the platform at Carlisle."

The steamer started on her trip at 4 p. m. Just before her departure a passenger, looking at the clock, said:

"I don't see why the dial of a clock has the four I's (IIII) instead of the usual IV. I would like to know the reason."

"Well," said one, "it was by a royal edict."

"How so and when?"

"When Henry Vick carried to Charles V. of France the first accurate clock the King said that IV. was wrong, and should be changed to IIII. Vick said, 'You are wrong, your Majesty.' The King thundered out: 'I am never wrong! Take it away and correct the mistake.' From that time the four I's have stood on the clock's dial."

As we went down the Clyde I was struck with the miles and miles of shipyards, filled with the iron skeletons of ships.

They were of all sizes and classes. The "men-of-war" stood in close proximity to the "ocean greyhounds." The large freighters were side by side with the small river boats. There were hundreds of vessels under construction. The customers of the yards were from all nations. Free trade evidently is no drawback to the capitalist or the mechanic on the Clyde. The scale of wages, as told to me, showed that in this line, at least, the "protected workingman," who is generally not protected, is not better paid than his brother on the Clyde.

At 6 o'clock we arrived at Greenock, a city of eighty thousand. Vast new docks have been built there and the most extensive shipyards on the Clyde are at Greenock, twenty-two miles from Glasgow.

I found that quite a number of passengers prefer to travel by rail from Glasgow to Greenock. They gain an hour in Glasgow, and overtake the steamer at Greenock. However, I enjoyed the ride through the bee hive of industry along the River Clyde.

I took advantage of our stay of an hour and a half to take a ride through the streets of picturesquely situated Greenock. The ocean steamers for New York take their passengers and mails at the "Tail of the Bank."

Burns' "Highland Mary" is buried in the old kirkyard at Greenock.

I saw on the main street the sign "The Catholic Herald." I tried to get a short talk with the editor, but after climbing the stairs I found that "the force" had gone home and the office was closed for the day. I dropped my card in the box to let the editor know that a visitor from "across the water" had called.

I got back to the "Shamrock" with but little time to spare. I found that the number of passengers had been largely increased. The signal was given, and off we started

for the shores of Erin. We had a very enjoyable ride through the Firth of Clyde and out into the wider expanse of blue water. The sea was smooth, and hence there was no danger of "drowning the 'Shamrock.'"

I remained on deck reading. I was surprised to find that I could still read by the light of day at 10 p. m. By the way, the newspaper I was reading contained the following from "Boynton, the American Wanderer." He wrote as follows to a friend:

"To-morrow is to be an eventful day for me, as I am to be united in wedlock to one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in Dublin. Take my advice: If you should attempt to walk around this sphere and remain single, never tramp through Ireland."

What a neat and delicate compliment Boynton paid to the maids of Erin!

I had a talk with the chief engineer on a number of subjects. In reply to a question he said that sometimes they had heavy storms on the sea between Scotland and Ireland. In such cases they ran the "Shamrock" under the protection of some convenient island, or into some arm of the sea. He told me that once they had a delay of two days to "let the blow out."

Discussion, story and song, as a rule, occupy the time of passengers afloat.

Among those aboard was a sturdy, handsome young Irishman. He had a sweet tenor voice. We were all delighted when he sang "My Land," by Thomas Davis:

"She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land—
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GREEN ISLE OF THE SAINTS—A LANDING AT DERRY—WITH OLD FRIENDS IN THE HISTORIC AND FLOURISHING CITY—ST. COLUMBKILLE—EXCURSIONS IN THE CHARMING NORTH COUNTRY.

When leaving home for my tour around the world an old woman said to me:

"You'll surely go to Ireland, Father?"

"Yes," I said, "but I'll go there last."

The very idea of leaving Ireland for the last appeared to hurt her, and she asked with some reproach in her voice: "Why will you leave Ireland for the last?"

Not wishing to enter into the geographical necessity for a traveler who rounds the world going West, I said: "Don't we leave the nicest and sweetest things for the last?"

"Oh, true for you, me darling. I am glad now you are going to Ireland last. That's the nicest and sweetest spot on earth."

Then she said: "God speed you and send you safe home."

The "Shamrock" steamed into the beautiful Lough Foyle early on Saturday morning. We passed Moville, the prettily situated watering place, where the ocean steamers take passengers for New York.

As we steamed up the lough and into the River Foyle, I got my first glance of Ireland. The rolling land, clothed in its own peculiar green, stretching away into hill and dale, made a very favorable impression on me.

Soon Derry, famous, historic Derry, came into view. It is situated on an eminence, and is half surrounded by the River Foyle, which is a fine, wide tidal river. The city is

flourishing and one of the few in Ireland that is increasing in population, which was then about thirty-five thousand.

The patriotic Irish call the city by its old name, "Derry," while it is designated "Londonderry" by the "Loyalists."

In confiscating the estates of "certain Roman Catholics of distinction" who had "rebelled," James I. in 1608, confiscated the whole of the six northern Counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Coleraine, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan, and proceeded to "plant" them with Protestant British and Scottish subjects. Derry was virtually transferred to the London company, and hence named Londonderry.

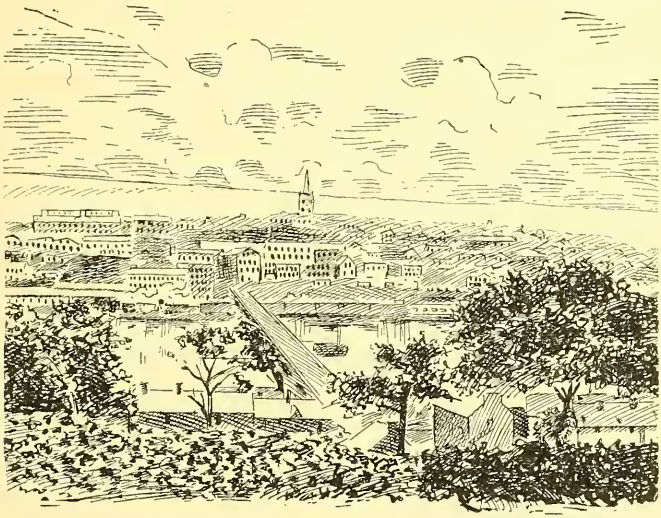
The gates of Derry were shut against the army of James II., December 7, 1688, by the 'Prentice Boys. The account of the siege, which lasted one hundred and five days, is very interesting. The anniversaries of the closing of the gates and the raising of the siege are still observed. The celebration frequently brings on a fight.

When I got off at the landing at 6 a. m. it was raining. Commenting on it a man said: "Oh, it won't amount to much, but last month we had a fine shower that lasted ten days."

When I got to the City Hotel, "just around the corner," there was nobody about. After I rang the bell half a dozen times, a man came to help me arouse the "clark." He rang and pounded and kept at it, until the door was opened by one who had evidently been disturbed from sweet slumber.

After a very palatable breakfast I went to seek my friend, Father O'Doherty. I had written him a card from Glasgow. When I got to the Cathedral I found that "Father Philip" had gone to seek me. I hastened back and we met at the hotel. I could hardly recognize him. When we parted he had a long and heavy black beard. The priest before me was clean shaven. After a warm greeting, he said: "Ah! I could not bring that beard into Ireland; it would be out of order here."

After chatting pleasantly for some time he proposed to take me around the walls and through the city of Derry, and to show me the points of interest in the town. Before starting out I asked the manager, who was a clean cut, bright young man, the distance to Letterkenny. He told me eighteen miles, and asked if I had any acquaintance there.



DERRY.

I mentioned the name of Mr. John Gallagher, of Youngstown, O. "Why, I know him well," he said, "he was here yesterday."

Father O'Doherty brought me to the Church of St. Columba. I found a fine Calvary group erected outside of the church and a number of people kneeling devoutly around it. There was also a fine statute of St. Columba. We went into the church. I was edified on seeing about two hundred people in prayerful devotion before the Blessed Sacrament

on a week day. It was then about 10 a. m., and the Mass had been finished some two hours previously. As the Blessed Sacrament was not exposed and no devotion was being held the example of faith and piety was very impressive.

Father O'Doherty rapped on a confessional and a priest came out. He had been engaged all the morning. The week before eight thousand people had received Holy Communion in that church. He also told us that some of the priests had heard confessions all night, on the eve of the Feast of St. Columba, June 9. It was in Derry that St. Columba or Columbkille had erected his monastery in the year 546. In the tenth century the place was called "Derry-Columbkille."

I noticed from an inscription on the Calvary group that Leo XIII. had enriched it with Plenary Indulgences on May 3, June 9, and September 14.

St. Columbkille from childhood had a yearning for heaven. From his youth he gave himself to God in prayers and penance. He lay on the bare floor, used a stone for his pillow and fasted all the year round. Yet his contenance was sweet and angelic. Though he loved his native land and its people, he departed for Scotland in 565. There he founded one hundred religious houses and converted the Picts who, in gratitude, gave him the Island of Iona.

For years before his death St. Columba had visions of angels. He mourned when they told him that, in answer to the prayers of his children, his death had been deferred four years. He cried out: "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged."

The call to Heaven finally came in his seventy-seventh year, June 9, 597. Surrounded by his disciples, he said to Diermit: "This day is called the Sabbath, that is the day of rest, and such it will truly be to me, for it will put an end to my labors." Then, kneeling before the altar, he received

the Viaticum and slept sweetly in the Lord. His relics were carried to Downpatrick and laid in the same grave with the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Brigid.

"In Down three saints one grave doth fill,
Brigid, Patrick and Columbkille."

On leaving the church Father O'Doherty and I went to the cemetery nearby, and visited the graves of his father and mother and other near relatives. They lie buried in a hillside in a well-kept lot marked by a fine monument.

There are two Cathedrals in Derry; strange to say, St. Columba's Cathedral is the Protestant one. It is a fine stone building. The details are good and harmonious, but the structure is not very large, being about one hundred and fifty by sixty-five feet. In a niche in front of the pulpit is a seated figure of St. Columba holding the "Fighting Psalter" in his hand.

By some climbing of steps and steep ladders Father O'Doherty and I ascended the tower. From the outside of it we got a magnificent view of the city, the Foyle and the green, hilly country round about, and also the Walker Monument. Rev. Walker, a Protestant, was the commander of the forces in Derry at the time of the siege. It is said that the sword fell from the hand of the statue the night upon which the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed.

The Catholic Cathedral of St. Eugene is a fine stone building, beautifully situated on an eminence. The episcopal palace and the new parochial school, also of stone, are worthy of admiration. The Bishop was a namesake of Father O'Doherty, and, I believe, a distant relative.

We took dinner with Father McManimin and Father Boyle. After dinner I got my initial ride on the "Irish jaunting car." At first I was prepared to jump, as I feared every moment that I would slip off. However, I soon got used to it and enjoyed the car very well.

We visited the Catholic Institute and Temperance Hall. It is a large stone building, well furnished and well arranged. It contains an auditorium and a well-appointed stage, billiard and reading rooms and class rooms and bowling alley. I should judge that the property is worth over $100,000. It is certainly a great credit to the Catholics of Derry. There are few places with five times the population that can boast of as fine a building for the purpose.

We visited the Convent of Mercy. Father O'Doherty was to be the orator on the occasion of its Golden Jubilee that occurred in ten days after my visit.

We called at the Seminary, which is an endowed institution, and well situated in spacious grounds. A library and museum had just been completed. Father O'Doherty had donated to it many specimens from Australia and elsewhere.

We visited the Old People's Home and the Orphan Asylum combined. All the inmates appeared to be well provided for. The children entertained us with some songs, which were well rendered.

When we got back to the hotel I was greeted by Mr. John Gallagher. He had got my card at Letterkenny, and came back to meet me. I was delighted to see him. His genial presence made me feel nearer to home and the friends whom I had left so many months before.

I determined to go that evening with Mr. Gallagher to be his guest at Letterkenny.

Before starting we took a drive "over the hills and far away." I was charmed with the scenery in the neighborhood of Derry. The homes of the farmers appeared, in most cases, to be comfortable.

We went north and did not stop until we had gotten in sight of Lough Swilly. That beautiful body of water inspired Father O'Doherty to recite some martial poetry connected with the scene.

About five miles north of Derry are the remarkable ruins known as the "Grianan of Aileach." They are on the summit of a hill eight hundred feet high, and of an antiquity so remote that even tradition gives no account of them. They are supposed to be the ruins of the palace of the Northern Irish Kings. The masonry is precisely similar to that of the ruins found at Mycenæ, in Greece.

Ruins so remarkable could not fail to call the lively imagination of the people into play. Among the legends related is the following:

"In the Council Chamber where royalty once assembled in state, a thousand armed warriors sit resting upon their swords in magical sleep, awaiting the call to take their part in the struggle for the restoration of Ireland's freedom. At intervals the warriors awake, and looking up from their trance, ask the question in tones which resound through every one of the many chambers of the Grianan: 'Has the time come?' Then a loud voice, the voice of the Spiritual Being who keeps watch over their sleep, replies: 'The time is not yet.' Then the one thousand armed warriors resume their former posture, and sink into their magical sleep again."

The history of the past and the aspirations of the present show that the children of Erin hope that ere long the spirit sentinel will answer: "The time has come!"

"At length arose o'er that Isle of Woes a dawn with a steadier smile,
And in happy hour a voice of power awoke the slumbering isle!
And the people all obeyed the call of the chief's unsceptered hand,
Vowing to raise, as in ancient days, the name of their own dear land!
My dream grew bright as the sunbeam's light, as I watched the isle's career
Through the varied scene and the joys serene of many a future year—
And, oh! what thrill did my bosom fill, as I gazed on a pillared pile,
Where a Senate once more in power watched o'er the rights of that Lone Green Isle!"

About a mile out of Derry we passed Magee's College. Mrs. Magee, of Dublin, donated $100,000 to erect that college for the education of Presbyterian ministers for Ireland.

During supper at the hotel I learned that the closing exercises of Maynooth College would occur on the following Monday. I determined not to miss them, as at that famous institution all the Bishops and a large number of the priests of Ireland would be assembled. But I promised Father O'Doherty and Mr. Gallagher that I would return to Derry and go thence to visit Letterkenny.

That very Saturday at midnight the Derry County Temperance Society gave an excursion by special train to Dublin at the rate of four shillings for the round trip, one hundred and seventy-five miles each way. There was a large crowd at the station. I got into a good compartment with a number of nice, congenial and jovial people. There were no sleeping-cars. That convenience of railway travel is very uncommon in Ireland, and not common anywhere in Europe. When a sleeping car is to be had the price is from $6 to $8 for a berth.

During our long ride the time was shortened by song and story. I was much amused by some of them. One man asked:

"Did you hear the complaint what Biddy Morrissey made to the parish priest about her husband the other day?"

"No."

"Well, ye know he drinks, and with lamentations she said to the priest: 'He drank my forty pounds, my foine cows, a horse and a bit of a goat I had, so he did.'"

"Did you hear," said another, "the answer Jimmie McManus gave to the Magistrate the other day?"

"Tell us."

"The Magistrate asked: 'Where do you live?' 'With my brother.' 'Where does your brother live?' 'With me.'

The Magistrate, somewhat annoyed, asked: 'Where do you both live?' 'We live together.'"

"Your Reverence," said one, "tell us some story from America that may help us along to daylight. You must know some that happened in your own presence."

I told them the following, which was an actual occurrence:

While baptizing a child one Sunday afternoon, I happened to look around, and I was astounded to see the altar ablaze. Quickly I pulled off the draperies, and soon had the fire extinguished. Noticing a man seated in the front pew, I asked him: "Did you not see the fire start?"

"Yes, your Reverence."

"Then, why did you not give the alarm?"

"Well," he said, "I am not long over, and I never saw a child baptized in this country before."

"And did you think," I asked, "that in order to baptize a child here we set the church on fire?"

"Well," he said, "after you began to baptize, I saw the Sister bring out a little lamp. It blazed up, and then she brought some clothes and put them upon it, and soon it got to going at a great rate, and then after you looked around and saw the fire, I thought it queer, but then I did not know."

A young man in the corner told of a Confirmation examination by the Bishop, who asked a boy: "What is matrimony?" "Two persons getting married." "Could two little boys get married?" "Yes, my lord." "How?" "To two little girls, my lord." He passed.

CHAPTER XLII.

DUBLIN'S SIGHTS AND MEMORIES—FAMOUS BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS—AT MAYNOOTH COLLEGE—ALL HALLOWS' COLLEGE—INTERESTING CURIOS—THE OLD PARLIAME. T HOUSE—DINNER WITH THE LORD MAYOR.

We arrived at Dublin at 5 a. m. I took a jaunting car and was driven to the Imperial Hotel. I then went to the Cathedral, where I celebrated the 7 o'clock Mass. The Masses appeared to be continuous, and there were large congregations at all of them.

Much fatigued after the long night ride I was glad to get back to the hotel to obtain a few hours of needed rest.

Sunday afternoon I made my way to the famous burial place in Dublin, Glasnevin Cemetery. Long before reaching it I got a view of O'Connell's Monument. It had been chiefly owing to his exertions that the cemetery was founded in in 1832. His monument is a round tower, rising to one hundred and fifty feet. In a crypt beneath are the honored remains of "The Liberator." He died far from the land he loved. While on his way to Rome "he fell asleep in the Lord," in Genoa, Italy, May 15, 1847. He gave expression to his will in the words. "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to Heaven."

"I thought of his unceasing care, his never ending zeal;
I heard the watchword burst from all—the gathering cry—
Repeal!
And, as his eyes were raised to heaven—from whence his mission came—
He stood among the thousands there,
A monarch save in name."

Near to the O'Connell Monument is the cross which marks

the burial place of the "Manchester Martyrs," Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. After the "Requiscant in pace" are the words and the prayer, "God save Ireland." They were executed in the jail at Manchester, England, November 23, 1867.

Parnell's grave is near the O'Connell Monument. There is no shaft or tombstone on his grave, but the tributes of affection in the form of funeral offerings and memorials from different societies and sections were numerous.

Curran, the great Irish orator and barrister, died in London in 1817, but his remains were not transferred to Glasnevin until 1837.

The great actor, Barry Sullivan, is buried nearby. His monument represents him in the character of Hamlet holding a skull in his hand. The inscription is from Macbeth: "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

On another monument I read: "Edward Duffy, convicted of love of Ireland, May 21, 1867, and sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude. He died in Milbank Prison, England, January 17, 1868."

I also saw the monument of the Rev. Dr. Cahill. The scene depicted on the tomb represents him preaching. The inscription tells that: "He died in Boston, U. S. A., October 2, 1864. Brought here by his countrymen; fulfilling his wish."

Near the entrance there is a very fine monument to Cardinal McCabe.

I noticed a number of burial lots for the dead of different religious orders, among them the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, the Augustinians, etc.

There is hidden away amid the grass of Glasnevin the grave of the talented but dissipated sweet singer, Mangan. In an obscure house in Bride Street, Dublin, O'Daly, the bookseller, found him, weakened with opium and disease, dying of starvation, in 1849. He caused Mangan to be removed to

a hospital, but the poet died soon afterwards, a victim of drink and drugs.

There is one ballad he wrote on himself, entitled "The Nameless One." It is a saddening production. I will give only three verses:

"Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul to thee.

* * * * * * * *

"And tell how trampled, derided, hated
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

* * * * * * * *

"And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights."

Notwithstanding his habits, Mangan was scrupulously pure in his poetry, his versions and translations.

Glasnevin Cemetery is classic ground, and the last resting-place of many of the sainted and patriot dead, but while it is well cared for and has some fine monuments, it is not otherwise especially remarkable. I have seen much more natural beauty in other cemeteries, and especially in some in the United States.

Phœnix Park was formerly part of the estate of Kilmainham Priory. It is very large and very fine, comprising seventeen hundred and fifty acres, and is over two miles long. Within it are found the Vice-Regal Lodge, the Chief Secretary's Lodge, the Hibernian School, etc. There are a number of monuments. The Wellington Testimonial is two hundred and five feet high. Much has been written about the park since the Queen's recent visit to Dublin.

There are a number of sections, ample in size, set aside

for various athletic amusements. There does not appear to be any special restriction to "keep off the grass," yet the grass is abundant and inviting. The walks and roads and flower beds are especially looked after with taste and skill. There were a large number of well-dressed and good-humored people in all parts of the park, but the largest crowd



SACKVILLE STREET.

was assembled around that part in which a brass band discoursed fine music.

"Why do they call this park by the name of Phœnix?" asked an Englishman on the car.

The driver said: "Oh, because."

"Because what?" asked the tourist, who continued: "There never was and there never will be such a bird as the Phœnix."

"Well," said the driver, "that's the real reason, for there never was and there never will be such another park as this."

That settled the tourist, and one man nearly slipped off the car from laughter.

I came back to the city and wandered through Sackville Street, which is the widest, and, perhaps, the finest street in Dublin. It is about one hundred and twenty feet wide. O'Connell's Bridge, at the south end of Sackville Street, spans the Liffey. Nearby is the O'Connell Monument. It is a very fine work of art. The bronze statue of the "Liberator" is especially worthy of note. The celebrated Irish sculptor, Foley, designed the monument.

One square farther up the street is the general postoffice. Opposite is the hotel where I, on one visit, stopped for a week. Near the postoffice is Nelson's Monument, one hundred and thirty-four feet high. The famous Rotunda is at the other end of the street.

Early Monday morning I started for Maynooth. A smart ride in a jaunting car brought me to the station in time. I met there a number of priests who were also bound for Maynooth. In the compartment of my car there was a man with whom I entered into a conversation. In reply to a question, he said: "Maynooth is about fifteen miles from Dublin, and, mark ye, they are Irish miles at that."

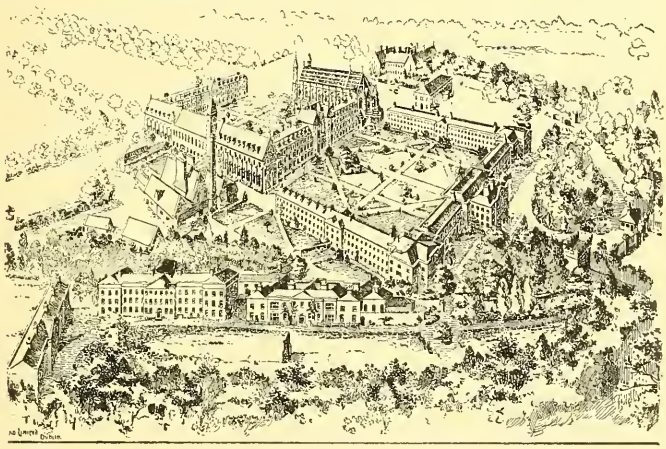
"What is the difference," I asked, "between an Irish mile and an English mile?"

"Ah!" he said, "what a question! Sure, I'd have to have pen, ink and paper to make that out."

When I told him that I thought an Irish mile made a little more than one and a quarter in the English measure, he acquiesced.

Maynooth College celebrated its centennial in 1895. It is an ideal seminary, both as regards buildings and grounds.

Some forty acres of land are attached to the college. They are beautifully laid out and well kept. There are long and shady walks and ample recreation grounds. Many will be surprised to learn that in Maynooth, Ireland possesses the largest purely ecclesiastical seminary in the world. There are six hundred seminarians in the institution—all having completed their preliminary studies.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

Father MacHale, of St. Malachi's, Cleveland, had kindly given me a letter of introduction to Rev. J. Donnellon, the Burser, and to Rev. T. P. Gilmartin, the Junior Dean. These professors received me very cordially. However, it was a very busy time for all the faculty, as it was the occasion of the closing exercises and the place was crowded with all the Bishops and many ecclesiastics of Ireland, and several priests from abroad.

On the Maynooth grounds is a fine building, called "Aula Maxima," donated by Rt. Rev. Mgr. McMahon, of the Cath-

olic University, Washington, D. C. This building furnishes a spacious auditorium on the ground floor.

The Bishops, the Faculty and the visiting priests, with all the students, assembled in the "Aula Maxima," where Rev. David Deneen was publicly to defend his Theses on Scripture, Universal Theology, Canon Law, and Church History. If he successfully defended each and all of the seventy-five propositions he would receive the Doctorate.

I was given a good place on the stage, next to Father O'Neil, a Dominican, and to Dr. O'Mahony, a Lazarist. who proved to be objectors to Father Deneen's arguments.

When the young priest ascended the pulpit for the ordeal his six hundred fellow students gave him an ovation. They wished to show that their sympathies and good wishes were with their representative.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Healy, the historian, and Bishop of Clonfert, was the first objector, taking up the proposition on Papal Infallibility. The discussion was conducted in Latin. As Father Deneen answered the objections he was cheered by the students. The test continued during the afternoon. The different objectors were cleverly answered one by one. When the last objection had been presented and Father Deneen was greeted with "Bene Domine," the students rose to the occasion and greeted the successful candidate with an enthusiastic ovation.

I found that the gardener in charge at Maynooth for the past fifty years was Mr. Martin, whose brother, the late Mr. John Martin, was an old and respected member of the Cathedral parish and well known in Cleveland.

I was surprised at Maynooth by a greeting from one of the venerable Bishops. He addressed me by name, reminding me that we had met in Rome. I then recognized the prelate to be the Rt. Rev. Dr. Moore of Australia. Archbishop Carr of Melbourne, Australia, was also present. He had formerly

been connected with Maynooth as a professor. On his way to Australia the Archbishop stopped in Cleveland.

Several letters might be devoted to a description of the grounds, the buildings and the treasures of Maynooth College, but I find that I must be brief.

It would be hard to find in any place a finer and more intellectual body of men than the Bishops and priests assembled at Maynooth for the closing exercises of the College.

I left Maynooth most pleased with the visit, feeling well repaid for my night ride from Derry to Dublin to be present at the closing exercises.

In Dublin a jaunting car soon took me from the station to the hotel.

I noticed from the hotel window the office of "The Freeman's Journal," across the way, and near the general post-office. I paid a visit to the sanctum and made the acquaintance of the manager of that widely known Irish newspaper. He gave me considerable information and kindly proposed a walk to points of interest in the city.

We passed O'Connell's and also Grey's monument. Crossing O'Connell's Bridge, which spans the Liffey, we passed the statues of William Smith O'Brien, Henry Grattan, Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith. The statues which commemorate some of Ireland's greatest sons are in most cases fine works of art. Our walk and our talk included College Green, the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish Parliament House, Trinity College, Stephen's Green, Dublin Castle and the City Hall.

At the City Hall I was introduced to Lord Mayor Tallon, a fine appearing gentleman between fifty-five and sixty years of age. Before my departure, the Lord Mayor asked: "Father McMahon, will you be in the city next Thursday evening?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Then I want you to come and take dinner at the Mansion

House at 6 o'clock. I will invite a few friends and we will have a pleasant evening." I accepted the invitation so cordially extended, and expressed my appreciation of the honor.

On my return, I again passed the old Parliament House. My thoughts went back to the time when the Union was passed by perjury, and fraud and the eloquent voices of Erin's sons were hushed within its legislative halls.

> "And thus was passed the Union,
> By Pitt and Castlereagh.
> Could Satan send for such an end
> More worthy tools than they?"

Curran was walking one day past the Parliament House with a nobleman, who had promoted the Union by his vote. "I wonder what they intend to do with that useless building?" he said. "For my part, I hate the sight of it."

"I do not wonder at that, my lord," said Curran, who opposed the Union. "I never yet heard of a murderer who was not afraid of his victim's ghost."

The Rev. Dr. O'Mahoney, whom I had met at Maynooth, invited me to dine with the Faculty of All-Hallows' College. The college is beautifully situated in one of the suburbs of Dublin. The fine stone buildings and the large and beautiful new stone chapel are surrounded by about twenty acres of well-kept grounds. There are two hundred ecclesiastical students in the college. All of them are studying for foreign missions. About twenty-five of the seminarians were then preparing for their ordination.

When we consider the size and population of Ireland, and bear in mind that in Maynooth and All-Hallows' alone eight hundred young men are preparing for the priesthood, we may estimate how blessed Erin is in religious vocations. I cannot bring to mind any other nation that has an institution as flourishing as All-Hallows in native students alone, preparing for foreign missionary work exclusively. Over

the main entrance is the very appropriate inscription, but in Latin, in large letters: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

Two Bishops from Australia were at the college seeking young priests for the Church in that far-off land. I understood that all those ready for ordination were assigned before the arrival of the Bishops.



THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

I was shown through the college, and found it very well equipped. The college was for many years under the charge of secular priests, but it is now under the direction of the Fathers of the Mission, or the Lazarist Fathers.

The exquisite new chapel is furnished with a very artistic and beautiful large marble altar, a donation by a friend of the Superior.

On my way back to the city I passed the fine residence

of Archbishop Walsh. It is surrounded by ample grounds and is within the city limits.

The Custom-house is one of the finest buildings in the city. It was erected before the Union, and cost over $2,500,000. It is surmounted by statues of Industry, Commerce, Plenty and Navigation. There are also statues of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. On the apex of the graceful dome stands Hope. When we consider the centuries of struggle and of misery in Ireland, no nation has a better claim to erect over her finest building a statue to the virtue of Hope.

After visiting the Custom-house, for which, under present trade conditions, there is not very much use, I went to the Four Courts, nearly a mile farther up the Liffey. That very fine structure was also erected before the time of the Union. I went through the building, and before the end of the noon recess I got to the large law library. I handed my card to a clerk or cryer, who occupied a sort of a pulpit near the door. He asked me whom I wanted to see. I gave the name of the Hon. Timothy Healey, M. P. Thereupon the cryer let a shout out of him for "Tim Healey!!!" that could be heard a block away. The place was filled with lawyers. Soon the Hon. Mr. Healey made his appearance. He wore a curled grey wig, the ringlets of which reached his shoulders. He also wore a long black gown that had a considerable time before seen better days. It was so threadbare that I admired Mr. Healey's humility and pitied his taste.

Mr. Healey read my card and cordially extended his hand. He expressed his gratification at meeting me. After talking a time, he wished to know what he could do for me. I said that I was ready for any matter of interest. On reflection he said that he thought I would be interested in the Record Office. That place is quite exclusive. Mr. Healey got it opened for me, and had a clerk sent to show me the

ancient documents. I looked through them with much interest, and evidently rather surprised the clerk by taking notes.

Among the items I jotted down and the papers and documents I examined were the following:

Bull of Pope Gregory IX., 1229, confirming the privileges and possessions of Christ Church, Dublin.



THE FOUR COURTS.

Estimate of the display of fireworks for the birthday of King George, 1779, £158 11s 10d.

Music Bill, Ode Queen Anne's birthday, 1712, £14 13s 8d.

Parliamentary Writ. First return of Henry Grattan, 1775.

Dissolution of the Monasteries, 1544, signed by Henry VIII.

A grant from Strongbow to Hammond, son of Yorkill, one of the Danish families, about 1174.

Lord Darnley's ballot, 1800.

A will, still legible, written on a slate, but properly proven and admitted, for Sarah Chbsey, 1834.

Manuscript of Book of Common Prayer, 1665.

An award written in Irish, signed by Brehon, 1538. Kennedy vs. Kennedy.

Affidavit of Richard Mills as to the statue of King William being broken, October 13, 1714.

Affidavit of Margaret Pender as to having a printed cotton gown cut off her back by stuff weavers, 26th of May, 1750. This demonstrates that trade protection is of an early origin.

Surrender of Irragh by Hugh Magennis, 1583. (His signature is attached.)

Signature of Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, 1586.

Form of oath of supremacy.

Queen's letter for the removal of Her Majesty's dog kennel on Arbor Hill, and for a lease of ground in Phœnix Park, May 20, 1706, with autograph of Queen Anne.

March 24, 1847, codicil of the will of Daniel O'Connell, with his signature, giving £1,500 to the Bishop of Kerry, which it was intimated was for the liquidation of a loan.

Roll of Barristers' oaths, including a promise not to employ any "Papist" in their offices. I was much surprised to see the autograph of Henry Grattan among them.

Autograph of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, May, 1740; also of Esther Johnson, "Stella," 1725.

To another paper is attached the signature of the Duke Arthur Wellesley, 1806, and to another, the signature of the Sheriff of Waterford in 1232.

Oliver Cromwell's signature is attached to a receipt for £450.

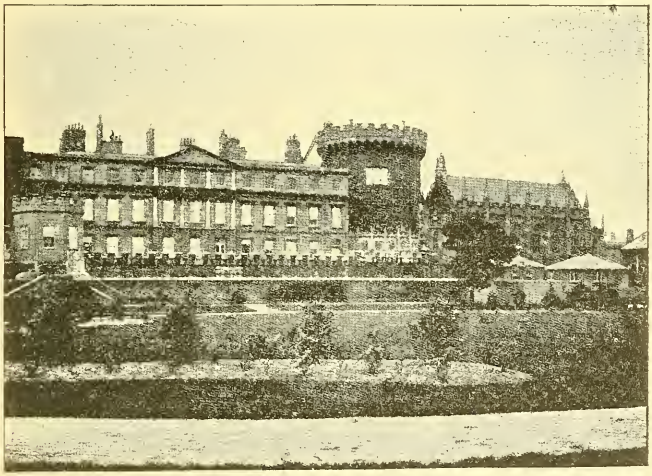
Then I came across the autograph of King Henry VIII. confirming Milo Prior of Youngstecke, in the Bishopric of Ossory, to which he had been appointed by the Pope.

I was much interested in these ancient and original documents. They are closely guarded and preserved with much care. The specimens presented show the nature of some of them. A great deal more time than I had at my disposal would have been necessary to give a complete list of the treasures in the Record Office of the Four Courts.

I need not describe Trinity College and its possessions, as the subject must be rather trite. The cricket grounds were being utilized in preparing for a match game, and quite

a number were watching the practice. This English game is not as popular in Ireland as the national games of hurling and foot-ball.

In the MSS. room of the college library are the priceless treasures: "The Book of Kells," the "Book of Darrow," "Book of Armagh" and the "Book of Leinster."



DUBLIN CASTLE.

Dublin Castle is the official residence of the Lord Lieutenant. While very finely situated, it is rather a gloomy building. My companion pointed out the gate through which Mr. Secretary Burke and Lord Cavendish passed on the fatal day when they went to Phoenix Park. He also showed me the saloon opposite, where the "Invincibles" were on the watch for their departure from the castle. They then followed in a car and accomplished the terrible assassination in the park.

On my way to the National Gallery I passed the house in

which the Duke of Wellington was born. There would be much less effulgence in England's military glory were Irish genius, courage and generalship eliminated from her rolls. How prominent now in the public eye are Generals Roberts, Kitchener, White, French, etc.

The National Gallery, in Dublin, is very creditable, indeed. It possesses fine statuary, and numerous and excellent paintings.

The National History Museum is well worth a visit of a few hours. The collection of Irish birds is very large and complete.

Christ Church Cathedral and St. Patrick's Cathedral are both confiscated Catholic churches now in possession of the Protestants. Christ Church goes back eight hundred and fifty years. St. Lawrence O'Toole officiated there about 1170. It is said that he was buried there. A sealed and bound iron box in the shape of a heart is said to contain the heart of the Saint. Strongbow's tomb is also pointed out.

About one half a mile west of Christ Church is the Church of St. Catherine. Opposite that church Emmett was executed September 20, 1803.

In 1871 the whiskey distiller, Mr. Roe, "restored" Christ Church at an expense of $1,000,000.

After a walk of about ten minutes from Christ Church, I reached St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Apostle of Ireland is said to have founded a church on the site of the present church. Cromwell and James II. are said to have turned the church into a barracks. It was "restored" by Sir Benj. L. Guinness, the brewer, at a cost of $700,000. St. Patrick's Cathedral is a fine, chaste stone building, three hundred by one hundred and sixty-seven feet at the transept.

There are a number of monuments in the Cathedral, among them tablets to Dean Swift and Esther Johnson, "Stella." There is a bust of Curran. Carolan, the last of

the bards, is commemorated by a bas-relief. There is also a memorial to Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Near St. Patrick's are the barracks of "The Troop" of the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. John C. Campbell, of Cleveland, had written to one of the members, Mr. Morris, concerning



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

my visit to Dublin. Mr. Morris showed me through the barracks. He took a day off and we took in the sights of Dublin.

We first went to visit the Home for the Aged Poor, and were shown through the building. It is a very large and fine stone structure. The Good Mother lately in charge in Cleveland was once stationed there. She is still remembered with respect and affection.

With Mr. Morris, I again visited Phœnix Park. On the way we passed the notorious Kilmainham Jail. We enjoyed a visit to the famous Royal Botanic Garden, and to a number of the churches in Dublin.

We called on the Carmelite Fathers. I met there the Rev. Dr. Butler, an uncle of Mr. Richard Butler, of Cleveland, the efficient superintendent of the Workhouse. Dr. Butler invited me to dine with the Fathers on the following Sunday at 5 p. m.

I spent a very agreeable day with Mr. Morris. He knows the city so well that I could not have had a better guide. I visited his pleasant home and met Mrs. Morris and prattling Baby Morris.

On Thursday evening I called a "jarvy" at the hotel and was driven to the Mansion House to keep my appointment to dine with the Lord Mayor. I found a goodly and distinguished company assembled. After the introductions, we were ushered into the large and finely furnished dining-room. Dublin's Lord Mayor entertains right royally. Cut flowers were strewn amid silverware and cut-glass on the long and wide table. The meal was served in high style by a body of experienced waiters. The room and the entire mansion were brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. There are four or more large and exquisite paintings on the walls, each of which is valued at from $10,000 to $20,000.

After dinner, I was shown through the Mansion House. The parlor, sitting-room and billiard-room, are large and well furnished. The Lord Mayor and some of the guests went with me to that part of the Mansion House called the rotunda. The name indicates its shape. A raised platform encircles the hall. You will get an idea of its size, when you learn that eight hundred couples can occupy the floor at once. The hall is illuminated by electric lights. I was shown the state carriage, which is used only at the time of

the inauguration. The panel paintings on it are worth over £200. The Lord Mayor wore the gold chain and the gold medal of his office. They are very heavy and expensive. Only three Mayors in the Kingdom are entitled to wear this insignia at the royal receptions, the Lord Mayors of London, Dublin and Edinburgh.

Sir Richard Brady, Mr. Bearwood, the city architect, Barrister McCarthy, three priests, and others whose names I cannot recall, were among the guests.

Lord Mayor Tallon had busied himself with Sir R. Brady and others in behalf of the sufferers in the West of Ireland, and as a result had raised £10,000.

When we returned to the sitting-room, music and song whiled away the hours. The wife of the Lord Mayor and his daughter also played the piano. When Mr. Bearwood sang a song "The Friar," and sang it so well as to get an encore, I asked him what his reverend brother, the superior of the Carmelites, would say to that song. "Oh, he has heard me sing it," he said, "but he only smiles at me."

I was asked about the prospect of an Anglo-American alliance. I said that I did not consider such an alliance probable, that the majority of the people in America did not want it, and politicans seeking to promote it would find the subject a dangerous one. I told them that the United States had nothing to gain by such an alliance, and everything to lose, that it would be like the compact of the darkey stealing chickens, the States standing for the darkey.

"Tell us about the darkey and the chickens," said several.

"A darkey in the United States was caught stealing chickens and brought before the court. He was asked: 'Have you a partner in this chicken business?' 'Boss, mus' I answer dat?' 'Yes, you are obliged to answer.' 'Yes, sir, I has.' 'Is he a white man?' 'Yes, sir, he am.' 'What is his name?' 'Boss, mus' I answer dat?' 'Yes, you must

answer.' 'His name, sir, is Henry Johnson, yes, sir.' 'What agreement had you made with him?' 'Well, sir, Mr. Johnson, he agreed to give me two-fifths of all I stole myself.' 'Well what has Mr. Johnson done to help you out of this scrape?' 'He has done nuffen, sir. He said that there was no recipricostity in this yare particular case, sir, and that I should be more keerful and not git cotched.' 'I think Mr. Johnson played you for a fool.' 'It now looks something that way, sir.' 'What benefit were you to get from such partnership with Mr. Johnson?' 'Well, sir, such an alliance was reckoned highly honorable for a nigger; but, sir, if I gets out of this yare scrape, sir, I'll bus' the agreement with Mr. Johnson.'" There was a laugh at this unique partnership. But it was agreed that the story illustrated the conditions upon which England would wish to form an alliance with the United States against the rest of the world.

Satisfaction was expressed with my views of the improbability of an Anglo-Saxon American alliance.

After a very enjoyable evening, I took my departure from the Mansion House, delighted with Irish hospitality as illustrated by the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Many will recall with pleasure the visit since then of Mayor Tallon and Mr. Redmond, M. P., to this country on a collecting tour.

Meeting friends from home is one of the most joyful experiences of the traveler in foreign lands. On Saturday night after my rambles through Dublin I was delightfully surprised at the hotel by meeting Mr. John C. Campbell, from Cleveland. He had crossed the Atlantic on the "Campania," and with Mr. Morris called at the Imperial to meet me. After a warm greeting he proceeded to satisfy my hunger for news from the people at home. I was pleased, among other things, to learn that letters in "The Universe" from the wanderer were being read with much interest.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Campbell and I rode to several parts of Dublin and out to Donnybrook, the scene of the famous "Donnybrook Fair." But Donnybrook is a quiet place now, and there is not much to remind one of

> "Donnybrook capers, that bothered the vapors
> And drove away care."

For quietness, good order and the suspension of all business on Sunday, Dublin appears to be a model city.

In order to fulfill my engagement to dine with the Carmelite Fathers, at 5 p. m. on Sunday, I called a jaunting car and told the driver to take me quickly to the monastery in Blackfriars Street. The "jarvy" said: "I will, your Reverence." He whipped up his horse, and off we went at a great rate. After speeding along for two blocks or more, you may imagine my surprise when the driver leaned over and asked: "Where is the place, your Reverence?"

"Why," I asked, "whither in the world are you driving? I am a stranger here. I certainly supposed you knew the place when you started off so readily."

"Never a know I knew."

I then realized that the object he had in view in driving off so quickly was to secure a customer first, and make out the place afterwards. I told him to drive across O'Connell's Bridge, and I thought that then I could direct him to the monastery. I recognized some of the landmarks, and found the place without much difficulty. On the way we passed the house in which the great Irish poet, Thomas Moore, was born. A bust of him in a niche on the wall marks the place.

My experience with the driver reminded me of an incident related one evening while we were in camp at Jericho by Dr. Robinson, of Los Angeles, Cal. He said: "I had an engagement to dine with some friends on the outskirts of Dublin. Not having much time to spare, I asked for the best

horse on the stand. All agreed on one, and that I took. After hurrying along for half a mile, the horse fell down exhausted. I was angered by the delay and the deception. I told the driver that I had a mind to thrash him and go back to the stand and thrash every driver there for conspiring to deceive me. 'Have you such a notion?' said the jarvy. 'Yes, I have, and I can do it, too,' I said. He looked at me in apparent surprise and said: 'Arrah, you ought to thank God for giving you such a fine pair of fists.' Well," said the doctor, "that reply just took the mad and the starch all out of me, and I could not but laugh and set to work to help him get the horse up, even though I could not keep my appointment."

The Carmelite Fathers have a very spacious church and a large congregation. During dinner and afterwards we had a very interesting talk about Ireland, America, the war and my trip around the world.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE IRISH LAKE COUNTRY—FAMOUS DROGHEDA—BEAUTIFUL ENNISKILLEN—DEVENISH ISLAND—THE ROUND TOWER—THE FAMOUS IRISH SHRINE OF LOUGH DERG—THE STATIONS—LOUGH ERNE AND ITS LEGEND.

Monday morning at 9 o'clock Mr. Campbell and I left Dublin. Though the excursion ticket of the week before was good for two days only, the superintendent kindly extended the time for me.

We passed Clontarf, a suburb of Dublin, which I had visited before. On its plains was fought the famous battle on Good Friday, 1014, between the Danes and the Irish, in which the latter were victorious, but lost their great leader, Brian Boru. As I looked out upon the scene of battle, I thought of the local orator in Cleveland who, back in the Fenian days, seeking to enthuse his hearers, exclaimed: "We will sink the ships of England as Brian Boru did the ironclads of the Danes on the plains of Clontarf." That was a "bully" speech.

After a ride of twenty-two miles we reached Balbriggan, famous the world over for its fine hosiery. By the way, it is well for shoppers to know that many dealers sell, unblushingly, counterfeit "Balbriggan" hosiery. In 1690 King William, after the unfortunate battle of Boyne, encamped his army at Balbriggan.

For nearly thirty miles the railway runs along the coast, presenting some fine scenery to the tourists.

In less than an hour and a half we reached Drogheda. Few places in Erin occupy such prominence in Irish history. The territory embraced by Drogheda, with Dublin, Wexford,

Waterford and Cork, constituted the "English Pole." At Drogheda was enacted the notorious Poynings Act, which forbade the Irish Parliament to make any laws without the approval of the English Privy Council. Drogheda was also the scene of a terrible massacre by Oliver Cromwell in 1649. James II. slept in the town the night before the battle of the Boyne.

A fine stone viaduct of fifteen arches spans the river and the valley. We noticed steamers at the docks on the river. Drogheda is a good center from which to make excursions.

Dundalk is fifty-four miles from Dublin. It is the chief town of County Louth, and is situated at the head of Dundalk Bay. It is an imporant railway and shipping center, and has a population of about twelve thousand. Dundalk has a fine railway station.

After leaving Dundalk we passed through Inniskeen, Castleblaney and Clones, and arrived at Enniskillen, one hundred and fifteen miles from Dublin.

Enniskillen is a fine town of about six thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully situated amid the waters of Lough Erne, and is called the "Island Town." Like most of the towns in Ireland, it consists almost entirely of one long street. The street is tidy and business-like. We passed three banks on our way from the station and entered the Catholic Church. It is a large, fine stone building, constructed in the Gothic style, and is very well furnished.

As Mr. Campbell had spent his boyhood days not far from Enniskillen, he knew the neighborhood very well. We passed on down to the water's edge and took a row-boat to visit Devenish Island, two miles distant. The scenery of Lough Erne is very beautiful. I will have more to say of this farther on.

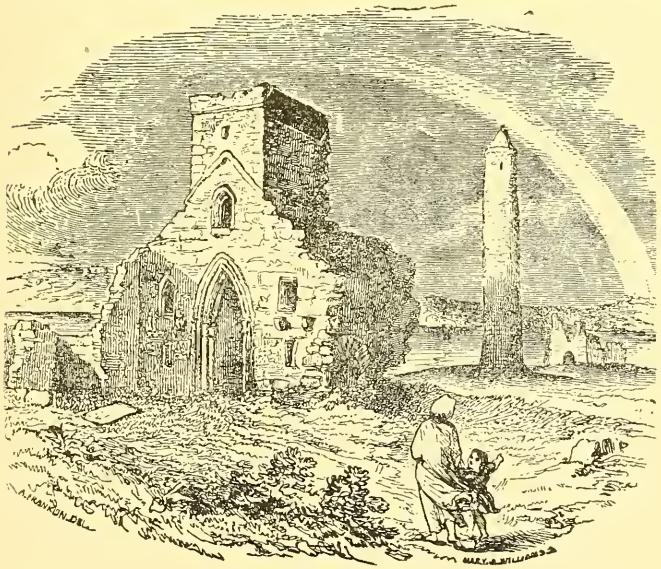
From some distance off we could see the Round Tower on Devenish Island. As I gazed for the first time upon a

monument so peculiar to Erin I thought of the poem of D. F. McCarthy:

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand,
By the lakes and the rushing rivers, through valleys of our land;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These grey old pillar temples—these conquerors of time.

* * * * * * * *

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter, with its diamonds from the East,
And the crosier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the priest."



THE ROUND TOWER.

Devenish Island rises gradually from the water. It is a green pasture, treeless, and in extent is about three-fourths by one-third of a mile. I stood in reverence and admiration before the ruins of the Abbey and the Old Round Tower, whose history goes back through the centuries.

Mr. Campbell was amid the scenes of his childhood and recalled several incidents of those bygone days.

We wandered through the ruins of the priory and among the graves in the old cemetery, and tried to decipher some of the inscriptions. Near the foot of the tower in the priory, is a stone, inscribed as follows:

"Mathew O'Dughagan
did this work.
Bartholomew O'Flauragan,
Prior of Devenish, A. D. 1449."

We found the grave of Patrick Cassidy, 1722; of Terrence Kernan, 1743, and of Rev. Henry Forde, D. D., P. P. of Enniskillen, June 14, 1793.

The Round Tower has been recapped and carefully restored, and is now regarded as one of the finest in Ireland. It is about eighty-five or ninety feet high. There is a rich cornice around the base of the cap, with sculptured heads beneath. The door is ten feet from the ground.

St. Molaisse, who died in the Sixth Century, was the founder of Devenish.

We rowed leisurely back to the town admiring the beautiful scenery on the way.

When we reached Enniskillen we were hungry. Being on the lookout we saw the sign, "Temperance Hotel." We went in for lunch and were ushered upstairs. The woman in charge said to us: "The cold meat is all done." We wanted it done. But "all done" meant it is all gone. We intimated that if the raw meat wasn't done, we would like to have it done. While waiting for the meat to "be done" we read some framed resolutions on the wall, and then discovered that we were in the house of Mr. Liddie, the master of the Orange Lodge. We met none of the Orangemen at the hotel.

We visited the lofty monument erected in honor of Sir

Lowry Cole, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war as the leader of the Enniskillen troops. The monument is on the summit of a hill near the station. We ascended over a hundred steps to the top of the shaft. From it we got a magnificent view of the surrounding country and its varied and beautiful scenery. Standing in the County of Fermanagh we could see the Blue Stack Mountains of Donegal, beyond Loch Erne, and the counties of Leitrim, Tyrone, Monaghan and Cavan. The grounds have been beautified and converted into a small park.

We left the "Island Town" and got to Irvingstown by the way of Bundoran Junction in the evening. We took supper at Mr. Lee's place, and then on one of his fine jaunting cars we drove out about three miles to the home of Mr. Campbell's brother. The ride behind a good horse and through a fine rolling country in the quiet of the evening was very enjoyable.

I need not describe the affectionate meeting of the brothers. I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and met the healthy, happy children in their new home. The children at first were rather shy in the presence of the stranger.

After a pleasant visit and with a warm invitation to renew it, I returned on the jaunting car to Irvingstown, leaving Mr. Campbell to enjoy the company of his brother and the family. I had a very pleasant ride back to Mr. Lee's place.

The priest of Irvingstown, hearing that I was in town, called, and we had a long and pleasant talk on matters of Church and State, both in Ireland and America.

After a good night's rest I arose early the next morning and walked through the village of Irvingstown. I found it a neat, tidy place, but some of the houses are too squatty and too close for much comfort, but evidently the occupants

had not much choice in the matter. The cottages constitute a continuous white building. The scenery about the town is very fine.

I found Mr. Campbell and his brother at Mr. Lee's on my return from the stroll. We started at 9:30 a. m. for Lough Derg, or "St. Patrick's Purgatory."

Mr. John C. Campbell and I left the train at the small town of Pettigo. The streets were decorated with banners and bunting in preparation for an Orange celebration. We were in the North of Ireland, and hence might expect to meet evidences emphasizing the presence of the followers of King William. The jewel of faith has been polished and brightened in the North by constant friction with these "contrary" neighbors in that section of Erin.

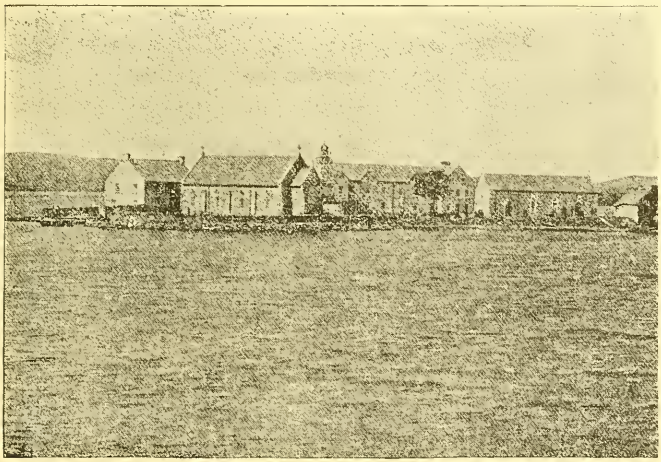
After an enjoyable ride of five miles on a jaunting car. and then going some distance on a private roadway, we reached the edge of the lake. The only building on the side of Lough Derg where we took the boat was a shed-like structure to shelter those waiting for the ferry. Soon the boat came, laden with those who had just finished the Stations in "St. Patrick's Purgatory." They were a well-dressed, happy and good-looking lot of people. We took our places in the boat and were rowed over to the island, nearly a half mile away. It may be well just here to tell something of Lough Derg and its pilgrimages.

St Patrick is credited with having passed several seasons of prayer and penance on the "Holy Island" in Lough Derg. Many other Saints and Anchorites found there a place of seclusion and prayer, and hence it has always been esteemed the most notable pilgrimage of the Irish Church. Its penances, mitigated as they are, find no parallel at other shrines, as far as I know.

Lough Derg has been the center of persecution and proscription. Special acts of Parliament were passed for its

suppression and total extinction. Primate Hugh McMahon, writing of Lough Derg in 1714, says:

"Whilst everywhere else throughout the kingdom the ecclesiastical functions have ceased by reason of the prevailing persecution, in this land, as if it were placed in another orb, the exercise of religion is free and public, which is to be ascribed to a special favor of Divine Providence, and to the merits of St. Patrick."



STATION ISLAND, LOUGH DERG.

Lough Derg is a body of reddish water, about six miles long, and at its widest part four miles across. It is surrounded by a chain of mountains some distance off, and contains a number of islands. The aspect of the place is severe and lonely, and well adapted to a penitential retreat.

"So like a temple doth it stand
The heart's first impulse is to prayer."

The ferryman, Mr. Flood, has to pay an annual rental to the landlord, Mr. Leslie. Passengers are taxed eight pence for the round trip across the lake.

When we arrived at the island we noticed a number of penitents, barefooted and bareheaded, making the Stations. We were warmly received by Father Gallagher, the priest in charge. His permanent location was at the Monaghan Cathedral. Mr. Campbell was conducted to the hospice, while I was received as the guest of the priest. When I came out I noticed that Mr. Campbell had entered at once upon the Stations. That can be done only by those who go to the island fasting. If not fasting, they must wait until the next day before beginning the exercises, and then be fasting. Station Island contains less than one acre of ground. About four thousand penitents visit it in the season from June to August 15.

Father Gallagher gave me some information about the exercises, and some I got from the posted regulations. I will give the readers some points, that they may learn what the pilgrims who seek "the one thing necessary" must do during their stay:

The Stations commence with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church or Chapel.

The pilgrim, barefooted, then proceeds to "St. Patrick's Cross," near the same church, and, kneeling, repeats there one Pater, one Ave and Creed.

Next he goes to "St. Brigid's Cross," where, kneeling, he recites three Paters, three Aves and the Creed once.

Then, standing with his back to the cross and arms outstretched, he thrice renounces the devil, the world and the flesh.

He then makes seven circuits of St. Patrick's Church, repeating in each circuit one decade of the Rosary and adding a Creed to the last decade.

He next proceeds to the Penitential Cell or "Bed" nearest to St. Mary's Church, called "St. Brigid's Bed," and says three Paters, three Aves and the Creed, whilst thrice making the outside circuit of this Bed. The same prayers are repeated while kneeling outside the entrance of the Bed; the same repeated while making three circuits of it on the inside; and the same prayers are repeated while kneeling at the cross inside the Bed.

The same penitential exercises are performed successively at St. Brendan's Bed, St. Catharine's and St. Columba's.

Around the large penitential Bed six circuits are then made on the outside, while repeating nine Paters, nine Aves and the Creed once. The pilgrim then kneels at the first entrance of this Bed and recites three Paters, three Aves and the Creed. He next repeats three Paters, three Aves and the Creed, while making the inside circuit of it; and again three Paters, three Aves and a Creed, kneeling in the center, He now proceeds to the second entrance of this Bed (which entrance is the one nearer to St. Patrick's Church), and, kneeling, recites three Paters, three Aves and the Creed. The same prayers are recited whilst making the inner circuit of it; and the same kneeling in the center.

The pilgrim then goes to the water's edge, where five Paters, five Aves and one Creed are repeated, standing, and recites the same prayers, kneeling.

After this he returns to St. Patrick's Cross, from which he had first set out; and there says, on his knees, one Pater, one Ave and the Creed once.

He then enters St. Patrick's Church, where the Station is concluded, by saying five Paters, five Aves and a Creed for the Pope's intention.

Three Stations, with the foregoing prayers, are performed each day, each station being usually followed by five decades of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin.

The pilgrim enters "Prison" on the evening of the second day, by reciting the prayers of each station as already given.

The second day of the pilgrimage each one goes to Confession.

In addition to the foregoing exercises, the pilgrim assists each day at morning prayer, Mass, meditation, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, evening prayer, sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Any information regarding the fast, etc., may be easily obtained on the island.

The Station opens each year on the 1st of June, and closes on the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the 15th of August.

The pilgrim is to perform the exercises barefooted, and in addition the men are to be bareheaded. The fast is

known as the "black fast." The food consists of bread and water or black tea. When the water is boiled then it is called "wine." So a "glass of wine" means a glass of the lake water after boiling. There is no pledge against Lough Derg wine. Sugar is only allowed by dispensation.

The vigil is to be performed in St. Patrick's Chapel or "Prison" from 6 p. m. until 6 p. m. the next day. During the twenty-four hours indulgence in sleep is not permitted. Here is part of the time table which I took from the copy on the wall in the chapel:

P. M.—6:00, Evening prayer, sermon, Benediction; 9:00, Way of the Cross; 10:00, singing or Litanies and Hymns; 10:30, spiritual reading; 10:45, relaxation, or free time; 11:00, singing Litanies, etc.; 11:30, spiritual reading; 12:00, midnight, First Station commenced.

A. M.—1:15, free time; 1:30, Second Station commenced; 2:45, free time; 3:00, Third Station commenced; 4:15, free time; 5:00, Community Mass.

The Stations or "Beds" are circular, and the pebbles and small stones are sharp—sharp for the bare feet. They are surrounded by small embankments. The Stations are about twelve feet in diameter.

The total charges for three days' board and accommodations and service are two shillings six pence. For priests making a week's ecclesiastical retreat the charges are not to exceed ten shillings. Reflect on that economy. It is evident that money is no object.

The lake abounds in trout. Father Gallagher is an expert fisherman. He could manage the boat, the lines and the flies with dexterity. He asked me if I had had any experience in trout fishing. I had never tried my hand at that kind of fishing. He then said probably I would not catch any. I had fished years ago in America sitting still and watching the cork. But on Lough Derg the boat was ever on the move, propelled by the men rowing, and the flies had

to be kept skipping along the surface to imitate the natural fly so as to entrap the trout. Soon Father Gallagher got a trout that shone like burnished gold as it circled through the water. He added two more while I was still a mere fisher. Suddenly there was a commotion at my end of the boat. I had hooked one as big as his three. How the trout fought and struggled as I began to wind it in! Soon the



ON THE ROAD FROM LOUGH DERG.

scoop was placed under it and the fish lifted into the boat. There was more fight in that one fish than in a dozen that pull the cork under water. Father Gallagher got two more and I another. We then adjourned, having caught enough for supper and breakfast. I was not a little elated when Father Gallagher said: "I declare, your two are as heavy as my five." Twice more we went out, but I alone caught the fish, while Father Gallagher had the experience.

We finally bade adieu to the Holy Island. As the pil-

grims pass over the lake they generally sing the farewell hymn, which consists of six verses. I give the first verse:

"Oh! fare thee well, Lough Derg; shall I ever see you more?
My heart is filled with sorrow to leave thy sainted shore.
Until life's days have passed away, no pleasure can beguile
My thoughts from often turning back to thy sacred isle."

We overtook one of the pilgrims with a kodak. He took a shot at Mr. Campbell and myself in the jaunting car. He said if it came out well he would send me a copy.

When we reached Pettigo we took a train for a ride of twenty-seven miles to Beleek, famous for the finest china manufactured. We were kindly shown through the pottery, and the process and the work were explained to us. We viewed the picturesque rapids, the source of the mighty water power from the outlet of Lough Erne. We called at the priest's dwelling, but he was out of town. The stone church is large and finely situated.

From Beleek we went to Bundoran, situated by the ocean, and one of the finest watering places in the North of Ireland. It consists of one street about a mile in length.

From Bundoran, we went by train to Castlecaldwell, where we took the steamer "Lady of the Lake" for a ride of over twenty miles on the famous Lough Erne.

When Mr. John C. Campbell and I boarded the pretty little steamer, "The Lady of the Lake," at Castlecaldwell, we anticipated with pleasure the ride of twenty miles or more on Lough Erne to Enniskillen. Mr. Campbell informed me that in many of the songs and stories of the North of Ireland Lough Erne is called "Saimear." He referred to the first verse in "O'Donnell Abu," written in 1597 by J. McCann:

"Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war cries arise on the gale,
Fleetly the steed by Loc Snilig is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale."

The name "Saimear" was changed to Erna or Erne on

account of the drowning in its waters of Queen Meva's favorite maid, Erna. Magennis' poem relates to the fact:

Queen Meva mourns her favorite maid, loved Erna, absent long,
She cannot look on nobles fine, or list her minstrel's song;
On Saimear's banks when night comes on, she walks and weeps in vain,
Loved Erna sleeps beneath the wave; she cannot come again.

Young Erna was the sweetest maid did ever vision bless;
Beside her pined the blushing rose, she shamed its loveliness;
She moved, a golden beam of joy, a star to gild the west,
The light of love was in her eye and Heaven her bosom blessed.

She bathed in Saimear's silver lake, and sank to rise no more;
Love sighed upon the fatal deep while Pity wept on shore;
In mourning sank that evening sun, and dimmed the light of June,
While shone in sadness on the lake the melancholy moon.

Lament for Erna, ever lost, all hearts that pity know,
Ye virgins chant her spotless fame by lovely †Assaroe;
"I little thought," Queen Meva said, "untimely and so soon,
My friend should die and I should weep beneath the silver moon.

"No more shall Erna grace my court, or charm in banquet hall,
Or yield her Queen those winning smiles which sought my nobles all;
Some spirit loved the blooming maid, and bound with magic spell,
Took a queen in fairy-land or ‡Tir-an-oge to dwell.

"Ye mountains and ye hills that shade loved Saimear's silver lake,
Ye silent are and lonely now, ye mourn for Erna's sake;
Her name ye sighing zephyrs bear, ye bards her fame prolong
Until 'tis known o'er *Ban-ba fair and lives in future song.

"And Saimear, dear thy banks shall be to feeling and to fame,
The fate of Meva's much loved maid shall change thy ancient name.
No isles like thine shall bloom so green, no flowers spring so soon,
And Saimear shall be Erna called while shines the silver moon."

†Assaroe, the ancient name of Ballyshannon, at foot of Lough Erne.
‡Tir-an-oge, the paradise of the pagan Irish.
*Ban-ba, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

Fermanagh, the "County of the Lakes," abounds in loughs. In the time of Elizabeth, it was divided between two powerful sects, the McManuses and the Maguires. It is related that when the Lord Deputy sent to inform the chief of the latter that he was about to send a sheriff into his territory, Maguire answered that "Her Majesty's officer would be received, but he would like to know how much the damage would be in case the sheriff lost his life on the visit." The sheriff must have had business elsewhere, as he did not visit Maguire.

It would appear to me that the people "at home" and the tourist from abroad, either do not appreciate or do not know many of the beauties of Erin. After traversing Lough Erne and having made the circuit of the world, I can commend what Mrs. S. C. Hall writes of Lough Erne and its vicinity. I transcribe her words:

"Travel where you will in this singularly beautiful neighborhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every stop. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual tour hither instead of up the hackneyed and soddened Rhine, infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyment that can recompense the traveler. Nothing in Great Britain, perhaps nothing in Europe, can surpass the beauty of this lake."

Mrs. Hall says much, but much can be justly written of Lough Erne. The islands are said to number the days of the year. They are of all sizes, from a few feet to many acres in extent. All are green and productive. On some of them you can see sheep and cattle grazing and houses peeping through the inviting groves. At Tully Castle the lough is nine miles wide.

As we passed Devenish Island and approached Ennis-

killen, the lough narrowed and brought its green, sloping shores nearer to us. About a mile and a half from the town we passed the Royal Portora School, most beautifully situated. Castle Coole is about half a mile nearer to the town. The mansion is classical in style and the grounds are beautifully laid out and well kept. Castle Coole is the residence of the Earl of Belmore. The ivy-clad ruins of an old castle tell the story of other days.

As we passed through Enniskillen I noticed on store fronts a number of signs indicating that the name of the proprietors was "Maguire." The name appears to be spelt in this way in the County of Fermanagh.

Mr. Campbell and I parted at the station of Enniskillen, with an agreement to meet again at Derry. He returned to Irvingstown, while I proposed to make my way to Downpatrick to visit the grave of St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columbkille.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT THE TOMB OF IRELAND'S GREAT APOSTLES—ATTRACTIONS EN ROUTE—BELFAST — CENTER OF ORANGEISM—DOWNPATRICK—THE NEGLECTED GRAVE IN A PROTESTANT CEMETERY—BISHOP GILMOUR'S GENEROSITY.

I alighted at the quaint old town of Clones, which has a population of twenty-five hundred. It is situated on the side and crest of a small hill. I walked up the main street to the "Diamond" or market place. I was rather surprised to see three young women riding bicycles up the rather steep hill. By the way, the bicycle rider is frequently met in Ireland, and the roads are so very good that they invite to easy spins amid pleasant scenes.

The attraction at Clones is the Old Cross on the "Diamond." It is about fifteen feet high and stands on a square base. It is perfect in form, and some of the sculptures on this ancient relic are fairly well preserved. There are designs of Adam and Eve, with the serpent coiled around the tree. The sacrifice of Isaac is also depicted.

Just after leaving Clones for Monaghan, thirteen miles away, I asked the only fellow passenger: "Is that the Catholic Church there on the hill?"

He hesitated, but finally said: "I believe it is."

I asked: "Are you a Catholic?"

"Why would you think that? I might be a Presbyterian."

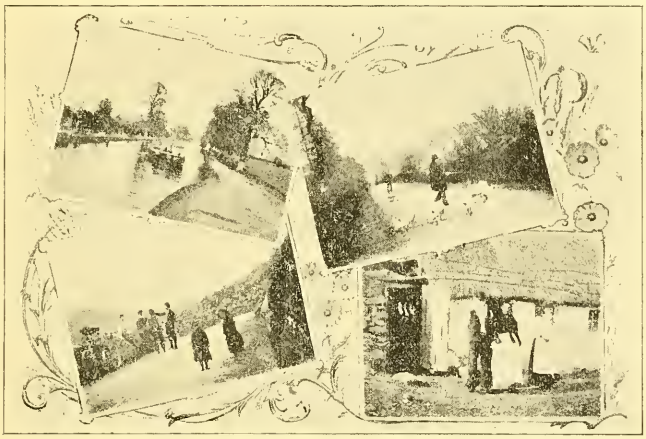
I suspected that he was a Catholic, and said to him: "I am a priest. I am from America." At the time I wore a light-colored mackintosh, on account of the frequent showers.

"Ah! I don't know about that," he said.

"Well, you can notice my Roman collar as one indication."

"Ah yes, but there does be detectives about here that puts on those collars often to deceive us."

This was news to me. However, I did not try to prove my identity any farther.



SNAPSHOTS.

At Monaghan I met two priests and went to talk to them. My companion had also left the train. He looked on from a distance and then followed me to the hotel.

"Father, excuse me;" he said, "but upon my word, I had my doubts until I saw you and our priests so friendly, and heard them ask you to come up to the Cathedral."

Early in the morning I walked through the town and made my way to the Cathedral. It is situated just outside of the town on a slight eminence in the midst of about ten acres of well-kept grounds. The lodge keeper opened the doors for me. The building is of stone and constructed in

the Gothic style. It is complete in all its appointments, and neat and bright. The altars, the railing and the pulpit are of marble. I should judge that the building must have cost not less than $200,000. A fine pastoral residence stands near the rear of the Cathedral. There are a number of fine marble statues over the portals, about the building and on pedestals throughout the grounds.

Monaghan is a trim and business-like looking town of, I should judge, about five thousand inhabitants.

My next stop was at Armagh, sixteen miles from Monaghan. The large, stone Gothic Cathedral, situated on an eminence, is visible from all parts of the town. I approached with reverence a spot consecrated by the presence of St. Patrick and St. Malachi and their many saintly successors. We are told that in the year 455, St. Patrick received from a wealthy chief named Daire, a tract of land for the erection of a Cathedral on a hill in the neighborhood of the residence of the Kings of Ulster. Armagh became the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland.

The grounds around the Cathedral comprise about twelve acres. They are very well kept. Wide gravel walks, some six hundred feet long, lead up to the noble structure, which crowns the hill and commands the town. I met a large number of well-dressed people coming from Mass.

I found the church very spacious, but it is evidently older and not so well-kept as the Monaghan Cathedral. I called at the residence to pay my respects to Cardinal Logue. His Eminence had gone to visit a neighboring Bishop. However, I met one of the priests, who is a professor in the college on the Cathedral grounds. All the students were enjoying their vacation. I calculated that the Cathedral would accommodate three thousand people.

There is evidently considerable business and thrift in the town, which has, I should judge, a population of ten thousand.

At breakfast at the hotel I was first seated at the table in the dining-room. After waiting long enough to have the order filled, the waiter came and directed me to the "coffee room." He then wanted to know what I wanted for breakfast. I told him that the change of rooms had made no change in my order. "Well, we have no mutton chops this morning. Will you have some eggs?" I assented. After some time he came, but in swinging around my chair the waiter dropped one of the eggs, as I easily knew from hearing it fall. He made no acknowledgment of the accident. I wondered what would be the outcome. After a time he went out and quietly returned and the egg was secretly lifted and put on my plate.

"When the hen laid that egg she must have been on the perch," I remarked.

"Why?" asked the waiter.

"It had a fall."

"Maybe so, sir," he answered.

"You remind me of a waiter in Boston," I said.

"How so?"

"I was there when he came to the table and asked a guest: 'Did you order these chops, sir?' 'I did.' 'Oh! I thought it was a younger man.' 'Well,' said the guest, 'I was younger when I ordered them.'" The Armagh waiter left me, and all was over but the bill.

Belfast is thirty-five miles from Armagh. I arrived in the city in the afternoon, having passed through Portadown, Lurgan, Lisburn and Lough Neagh in the distance. Without delay, I began to take in the sights of Belfast, noted for its linen factories, ship-building and commercial importance.

I was quite busy for a number of hours in going about Belfast. The city is lively and prosperous. It has grown wonderfully, especially for a European city, in the past fifty years. The population of Belfast is about two hundred and

seventy-five thousand. The streets are wide and the buildings well constructed, and the bustle about the place reminded me somewhat of an American city.

The linen industry is one of the chief features of Belfast. It was helped, strange to state, by the selfishness of England. The English Parliament of 1698 induced King William



STREET IN BELFAST.

III. to use his influence to suppress the woolen trade in Ireland, as it injured the trade in England. As a result, the linen trade was encouraged and Belfast became its center.

I was struck by the number and size of the linen mills. The York Street Spinning Company employs three thousand men in its linen mills, and indirectly gives employment to twenty thousand more. It has generally $500,000 worth of

flax on hand. One hundred thousand acres of land, mostly in the vicinity of Belfast, are used in producing flax. Thus the linen mills are independent of foreign production.

Belfast is a large ship-building center. The largest ship ever constructed was under way when I was there. Other



STREET SCENE IN BELFAST.

industries are iron works, boot and shoe factories, the manufacture of chemicals, flour milling, etc.

Belfast is a Protestant stronghold. The population is at least two-thirds Protestant. However, there are six or eight fine Catholic Churches in the city. It is the Episcopal See of Down and Connor. Bishop Henry was the Ordinary.

The Cathedral, dedicated to St. Malachi, is a fine structure on Upper Alfred Street. However, it is surpassed in architectural magnificence by St. Peter's Catholic Church, which is the handsomest ecclesiastical structure in Belfast. It is a Gothic building. The west front has a central doorway containing a fine sculpture of the angels appearing to St. Peter. It has two spire-crowned towers of great height and beauty.

St. Malachi's College is for Catholic boys. It accommodates both day scholars and boarders.

Ulster Hall holds four thousand people. The building is beautified by six Corinthian columns. It is furnished with a fine pipe organ.

After supper in the Imperial Hotel I heard the music of a fife and drum. Knowing that I was in the center of Orangeism I hastened to the door. Down the street there came a motley and apparently disorganized crowd of perhaps four hundred men and boys. Without any formation they occupied the street from curb to curb, and carried their banners as they marched to the place of meeting. As they walked by I could not but reflect upon the great strife that has for centuries marked the meeting of the Orange and Green in the Emerald Isle.

"Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathed,
William and James are turned to clay;
Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed;
Red was the crop and bitter the pay.
Freedom fled us!
Knaves misled us!
Under the feet of the foemen we lay."

Were Orange and Green united, at least in national affairs, it would not be long until Orange and Green would carry the day.

Before leaving home I was requested, in case I reached Belfast, to call on an old lady who had adult grandchildren

living in Cleveland. I had a good deal of difficulty in finding her. The curious and very indefinite directions I received from people in Belfast would fill a chapter. I finally found the house. When I got inside the old lady exclaimed: "Oh, Father, but I am glad to see you."

"But you do not know me."

"Well, I know you are a priest, at any rate."

You may imagine how surprised and delighted she was to hear from her grandchildren in America.

Near Belfast are some very high hills. Cave Hill, about two miles from the center of the city, is one thousand one hundred and eighty-eight feet high. It gets its name from the fact that three natural caves penetrate it. There is a very fine view from the top of Cave Hill. Nearby is Carrickfergus Bay, into which the American Commodore Paul Jones sailed in 1778, and after a fierce fight captured the British sloop-of-war Drake. There was not much talk in those days of an Anglo-American alliance.

While waiting at the station to take the train for Downpatrick a portly, well-kept, florid complexioned man of about fifty-five or sixty years of age approached me, and extending his hand, said:

"How are you? I am glad to see you. Affairs are going all right for us."

"You probably mistake me for someone else. I do not know you," I said.

"Oh, well," said he, "we are all related in Adam. I know you are one of our own, anyhow. Come in here and we will have something to warm us up."

"I don't drink," I answered.

"Well," he replied, "if you do no worse you'll be not so bad."

My grey ulster, worn as a protection from the frequent rains, had evidently led that Orangeman to take me for an

English clergyman. I took the train and he, no doubt, took something else.

After passing through Comber and Ballynahinch Junction I arrived, in about an hour, at Downpatrick, made famous from the fact that it is the burial place of St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columbkille.

Downpatrick has a population of about four thousand. It is a nice town, but rather hilly. The streets rise steeply from a common center.

I told the jaunting car driver to take me to the tomb of St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columbkille. He drove at once to the Episcopal Cathedral, which is about half a mile from the station. He said when we got to the cemetery: "You will find the tomb there in the center."

I went into the cemetery through the long wet grass. I looked for a grand towering monument to mark the resting place of these three eminent Saints. I saw none. After looking for some time I went back and asked in bewilderment:

"Where is the tomb?"

"It is there in the center of the graveyard," he said.

The cemetery occupies only about half an acre. I went back, and after looking long I found an oval, but loose grave mark, about one foot high, inscribed: "Here are buried St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columbkille."

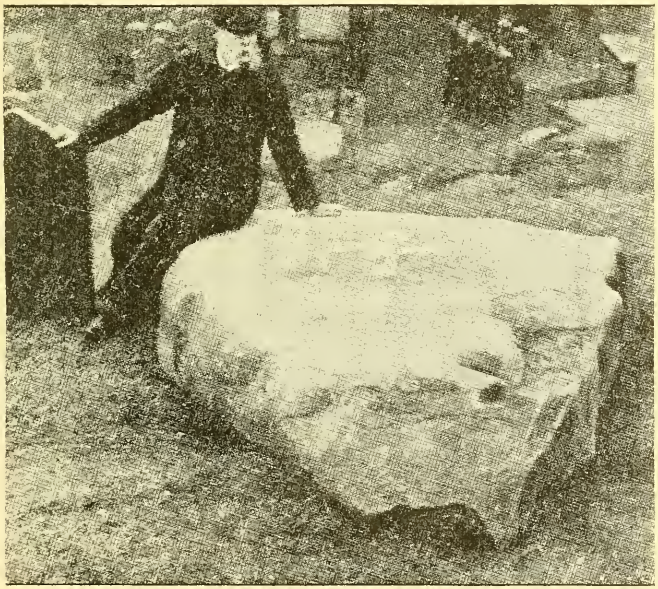
I fell on my knees in the wet grass, but for a time I was too amazed to pray—amazed at the humble, almost unmarked, and neglected, grave of the three Saints so dear to the hearts of the children of Erin at home, and to those scattered over the world. How was it possible, I asked, that the grateful, generous Irish people had so shockingly neglected the last resting places of their glorious Patron Saints?

I took a handful of earth and plucked a few shrubs from the grave, and went sadly back to the car. I told the driver

with some indignation that the condition of the grave of her Patron Saints reflected no credit on Downpatrick, or upon the Catholic people of Ireland.

"True for you, your Reverence," was all he said.

I went into the church beside the cemetery. I found that it was the Protestant Cathedral, confiscated and taken from the Catholics. It began to dawn upon me that possibly



ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE AND ITS PECULIAR MONUMENT.

the Catholics were not free to erect a monument over the grave of the three great Irish Saints. The see was established by St. Patrick. He also founded a monastery, which finally became the burial place of himself, St. Brigid and St. Columbkille. The Cathedral was destroyed by the Danes.

The edifice which replaced it was burnt by Edward Brewer and Lord Deputy Grey, in 1538. The present church was constructed in 1790. It is beautifully situated on a hill. Dundrum, about five miles distant, is said to be the place where St. Patrick first landed when brought as a slave to Ireland at the age of sixteen.

After leaving the Cathedral, I directed the driver to take me to the Catholic Church. I found the pastor to be Father O'Kane, an affable old clergyman of about sixty-five years of age. I was not with him long until I brought up the neglect of the tomb of Ireland's Patron Saints.

"Well, it does look bad," he said, "but it is hardly our fault, or the fault of the Irish people. The cemetery is in the hands of the Protestants. They would not permit us to erect a monument there. Even if they did, I fear that it would soon be destroyed, so intense is the bigotry of the Orangemen in this neighborhood."

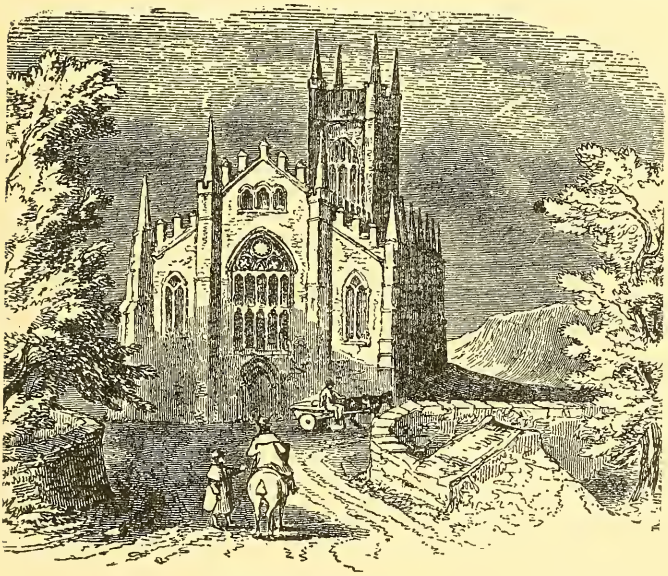
"Could not some arrangement be made," I asked, "by which permission and protection for a suitable monument could be procured? I am sure that ample funds could be obtained, because the object would eloquently appeal to the Irish people at home and abroad."

"I have no misgivings about the funds," he said. "Some few years ago, there was a Bishop here from America who was about as indignant concerning the absence of a monument as you are. He said: 'If you start a fund for a proper memorial for St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Columbkille, I will contribute $500.'"

When I asked the name of the Bishop, imagine my pleasure and surprise when I learned that he was none other than our lamented Bishop Gilmour.

How we are inclined to be ruled almost unconsciously by prejudice and to judge rashly the principles and motives of men! I had heard Bishop Gilmour misrepresented, even in a

National Convention, and was obliged to defend him on the floor, and to repel the charge that he was anti-Irish. I could do so on his record. He sometimes had to oppose men and measures, but his opposition was based on more solid and commendable ground than national antipathy. Those who shape their conduct on national lines are narrow-minded, and never rise to the level of an exalted position. The



THE CATHEDRAL.

hardest blow may sometimes come from a true friend. Perhaps I can better illustrate this by a little story:

On one occasion when the ice was floating out of the North River, New York, the cry was raised from the ferry boat: "A man overboard!" The passengers rushed to the side of the vessel and saw a man struggling in despair amid the ice. Suddenly a man sprang into the river and swam to

the drowning man. When he reached him he struck the struggling man a stunning blow in the face. A cry of fierce anger arose from the passengers. The rescuer then reached out and took the drowning and nearly senseless man by the coat collar and managed to keep him safe until a boat was lowered and both were rescued. When they were taken aboard the ferry-boat, angry men gathered about the rescuer and with clenched fists demanded: "Why did you strike the drowning man?" He answered: "You men are angry. You remained safe on board when he was struggling for his life amid the floating ice. I risked mine for his. I struck him to save him. Had I not stunned him he would have taken hold of me, and both of us would have perished. Give some credit for true friendship to one who makes a sacrifice for another."

Since my visit to Downpatrick a peculiar monument has been placed over the grave of the Saints. It consists of a large rock, properly inscribed. A cut of it is here presented. But the proper monument is yet to come.

Father O'Kane kindly took a walk around the town with me and showed me several points of interest.

The jail, as in many other towns, is the finest and most expensive building in the corporation. The jail there must have cost about $250,000, but it is empty. Where can you find, outside of Ireland, a jail of that size empty? Statistics prove that Ireland stands high on the scale of morality. I took pains in many places to inquire on this subject. In one county seat, during my visit, the judges found on their quarterly session that the only charge was that a certain plaintiff was cheated out of a chicken worth a shilling. The charge was not sustained. Yet the English Government has, in addition to its many barracks for soldiers, some twelve thousand armed constabulary stationed through the country, a heavy and an unnecessary burden on the people. The

Queen on her recent visit would have conferred a favor on Ireland by sending the constabulary in a body to the Transvaal.

I forgot while speaking to Father O'Kane to ask if the Irish-Turkish officer, whom I had met in Cairo, had returned to Downpatrick, as he had told me was his intention.

I returned from Downpatrick to Belfast in the evening.

Six o'clock in the morning found me the only passenger in the cab from the hotel in Belfast to the station. However, quite a number of passengers boarded the train.

We arrived at Antrim about 7 o'clock. That neat town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants is about twenty-two miles from Belfast. Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles, is not far from the town. The lake is from eighteen to twenty miles long and about twelve miles wide. While the largest part of Lough Neagh is in County Antrim, it also extends into County Tyrone, County Armagh and County Down.

Fairies and fairy tales occupy much space in the folk lore of the Irish people. It is said that at the end of the First Century the place now covered by the waters of Lough Neagh was inhabited. The people possessed a fairy well. On one occasion the fairy well or fountain was accidentally left uncovered. Consequently it overflowed until the present lake was formed. The people will tell you to this day that the fishermen see the lofty and slender round towers of the former site beneath the waters. Moore has embalmed this belief in the well-known lines:

> "On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
> When the clear cold eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the waves beneath him shining."

It might be interesting to write a little of the fairies, the goblins and the banshees that find a home in Ireland.

The keening of the banshee round the house on a lonely night brings terror to the home. Space will not permit me to relate some of the mythical stories.

About five miles from Antrim we passed Cookstown Junction. Ballymena, an important linen town of Antrim, with a population of nine thousand, was upon our route. Eight miles away is the Sliemish Mountain, upon which St. Patrick spent his boyhood as a shepherd.

We stopped at Coleraine. It is a town of about seven thousand. While "Coleraine" linen is well known, "Coleraine" whiskey has more than a local reputation.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY — A VISIT TO THIS GREAT MARVEL OF NATURE — A FORMATION OF AMAZING GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY—THE STORY OF FIN M'COOL—AN ORANGE INTERVIEW— LIMAVADDY.

On the way to the Giant's Causeway from Coleraine, we passed Portstewart and Portrush, each of which is a celebrated watering place. Charles Lever, the eminent Irish novelist, formerly practiced medicine at Portstewart. Before he died, he expressed the wish that he had never left that pretty town.

Portrush, situated on a narrow peninsula, has two sea exposures, and is the chief watering place in the North of Ireland. The fine crescent-shaped strands furnish rare bathing facilities. I think Portrush an ideal place for summer rest and recreation.

The Giant's Causeway is about seven miles from Portrush. We took the "electric" railway and found that the "electric" motor was a "dummy" steam engine.

About three and one-half miles from Portrush is Dunluce Castle. There are few ruins in Erin so remarkable. It stands on an isolated rock that rises one hundred feet above the sea. A chasm twenty feet broad and one hundred feet deep separates it from the mainland. The only approach to it from the land is over an arch about twenty-four inches wide.

There are about twenty-seven caves between Portrush and Dunluce Castle.

The ride on the train along the edge of the high cliffs is grand and sometimes startling, as turning a curve the cars

appear to swing out into space, endangering a landing on the rocks or in the water below.

When we arrived at the Causeway we found hotel runners and guides galore. There are two good hotels for the accommodation of tourists.

After dinner I asked for my bill.

"Four shillings, drinks and all," said the proprietor.

"Drinks and all! What drinks had I?" I asked.

He scratched his head for a moment and then said: "Well, four shillings will settle."

There was nothing left out for the drinks which had not been taken.

In Dublin I found myself charged with "whiskey." This would not look well on the bill or the record of the treasurer of the C. T. A. U. of A., so I asked: "When did I get that whiskey?"

The porter was called. He said: "Why, you got the whiskey Wednesday evening."

"At what hour?" I asked.

"At 9 o'clock."

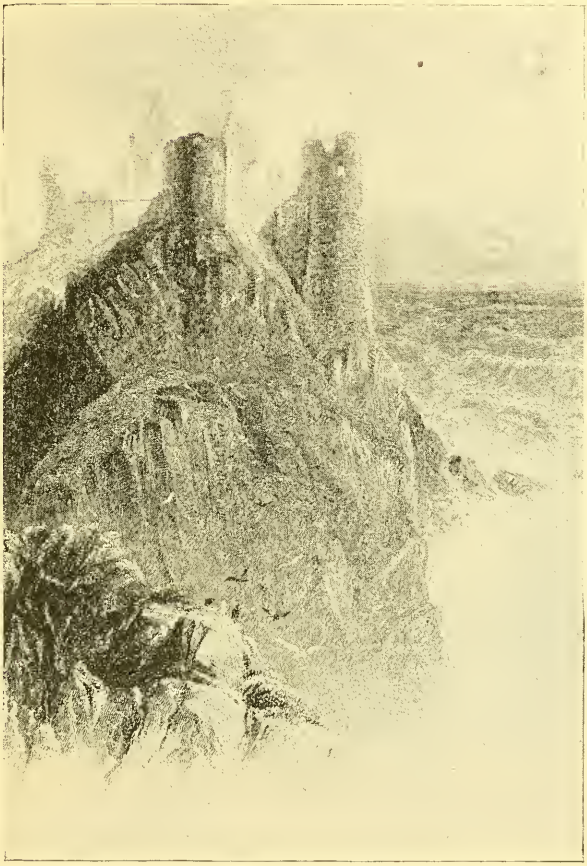
"But I was not in until 10 o'clock."

"What is the number of your room?" he asked. Then he said: "Now, that's how the mistake happened. "I brought the whiskey to No. 3, and No. 3 is so near to No. 4 that it got on to your bill. But it don't matter; at any rate, you got a lunch that night, and the lunch cost as much as the whiskey, so it's all right."

"Well, it does matter," said I. "I don't object to paying for the lunch, but I do object to paying for the whiskey."

After dinner I went out and rambled on the promontory over the Giant's Causeway. A man appeared rather suddenly and asked: "Do you want to see the Causeway?"

"Yes."



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

"Well, I am a guide."

As a result of a bargain he took charge of the tourist.

We went down a small road built for a quarter of a mile on a steep incline. The Causeway is now enclosed by an iron fence, and an admission fee is charged. My first view

and impression as we rounded the promontory was one of disappointment in the Causeway. However, not to judge rashly, I entered upon the tour of the Causeway. I found my guide intelligent and well-posted.

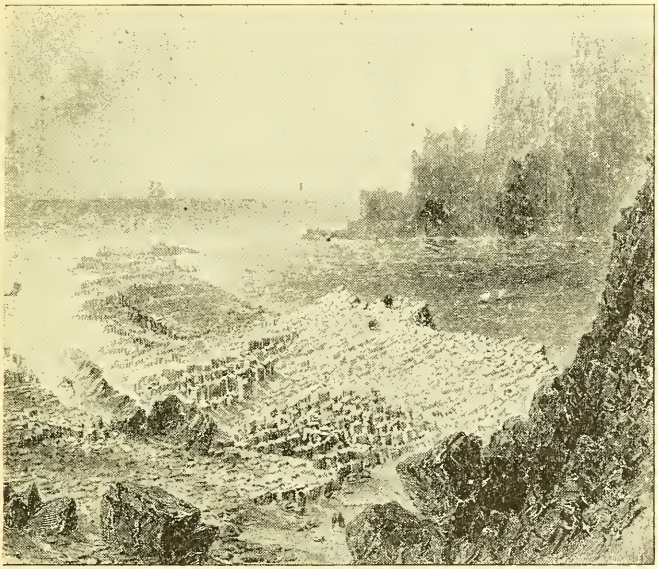
Looking around from a good point of vantage one is almost led to believe that he is looking upon the excavated ruins of magnificent temples, whose noble columns of cut and polished stone got wedged and cemented together at various heights. Yet none of the columns were prone, but all upright, and ready by rearrangement for the superstructure.

At a rough estimate, I would state that the entire length of the Causeway is about twelve hundred feet, and its greatest width about four hundred feet. It has been estimated that the number of vertical basaltic columns is forty thousand. All are angular, and vary from three to nine in the number of their sides. They are as close together and as well fitted and yet as distinct as can well be imagined. They are split across horizontally at irregular spaces, with concave and convex surfaces fitting like "ball-and-socket." The guide showed me the only triangular or three-sided column in the forty thousand. Most of them have four, six or seven sides. So close are they that there is not space between for the blade of a knife.

In the midst of the columns is the Giant's Well. It is small, but, strange to state, of the purest spring water. The old woman who hands you the tumbler expects that you will hand her something back.

Soon we came to the Giant's Wishing Chair. The old man in charge was far from being a giant, but he wanted all to sit in the chair, so well formed by nature out of the pillars. You are assured that any wish you may form will be realized. While the tourist wishes, the little old man also wishes that he will get a nice offering.

A magnificent colonnade of pillars in the center of the cliff is called the Giant's Organ. There is the Giant's Gateway, the Giant's Loom, the Giant's Bail-Alley, the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Granny, the Giant's Pulpit, etc.



ALONG THE CAUSEWAY.

The guides tell a story—and it is "a story"—of the origin of the Causeway.

Fin McCool, the champion giant of Ireland, heard that Benardonner, the Scottish Goliah, claimed that he could wipe the ground with Fin. Fin dared him to come on. Ben said he would if it were not for getting wet swimming over. Fin then built the Causeway so that Ben could come over without wetting the soles of his feet. Then Ben came, and Fin broke every bone in his body.

Walking eastward from the larger Causeway, the tourist

is struck with admiration at the sight of the great natural amphitheatre. Kohl proclaims it the most beautiful amphitheatre in the world. The form of the Giant's Amphitheatre is so exactly half a circle that no architect could have possibly made it more so, and the cliff slopes at precisely the same angle all around to the centre. Around the upper part runs a row of columns, eighty feet high; then comes a broad rounded projection, like an immense bench, for the accommodation of the giant guests of Fin McCool; then again a row of pillars, sixty feet high, and then again a gigantic bench, and so down to the bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder stones, marking the limits of the arena. This is a scene in which no traveler need fear indulging in terms of exaggeration, for all that he can say must remain far behind the truth.

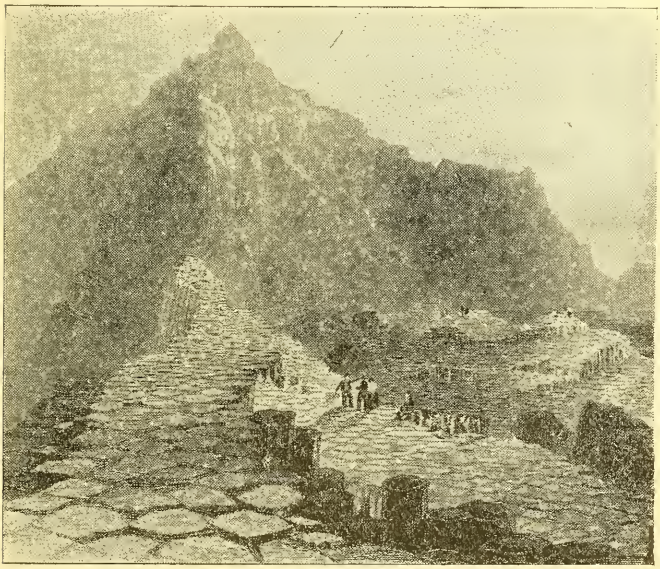
The Giant's Chimney Tops consist of three distinct pillars, the tallest being forty-five feet high. It appears that they were mistaken for the chimney tops of Dunluce Castle, and were bombarded by some ships of the Spanish Armada that was soon afterwards lost in the adjoining bay, which has since been named Port-na-Spania.

Two miles east of the Causeway is Pleaskin Cliff, which is said to be the most beautiful promontory in the world. It is four hundred feet high.

Westward of the Causeway are two remarkable caves. The more westerly one is called Portcoon, the other Dunkerry Cave. The latter can be entered only from the sea. The entrance is grand and striking, being a pointed arch twenty-six feet wide. The interior is seven hundred feet long, and the roof is more than sixty feet over the water at high tide. The swell of the sea on this coast appears to be at all times heavy, and as each successive wave rolls in, the sensation to the tourist in the cave leads him to believe that he is being raised to the roof. The cave of the "Blue

Grotto," near Naples, is famous, but it is insignificant in comparison to Dunkerry, and even to Portcoon Cave, which is three hundred and fifty feet long and fifty-five feet high.

When we had finished our tour of the Causeway, the guide said that we could get back to the hotel by a shorter way, and save nearly a mile. I expressed a willingness to take it.



ALONG THE CAUSEWAY.

"There it is," he said, pointing to the almost perpendicular cliff, over four hundred feet high.

I asked: "Is it possible to get up there?"

"Yes; it is called the Shepherd's Path, and now and then some attempt it. But if we go, don't look back, for the life of you, especially in the steep place near the top."

We started for the climb. Two others went with us but turned back at the foot of the cliff. Up and up we went, using hands and feet. When I got nearer the top and the steepness increased, I wished that I was upon an American prairie. But in a minute or two I swung over the top, quite exhausted, and found repose on a grassy knoll.

I said to the guide: "Instead of calling that ascent the Shepherd's Path, you ought to call it the 'Goat's Path.'"

"Thrue for you, indade," he said.

I found that nearby sat two workingmen taking their lunch. One of them said: "That was a hard climb. I'd rather go the rounds myself than attempt that."

"Well," I said, "I am so glad to have it over that I am glad I tried it."

After some talk one of the men said: "You are a clergyman?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you are a Presbyterian clergyman?" he ventured.

"No, I am not. I suppose you are members of the Orange Lodge?"

"Yes, we are."

"Well, I am a Catholic priest from America."

They looked at each other in mute surprise. Finally one said:

"You are not much like the priests about here."

"Why do you say that?"

"Ah, they wouldn't sit down and talk with us in this way."

"Well," I said, "if they had climbed up that cliff they would be glad to sit down."

That made the men laugh. I said to them:

"Why are you always fighting here in Ireland on Catholic and Protestant questions; on matters of Green and

Orange? In America we may differ and argue, but we are neighborly and friendly with one another."

"Oh, we don't fight much here."

"You don't? What happened in Belfast a short time ago?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said one, "they are rather riotous in Belfast."

We talked along these lines for some time. Then one of them asked:

"Do you live any place near Chicago?"

Upon my telling him that I lived within ten hours' ride, he said:

"I have a niece there who is finishing in the High School. I've sent her a fine gold chain that cost me £5. I am going to tell her and my sister that I met you."

I handed him my card and said: "If they ever pass through Cleveland tell them to call."

"I will, I will; to be sure I will."

As I was walking away they cried out: "A safe and pleasant voyage home to you."

I wandered along the high cliffs for some distance. The wind was so strong that I considered it somewhat dangerous. A week after I was there a student from Dublin went over the same ground. His hat was blown of. In running after it he got so near the edge that he could not stop, and was killed on the rocks, over four hundred feet below.

On my way to Derry I went back through Portrush and Coleraine. I crossed the River Bann, which serves as an outlet for Lough Neagh. I passed through the hamlets of Castle Rock, Downhill, Umbria, well named with its bowery glade under the cliffs, and Limavaddy Junction.

Here I was reminded of Thackeray's visit to Limavaddy, where he was charmed with Peggy, the waiting maid at the

inn. With her for an inspiration he wrote verses enough to fill several of these pages. It begins with:

"Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty)
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry City."

In one of the eighteen verses he says:

"Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy.
Far beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy."

We got to Derry in due time. When I arrived at the City Hotel I had the pleasure of again meeting Mr. John C. Campbell, in accordance with our agreement. Father O'Doherty was not in the city, so I had no special reason to remain, having seen the place during my first day in Ireland. Mr. Campbell and I hastened on a jaunting car to the station, where we took the train for Letterkenny, in the County Donegal.

From Derry to Letterkenny is a distance of about twenty-four miles by rail. Generally speaking, the speed of the trains in Ireland is on a par with those in the United States. But the Letterkenny train was a counterpart of a train on the old Mahoning branch, which years ago ran into Cleveland. A passenger complained of its slowness, saying to the conductor: "I could walk faster than this blasted train goes."

"Why, then, don't you get off and walk?"

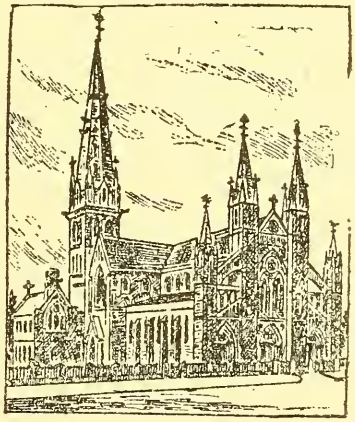
"I would, but some of my friends are going to meet me at the station in Cleveland, and I do not want to hang around there two or three hours." That silenced the conductor.

The grumbling passengers in Europe cannot complain en route to the conductor. There is no communication between cars on the old country railways; there is no communication, as a rule, between the compartments of the same coach.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BEAUTIFUL LETTERKENNY—AMID SCENES OF SYLVAN LOVELINESS—LOUGH SWILLY—AN AMERICAN'S CASTLE—LORD LEITRIM'S ESTATE—SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY—A HORSE FAIR—SOME NATIVE CUSTOMS.

We arrived Saturday evening about 7 o'clock at Letterkenny, the terminus of the railway. Mr. Campbell and I found our genial friend, Mr. John Gallagher, awaiting us at the station. He gave us a hearty welcome, and soon had us on his jaunting car bound for his farm at Lurgybreck, about a mile and a quarter from the town. The horse was a good stepper and a fine looking animal, and the car the best I had mounted in Ireland.



ST. CUNAN'S CATHEDRAL.

We soon got to the farm. The driveway from the road to the house is lined with rich and well-trimmed hedges and stately shade trees. The farm is finely situated; it inclines gently to the north, is rolling and fertile, is well-kept and in full view of Lough Swilly, about half a mile away.

The changes wrought by time are often remarkable. I understood that the former owner in days gone by was the

landlord of Mr. Gallagher. Business reverses or bad management obliged him to sell, and the offer of Mr. Gallagher was found to be the best the old landlord could get. One day while I was there, the son of the former landlord came from London to make a sketch of "the old home."

At Lurgybreck we met Mr. P. O'Doherty, of Pittsburg, who was a guest of Mr. Gallagher. After supper we sat under the trees talking of home and friends and of my tour until a late hour.

Sunday morning found us aboard the jaunting car on our way to the pro-Cathedral for Mass.

Letterkenny is a smart, well-built town, of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the side of a hill, at the beginning of Lough Swilly.

Mr. Gallagher introduced me to the genial pastor, Father Sheridan. When we passed through the grounds in front of the church, a large number of intelligent, well-dressed people were crowding in to assist at Mass. Soon the edifice was filled, and the congregation overflowed out into the yard as far as the gates, and knelt reverently on the ground. I celebrated the 9 o'clock Mass.

A fine convent and two new stone school buildings are on the hill near the Cathedral. Bishop O'Donnell conducted Mr. Gallagher and myself through the new Cathedral, now being roofed. When completed, it will be a magnificent Gothic structure, about two hundred and fifty feet long. Over a dozen stone-carvers were at work, besides about a score of stone-cutters and carpenters. I estimated that the cost of the building when completed will not be less than $250,000. Collectors have called on the Catholic people in the United States for contributions to this Cathedral.

We called on Mrs. McGarry, who keeps a hotel in the town. One of her sons lives in Cleveland, and is well and favorably known. We had a pleasant visit with the family.

After dinner, Mr. Gallagher, Mr. O'Doherty, Mr. Campbell and I took a drive of about thirty miles. We found the roads smooth and well cared for, the scenery varied and beautiful in valleys, hills, mountains and rivers.

We stopped at the ruins of the old Chapel of Temple Douglass. The spot is held sacred as the early home and school of St. Columba. Ancient graves are covered by the long grass and weeds. I found one of them marked with the figure of a chalice, book and cross, and the letters, "I. H. S." Time had erased the inscription, but we knew it was the grave of a priest. Another tomb nearby proved to be the last resting place of two priests and their parents, named O'Donnell.

In the afternoon we passed a well-kept, quiet farm of about one hundred and twenty-five acres. Mr. Gallagher told me that the occupant was named Armour, and that it was the former home of Philip Armour, the well-known millionaire pork packer of Chicago. We had a charming drive along roads frequently winding on their way and arbored over by beautiful shade trees, often giving the impression of rolling along private drives through a park.

Monday morning found us preparing for another long jaunting car ride. At breakfast we discussed the route. Mr. Gallagher was our guide. He took us along the banks of famous Lough Swilly to Rathmullen, some sixteen miles away. The road runs at some places about three hundred feet above the lake.

Eight and a half miles from Letterkenny we passed through Ramilton, a wooded and picturesque town on the banks of the River Lannon. We went by a fine Catholic Church, built of stone, surrounded by well-kept grounds. To cross the river we had to descend three hundred feet by a rather abrupt hill. We ascended on the other side a well shaded road of gradual incline.

Rathmullen, a hamlet of five hundred people, is finely situated on Lough Swilly. We wandered along the beautiful strand, which abounds in shells of many colors. We met four women who were digging with spoons in the soft sand for cockles, a sort of shell fish. They had their tin pails nearly full. To my question, they said: "No, we are not going to sell them, but to use them ourselves for food at home."

Across the lake we could see Buncrana, a popular watering place of one thousand population. Over from us was "Inch," or Oyster Island. I was told that it was given as a reward in penal days to a man who had informed on a priest for officiating among the people.

We visited with much interest the ruins of the old Abbey of Rathmullen. In ages back it was the monastic home of the Carmelite Friars. The grounds are used as a cemetery. I saw there the tomb of Captain Packenham. His ship, the "Saldana," was lost with all on board in 1814. The custodian and his son we found to be unique characters, both in their manners and conversation.

We had not forgotton in the morning that the day was the "Fourth of July." Mr. Gallagher hung out the Stars and Stripes from an upper window in the "Castle of Lurgybreck." We saluted the flag on our departure and again on our return in the evening. We had no fire crackers, but Mr. O'Doherty had found a good substitute in the bulbs of some sea weed. When thrown into the fireplace they popped with a noise similar to fire crackers.

Rathmullen was the capital of the McSweeneys in days of yore, and has some reminders of the great sept of the O'Donnell's. It was at Rathmullen in 1607 that Rory, Earl of Tyrone, fled from Ireland in what is known in Irish history as the "Flight of the Earls."

Theobald Wolfe Tone was among the French officers cap-

tured at Rathmullen in 1798. They had been brought to Lord Cavan's house on Lough Swilly. Among the guests was Sir George Hill. Looking into the faces of the French officers he recognized the features of his old college friend. No one else had recognized him. Wolfe Tone wore the uniform of a French officer and spoke French fluently. Sir Geo. Hill was not generous enough to let his old friend pass incog, but addressed him openly by name. Tone answered the greeting of his treacherous friend by saying: "Yes, I am Theobald Wolfe Tone." He was immediately sent heavily ironed to Dublin.

Tuesday morning found us again on the road. We were bound, under the guidance of Mr. Gallagher, for Carrigart, on the northern coast of Donegal. Part of the ride was through a barren and mountainous country. I wondered why the lean little sheep were not leaner and smaller when I observed their feeding places. I noticed little lines of gathered stones running up the hillsides. I was told that these constituted the boundaries of demarkations between the holdings of tenants.

We were in the domain of the cruel Lord Leitrim, who was assassinated in 1878. The holdings of Lord Leitrim were very extensive, and he used his power over the territory with persistent severity.

After a drive of over twenty miles we reached the Rosapenna Hotel, situated by the sea coast, on a very picturesque promontory between Mulroy Bay and Sheephaven. The beach is crescent-shaped and sweeps around for five miles, giving fine facilities for sea bathing. The hotel was constructed in 1892 by a later and more popular Earl of Leitrim. In the little town nearby we viewed the fine monument erected to his memory by the same people who execrated the memory of his predecessor, the old Lord Leitrim.

Returning by a different road we passed along Mulroy

Bay, near the home of the late Lord Leitrim. The bay is about twelve miles long and a mile and a half across at its widest part.

After ascending a gentle incline on the road the car stopped at a lonesome place. We were on the spot where the old Lord Leitrim was assassinated in 1878. We stood by the bush behind which the men hid waiting for his approach. There was great excitement and consternation in the country after the lifeless bodies of himself and his driver were found in the road by his secretary, who followed a short distance behind. When I considered the cold-blooded deed I expressed my abhorrence. But in passing through the domain of the murdered man, and hearing the stories told of him, I soon realized that there were some palliating circumstances.

Lord Leitrim was a man of violent temper, unscrupulous and of beastly passions. I was told that he would frequently shoot down the beasts of the peasantry, and let them whistle for compensation; that on noticing the least improvement made by the tenants he would raise the rent, and without hesitation or justice would often forcibly evict. We passed a pretty place, but the former comfortable home was in ruins. I was told that a very respectable family had occupied the building. Lord Leitrim had demolished the house over their heads because the parents would not comply with his requisition that their daughter, a handsome young woman, should be sent to his castle. He assumed to hold his tenants as mere chattels, and that they had no rights which he was bound to respect.

The civil law could not reach him, as he exercised the power of judge, or had the other magistrates under his influence and control. Hence there was no mourning in Donegal when the news was spread: "Leitrim has been killed."

During my wanderings in Donegal I heard some particu-

lars concerning the assassination of Lord Leitrim, which I think never appeared in print. I had some misgivings about penning them, but after consultation I decided to do so, as the actors have gone into eternity, and no earthly judge can reach them. Though the British Government offered a reward of $50,000, not a whisper of information could it get concerning the perpetrators.

On the day of the assassination four men hid behind the bush waiting for the approach of Lord Leitrim. The sound of a car was heard approaching. One of the men raised his head, expecting to see Lord Leitrim. Instead he saw a neighbor in the approaching cart. The man behind the bush "ducked down," but fearing that the neighbor had seen him, and might afterwards give the information, he concluded to follow and sound him on the matter. He bounded out and followed and climbed into the cart. While they were talking a shot rang out. Impulsively the man cried, as he sprang from the cart: "Lord Leitrim is shot!"

The shot from the old blunderbuss had only wounded Lord Leitrim, but the wound was in his pistol arm. As he rolled from the car he tried to draw his pistol, and cried to the assassins as they sprang out into the road: "Fight fair!" Had his arm not been disabled he probably would have killed his assailants. As it was, they beat him and his driver to death—the latter that they might remove one who could inform on them.

After the dark deed the perpetrators separated. One of them ran down the hill to an arm of Mulroy Bay, and getting into a boat, reached the opposite shore. Hurrying through the woods and along byways he suddenly realized that he was bareheaded, having lost his cap on the scene. He knew that a bareheaded man hurrying along would soon attract attention. Early the next morning he resolved to enter the first house he came to, in order to get a hat. He

cautiously opened a door, and seeing an old man seated by the fire, he approached him on tiptoe and grabbed his hat. When the old man turned the fugitive perceived that he was blind. He hastened out again and sped away, and finally got to America.

Detectives by the score, and hundreds of the constabulary, in all kinds of disguises, spread over Donegal. Arrests were made far and near. Among those taken was a tailor who was strongly suspected of being implicated in the crime. He was promised a large reward and protection for life if he would turn state's evidence.

Letterkenny, during the days of trial, was crowded with soldiers and people. Fear was wide-spread that the tailor knew those engaged in the dark work, and that he would implicate many in the plot.

Guards prevented free ingress to the Court House, which, nevertheless, was crowded. A portly, well-dressed man, with a book in his hand, and in a bustling way, approached the entrance. Supposing him to be one of the attaches, the guards made way for him. The man with the book was our friend and guide, Mr. John J. Gallagher, who took this means to be present at the hearing.

Though desperate efforts were made by the prosecution, sufficient evidence could not be produced to convict those arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the assassination of Lord Leitrim. Hope and fear were centered around the tailor that he might turn Queen's evidence. But, whatever his knowledge or his intentions, he was taken down with typhoid fever and died the day before the time set for the taking of his testimony. There were some in Donegal who preferred to have him go to Heaven rather than appear in court. As no case could be made against the accused the prosecution had to be dropped.

A gentleman told me that he was in Rathmullen, five

miles from the scene of the tragedy, the day it took place. An old woman who peddled for a living asked him, excitedly: "Did ye hear the news—the news about Lord Leitrim?"

"No. What news? Is he shot?"

"The old devil wouldn't shoot for them," she said, referring to the fact and meaning that he had not succumbed to the shot.

The assassination, with the trial, of Lord Leitrim, is one of the most interesting events in the modern history of Ireland.

We passed through the town of Milford on our return from Rosapenna. It is prettily situated on the side of a hill, and has sylvan surroundings. It has a population of about four hundred. At the hotel where we took supper we met some of the people who had been at Lough Derg during our visit there.

One morning as we were about to take a journey on the jaunting car, Mr. Gallagher consulted the barometer hanging in the hallway at Lurgybreck.

"It is all right," said Mr. Gallagher; "the barometer points to 'fair.'"

When we were about to get on the car, I asked him: "Is that barometer reliable?"

"Indeed it is; you may rely upon it every time," he said.

"Why, then," I asked, "are you bringing your umbrella?"

Mr. Gallagher looked a little embarrassed, but clung to the umbrella. Several times during the day it looked as though it would rain, but as it did not, the barometer was vindicated, though we had some doubts about Mr. Gallagher's implicit faith in its forecasts.

On Monday morning the party at Lurgybreck was dissolved. Messrs. Campbell and O'Doherty left on the early train. Mr. Gallagher and I took a jaunting car ride of sixteen miles to Strabane, in the County Tyrone. The drive

was through a beautiful country of well-tilled farms. Hills and dales and winding valleys combined to make up a continuous and most charming picture. We crossed the Rivers Mourne and Finn between Strabane and Lifford. Strabane is a prosperous town of about five thousand people.

I was much interested in finding myself in the midst of a cattle and horse market at Strabane. The next day I attended another in Letterkenny. These fairs presented none of the features found in the songs about Donnybrook.

I was much interested in the "dickering." "How much?" "Nine pounds." "Take £7?" "Begone, you omadahn. You must raise." "Perhaps it's the other way; I'll be going. Now mind yourself."

The would-be-buyer takes out a big penny, grabs the half reluctant hand of the owner of the animal, and with vim slaps the opened palm, and asks: "Is it a bargain?"

If the owner surrenders, the buyer chalks the animal with some kind of a trade mark, and it is turned into an enclosure with the rest of the purchased stock. If the seller refuses the offer, notwithstanding the "skelp" of the penny, a third party joins their hands and seeks to get them to divide or split the difference. If no compromise is made and no sale affected, a most unjust and tyrannical custom is brought into play by the would-be purchaser. No other buyer is allowed to step in and offer a higher price until the first bidder relieves the owner from his bid, or gives up his "right" to get the animal at his price. The owner need not sell, to be sure, but if the would-be buyer holds out the owner may have to drive his cattle back home, twelve or or more miles.

I asked why other buyers would not bid.

"Oh! custom does not permit it; that would be an insult to the first bidder, and he and his friends would resent it, and then there would be a fight."

"Well," I said, "if the Irish want 'fair play' and 'home rule' and 'justice,' they had better bury that custom, and those who would uphold it. With such a custom how could you hold an auction?"

I took a walk through Strabane and soon came to a fine stone church, surrounded by ample grounds. I saw that there was a funeral. I went in and found that Mass had just been concluded. Men alone were in attendance, though the funeral, as I learned from the sermon, was that of a woman. Offerings were made by the friends of the deceased. It does not appear to be customary there for women to attend funerals. I also noticed some funerals in Turkey and in Italy at which men alone assisted.

After the funeral Mr. Gallagher introduced me to a Mr. O'Brien, who accompanied me to the convent, while Mr. Gallagher went back to the horse fair. On our way we passed the fine parochial residence, built of stone. It had bay windows running up the three stories. I remarked to Mr. O'Brien: "You have a fine church property here. It must have cost a considerable sum of money. I suppose you got a great deal of help from America."

"Yes, we did, indeed," he said.

"About how much was collected there?"

"Well, as near as I can remember, and I was one of the committeemen," he said, "I think we got about £5,000." The sum of $25,000 was a good deal from America for such a place as Strabane.

The convent, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, is a fine large building on a hill, surrounded by about one hundred acres of land. A fine private drive, well hedged, approaches the convent. The Mother Superior conducted me through the convent, including the beautiful chapel and the schools, which accommodate three hundred pupils. For the day-scholars the government pays for teaching each pupil five

shillings a week, which is nearly $1.25 in our money. The Sisters have a good reputation as teachers, and their methods appear to be "up-to-date."

Before leaving the Sisters offered me a glass of wine. I asked: "Sisters, did you not see by my card that I am a member of the C. T. A. Union?"

"Yes, we saw it and were puzzled. What is the meaning of the letters C. T. A?"

I said, very seriously: "They are the initials of 'Can't Take Anything.'"

The Sisters looked very much surprised, and wanted to know if there were many members in America of the "Can't Take Anything Society."

"Oh! yes," I said, "about one hundred thousand."

On my way back to the town Mr. O'Brien said: "I understand that you are from Cleveland. Did you know the McGillen family and Mr. Connelly?"

On my replying in the affirmative, he told me that they had formerly lived in Strabane, and that he himself had kept a draper's establishment, which is another name for a dry goods store.

Mr. Gallagher did not sell the two fine horses he had sent to the fair. The would-be buyer would not offer enough, and competition appeared to be shut off.

On our way back to Letterkenny we took a different road and passed through the ancient town of Raphoe, which has a population of about one thousand. Outside of Raphoe we overtook the parish priest, who was taking an evening walk, accompanied by a fine large St. Bernard dog. Mr. Gallagher and the priest appeared to be well acquainted. As it does not get dark in Ireland until about 10 p. m., I enjoyed the ride and the scenery very much.

We visited Bishop O'Donnell on the following day. He invited us to dine with him on the morrow, but I told him

that I could not, as I intended then to continue my tour through Ireland.

I spent a few hours in rambling through the fair then in progress near the Cathedral. Scenes similar to those in Strabane were presented. There appears to be an abundance of cattle, at least in the North of Ireland.

I enjoyed my week's stay at Lurgybreck very much. I was loath to leave, but time pressed and I had much yet to see in Ireland.

Mr. Gallagher took me on his car to Stranolar, a fine drive of about twelve miles. Isaac Butt, the Irish leader for Home Rule, is buried in Stranolar. I was agreeably surprised when, as I was about to bid Mr. Gallagher good-bye, he said: "We will not part yet. I'll put the horse and car in a stable here, and go with you to the town of Donegal."

CHAPTER XLVII.

IN COUNTIES DONEGAL AND SLIGO — A PICTURESQUE RUIN — DONEGAL CASTLE — BALLYSHANNON — HER MAJESTY'S MAIL — SLIGO — LOUGH GILL — FAR-FAMED SLIGO ABBEY — CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

After an hour's ride on the railway, we reached Donegal, a nicely situated town overlooking the beautiful bay of the same name. Our hotel faced on the square or "diamond."

After supper we took a walk to the ruins of Donegal Abbey, a Fifteenth Century building, formerly used by the Franciscans. It stands near the bay. The Public Works' Department was engaged in repairing the ruins. A very old cemetery surrounds the abbey. In it is a cross, twelve feet high, erected to the memory of Rev. J. Doherty (1881). Part of the cloisters, with a number of well-preserved small, round arches, are pleasing features of the ruins.

This abbey is famous as being the place in which the "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland," by the Four Masters, were written.

We went back through the town to visit Donegal Castle, the former residence of the O'Donnells. The hotel-keeper found the custodian, who unlocked the gates and conducted us through the deserted, but "restored," ruins. In the old drawing-room is a decorated mantle-piece, with finely carved figures and carved fruit.

In 1587, Hugh Roe O'Donnell successfully held the castle against the English forces. A wine-laden ship was then sent into the bay. The captain offered the hospitalities of the ship to the Irish chief, who readily accepted. Overcome by the wine, he was bound and carried to Dublin Castle. Had the Irish

chiefs and their followers been C. T. A. men, many sad defeats would have been prevented. Excessive drink is the "white man's burden." But Ireland's record on the drink habit, though not as bad as that in several other lands less criticised, is still bad enough.



DONEGAL CASTLE.

Early in the morning, Mr. Gallagher and I took the train for Killybegs, nineteen miles away. We circled along Donegal Bay for a good part of the way amid beautiful scenery. We passed through Mount Charles and Dunkineely.

Killybegs is picturesquely situated on a hillside overlooking the almost land-locked and beautiful Killybegs Bay. It is a popular summer resort.

At any stage of the tide the largest vessels can safely ride in the beautiful harbor. What a fine future there

would be for Killybegs with such a harbor, were Ireland free to manage her own affairs.

A neat yacht carrying the Stars and Stripes was making its way for a sail on the ocean. Half an hour sooner and we would have had the pleasure of greeting its American owner, and possibly would have taken a sea ride with him to Sligo.

Mass was nearly over when we reached the church. For the short time that we remained in Killybegs, the priest went with us to the hotel and back to the station.

Mr. Gallagher, who is one of nature's noblemen, and I parted company on our return to Donegal. I had passed the pleasantest week of my tour at Lurgybreck.

I hired a jaunting car and rode fifteen miles to Ballyshannon. Part of the journey was along the shores of Donegal Bay. I was much interested in the varied and picturesque scenery.

Ballyshannon is nicely situated on both banks of the Earne. It has a population of about three thousand. From the old buttressed bridge the visitor may see the two features of the town—the Rapids above and the "Salmon Leap," one-fourth of a mile below. Ballyshannon is noted for its salmon fishing. It is wonderful how high these fish leap—about fourteen feet—to get over the falls when they come up from the sea in the early spring.

I drove on four miles farther to Bundoran, where, after a few hours, I took the mail car for a ride of twenty-two miles to the town of Sligo.

The driver of the mail car from Ballyshannon to Sligo was a veteran at the business. While of a kindly disposition he was rather bluff and full of his own importance. A woman stopped the car between stations and wanted him to deliver a letter on the way. "No, I can not; it has no stamp, and I am the driver of Her Majesty's mail."

A passenger agreed to carry it. But the driver of Her Majesty's mail said: "It has no stamp, and that I cannot allow."

I said: "I have a letter in my pocket that has no stamp. What are you, as the driver of Her Majesty's mail, going to do about that?"

"That's a puzzling question, sir, and I'll have to think over its solution."

A compromise was made by agreeing to place a stamp upon the woman's letter at the next postoffice station. The mail route is along the ocean and quite near to the coast.

A stop was made at Chiffony to change horses. I got down and walked on ahead of the car. I was passed by a number of bicycle riders, some of them in groups. I met many fine subjects for "snapshots."

After walking about a mile the car overtook me. The driver said: "Your Reverence, we didn't know what had become of you. We looked all about for you, but we could not detain Her Majesty's mail any longer. It beats all to think we find you away out here, walking leisurely on the highway."

"Well," I said, "I thought I would get ahead of Her Majesty's mail. I don't think you could get a mile ahead of Uncle Sam's mail by walking between stops."

He laughed as I took my seat on the royal conveyance pulled by a bob-tailed nag.

We passed through a number of neat but rather quiet country towns, and got to Sligo about 8 o'clock on Saturday evening. The driver had become quite confidential with me, and said he would bring me to the best hotel. He stopped at the Imperial and said: "Here it is."

The hotel was centrally located, near the upper bridge, and close to the fine river that empties from Lough Gill.

After supper I wandered through the town. It is well-

built and has a population of over ten thousand. I made my way to the Cathedral, which is a large and well-constructed stone edifice. It is nicely situated, and with its magnificent furnishings cost not less than $350,000. The altars, the communion railing, the pulpit, etc., are of marble, and the pipe organ cost about $5.000. I found a large number of people around the different confessionals.



BISHOP CLANCY.

I called on some people who had relations living in Cleveland. They were glad to hear from those in "Far-off America."

Sunday morning at 8 o'clock I met Bishop Clancy in the vestry preparing for Mass. He gave me a cordial greeting, remarking: "Father McMahon, you may remember that I met you in Maynooth." I then recalled that we sat next each other there at dinner.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Clancy was formerly a member of the faculty of Maynooth College. He told me that he was in America a few years ago; that he knew Rev. Edward Hannin, of Toledo, and that they had traveled together from the latter city to Chicago.

After Mass, at which there was a large congregation, and very many Communions, the Bishop invited me to dine with him that evening at 5 o'clock.

Near the hotel a man proposed that I should take a row-boat for Lough Gill, about two and a half miles away. I said that the proprietor had told me that the best way to see Lough Gill was to drive around it in a jaunting car. "It is not," the boatman said; "if he did not have cars to rent he would tell you so himself."

I had heard of Lough Gill as one of the most charming sheets of water in the British Isles, and, of course, I wanted to see it.

"How much do you charge for your boat?" I asked the boatman.

"Oh, I'll make that all right, never fear. When you come back you'll not say it is too much. But I must make enough this summer to keep me over winter. This is a poor summer; bad cess to the Spanish war. When you get back, pay me, and pay no one else."

The shores of Lough Gill are graceful and well-wooded. It is five miles long and one and a half wide. The two and a half miles ride on the river before reaching it is through some lovely scenery.

We rowed across the lake, then got out and ascended through a thick growth of trees to a high hill which commands a full view of the placid lake and its many beautiful and well-wooded islands. We passed through a secluded spot, very level and about fifty feet square. "You wouldn't guess what takes place here," said the boatman. "No." "Well, there be times when a fiddler is here and the lads and lassies have a bit of a dance."

On our way back the boatman brought me to a retired spot under some large trees. There was an altar and on and about it a number of "offerings." He said it was a holy fountain, or well, for which the people had much reverence.

Rowing down the river, I asked the boatman: "How much wages do you get?"

"Never a ha'penny but what you and the likes of you give me."

"Will not the owner pay you out of what he will charge me?"

"Indeed not."

"He said nothing to me about paying you. It is poor business to have any man working without certain compensation. Why don't you quit?"

"There'd be a score to take my place in a jiffy."

"It is very demeaning," I said, "for a man who works to be put in the position of a beggar for his wages."

"True for you, sir; but that's the way of it."

This appears to be the common condition of such men, not only in Ireland, but throughout Europe. Tipping is the cause of it.

When I got back to the landing, the daughter of the man was on hand to collect five shillings, which she said was the price of the boat ride. Her father had gone out with another boat.

While on Lough Gill, and looking at the sylvan surroundings, I asked the boatman: "Is the hunting good here?"

"Ah, no," he said, "the hunting is poor, but the shooting is good."

I found that "hunting" and "shooting" are not used as synonymous terms in Ireland.

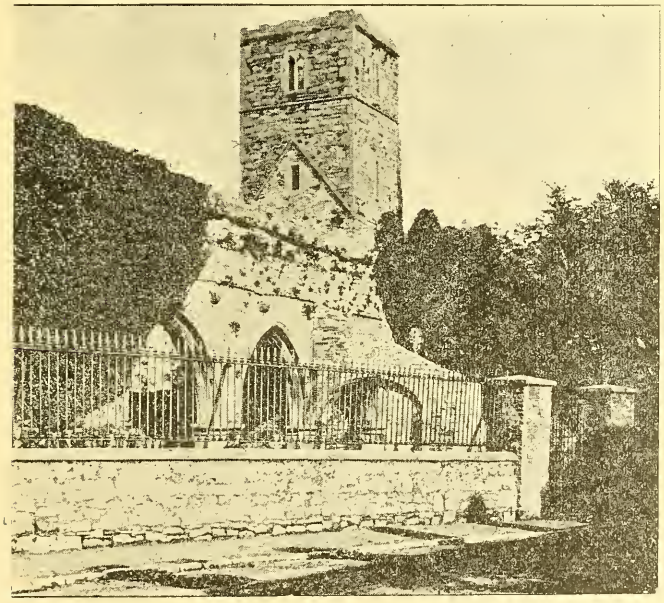
I went from the boat to visit the far-famed ruins of Sligo Abbey. The original church, built by Maurice Fitzgerald, Chief Justice of Ireland, about 1350, was partly destroyed by fire in 1414. However, there are five pointed lofty windows.

The cloisters are the gem of the building. There are forty-six pointed arches. On one of the pillars there is carved the "True Lover's Knot."

There is a monument to Roderick O'Connor, last King of

Connaught, and to his Queen, who was Countess Desmond, of County Kilkenny. Both are sculptured kneeling in prayer. The date is 1623. There are various emblems on the monument—crucifix, shield, helmet, etc.

There is a monument to "Peter Beolan, a Sligo shopkeeper, one hundred and forty-four years old, died in 1783." Mr. Beolan certainly had a long life.



SLIGO ABBEY.

The care-taker of the abbey was an old woman. I do not know whom she supposed me to be, for she said: "Your Reverence, the Board of Public Works gives me no salary. Would you speak to them to allow me a salary? I'm cutting down these big weeds. Sure, if I had a salary I could pay a man to do it."

The Episcopal Palace is a fine stone building, situated across from the Cathedral, and is surrounded by about five acres of ground that rise gradually from the street. In accordance with his invitation, I was there at 5 o'clock to dine with Bishop Clancy. As the Diocesan Retreat was to begin the next day, there were a number of priests at the table. The conversation drifted to many subjects. I objected strongly to the hiding away in closets or the locking up of religious statues as soon as the bell rang for studies in the National Schools. I thought the object lesson was bad for the children. The Bishop said:

"There is another view of the matter. It is an object lesson to the children that the Church is not free, and is still persecuted, and this feeling tends to make them stronger in the faith."

The Bishop asked me: "Father, what is the most striking thing you have observed in Ireland?"

I replied: "Your lordship, the one thing in Ireland that has struck me with astonishment, even beyond that excited by the Giant's Causeway, is the lack of Catholic family newspapers. Your papers here are controlled entirely by laymen, and are secular and political, rather than religious papers. You have, as far as I have observed, only one paper with a Catholic name, and that is, as I understand, an annex of one of the secular newspapers. You have no paper through which Bishops and priests are perfectly free to speak to their people, and to which people can look as a reliable medium for Catholic teaching. You are now dependent for a hearing upon the good-will of those who control the secular papers. No doubt most of those in charge are Catholics, but they don't publish ex-professo Catholic papers. You are, as far as I can see, dependent on other countries for your truly family Catholic papers; for instance, on England. This is not the case in America. Ireland, with its vast Catholic

population, ought to support one or several strong Catholic family newspapers, which would enter the homes and supplement the teachings of the Church. Besides, the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has frequently dwelt on the importance of Catholic family newspapers as being a continuous mission in a parish and among the people."

The Bishop and priests glanced around, and Bishop Clancy said: "I fear, Father McMahon, that we must confess that many of your strictures regarding the lack of Catholic newspapers in Ireland are well-grounded. Politics absorb, in many respects, too much of our people's and our priests' attention."

However, in Ireland political and religious questions frequently shingle or overlap each other.

The evening service at the Cathedral began at about 7 o'clock. There was a large congregation. The pastor told me that in the cooler season the attendance was still larger. The assemblage appeared to be composed principally of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart. First came the Rosary, then a sermon, followed by Benediction. The people were well-dressed, apparently refined, intelligent and devout.

Monday morning I was up early to get the 5:30 train. Not a person was stirring in the hotel, though I had settled my bill the night before and intimated my intention to get away early. I tried to get out, but the doors were locked and bolted and the key removed. I sprang the bolts and then forced open the double doors. I made enough noise to awaken sound sleepers, but no one came. There was no knob on the outside of the doors by which to pull them to, so I had to leave them wide open. There were no tips that morning. No car was to be had, so I was obliged to make a quick walk for the station, three-quarters of a mile away. I got there just in time to take the train for Carrick-on-Shannon.

The people in the towns of Ireland do not appear to be

very early risers. This impression was formed even before my experience in getting out of the hotel in Sligo. In Dublin I noticed that the stores were opened not earlier than 9 o'clock, and some at a later hour. When I asked a store-keeper the reason for such late hours, he replied: "What is the use of opening earlier. Sure, no customers come out before that."

When I asked some people why they did not do their trading earlier, they replied: "How can we? Sure, the shops are not opened."

About twenty miles from Sligo we passed Collooney, and about ten miles further we came to Ballymote, a town of one thousand people. It contains the ruins of a famous castle and a monastery. In it was written the famous "Book of Ballymote."

We passed Kilgree Junction and soon reached Boyle, which is a smart town of three thousand inhabitants, and contains the important ruins of a Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1161.

Ten miles away we arrived at Carrick-on-Shannon, the county town of Leitrim. It has a population of about fifteen hundred. I got off for the purpose of taking the steamer on the Shannon for Athlone. I found that I would have to wait seven hours, so I took the train for Mullingar.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

JOURNEYS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND— LONGFORD—MULLINGAR—ATHLONE — THE HISTORIC BRIDGE — WESTPORT—CLEW BAY—CROUGH PATRICK— PASS OF KLYMORE —LETTERFRECK—CLIFDEN—BALLYNAHINCH.

Twenty-two miles from Leitrim we reached Longford. The town has a population of forty-five hundred, and is the county seat of County Longford. The Catholic Cathedral is a fine building, and by far the best structure in the town of Longford.

Ten miles further on we reached Edgeworths Town. There was the home of Miss Maria Edgeworths, the famous Irish novelist, who died in 1849. I remembered the old "Edgeworth Club," formed about twenty-five years ago in Cleveland.

At Inny Junction there was a large number of armed constabulary waiting for the train northward. They were out in force and fully armed, prepared for trouble at the meeting of the Orange and Green on July 12. A conflict was expected at the gathering in the town of Donegal.

At one of the stations I saw two Franciscan Fathers bareheaded. I supposed they had stepped to the station to see some visiting Fathers away. I was surprised when they got into my compartment without their hats. At first I supposed they had forgotten them. I then learned that the Fathers go bareheaded in Ireland. One asked the other for his Breviary. As they had not two Breviaries, I created much surprise as I handed mine to one of them. He looked it over and then looked me over. We soon struck up a conversation.

When we arrived at Mullingar, Father Peter accompanied me to the Cathedral and showed me the Bishop's palace, the large school building of the Christian Brothers, and the fine Convent of Loretto, in charge of the Visitation Nuns. He then had the sexton show me through the Cathedral and about the premises. Outside of the Cathedral there is a large marble statue of the Sacred Heart, a massive marble cross and other marble statuary. The grounds are very spacious and well kept. Since my visit the able and patriotic Bishop McNulty has been called to his reward.

Mullingar is a well built town of about five thousand inhabitants. It is an important military center and a good market town. From Mullingar I took the train for Athlone.

Athlone has a population of about seven thousand, and is well situated on both sides of the Shannon. From the station I walked along the banks of the beautiful river to the bridge. On the way I was accosted by an old man, who began with: "That's a fine river, Father."

"It is."

"Would you have a few pence, Father?"

"I would."

"I mane would you have a few pence for me?"

"That's another question. Why?"

"Not for drink, anyway. I'm poor and feeble."

"You don't look feeble."

"Well, your Reverence, there's not a man in Ireland who looks as well as I do that is as bad off as I am."

"You look strong."

"Then I'm not; I'm puffed up with the heat. Where are you from, Father?"

Referring to my last visit, I said: "I came from Sligo."

"Begorra, I'm from Sligo myself; I know Bishop Clancy and all who belong to him."

We kept talking until we reached the bridge. I stood

there for a time enjoying the fine view up and down the river.

I asked the old man why he was so far away from Sligo, his home. "I am here," he said, "because I've a son over there in the barracks."

I then walked through the town to St. Mary's Church, a fine Gothic structure, built of stone. The priests were on an outing with the school children up the Shannon. However, I met Brother Lewis, of the Marist Community, who was overseeing the construction of a new stone school building. He showed me about the town and gave me some information concerning its history. We passed the massive old castle which is now used for a barrack. Athlone is a strong military point, being the key to the Province of Connaught.

On the west side of the river we visited St. Peter's Church. It is old, poor, small and dilapidated. The ascent to the altar consisted of seven steps. I think St. Peter's was the poorest church I saw in Ireland.

The defense of the Bridge of Athlone by a handful of Irish in 1691 ranks with the bravest deeds in history. Colonel Richard Grace and Colonel Fitzgerald were in command of the Irish. The English tried to bribe Colonel Grace. When the offer reached him he was playing "spoil-five" with his officers. The "six-of-hearts" was turned up. Grace wrote on it: "It ill becomes a gentleman to betray his trust," and then gave it to Guickle's messenger. The "six-of-hearts" is still known as "The Grace Card."

In ten days the English army expended on the besieged twelve hundred cannon balls, six hundred bombs and many tons of stone shot. On their side of the broken bridge the British threw up a regular breastwork, while the Irish had only the protection of a barrier constructed of earth and wattles. That was set afire by the grenades. While it was burning fiercely, the English, concealed by the flame and

smoke, succeeded in pushing large beams across the chasm, and were laying planks upon them when an Irish sergeant and ten men leaped across the burning breastwork and proceeded to slash the red coats off and to tear away the beams and planking. The English were so astounded at the apparition and bravery of the sergeant and his men that for a moment they were stupefied. But in an instant a shower of grape shot and grenades swept these brave men away. Immediately others sprang through the burning breastwork, and, in spite of the iron hailstorm, tore away the planks and beams. Only two of the second party escaped, by swimming to the shore.

"O, many a year upon Shannon's side
They sang upon moor and they sang upon heath
Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
And the ten that shook bloody hands with death."

At Rome there was pointed out to me the spot where Publicius Horatius, surnamed Cocles, with two comrades, defended the Publician Bridge, 507 B. C,, until the Roman citizens cut it down. Poets and orators have descanted on their bravery for centuries past. Little is sung or written of the heroic Irish defenders of the Bridge of Athlone, yet, considering the grape and canister and fire they faced, their bravery surpassed that of the Roman heroes.

At Athlone I was shown through Temperance Hall. The building was donated by Mr. Wm. Smith, proprietor of the woolen mills of Athlone. He is a non-Catholic. The membership of five hundred is not restricted to any class or creed. Two priests are on the board of directors; one of them, Rev. Canon Kelly, is the president.

Not far from Athlone is Lissoy, where Goldsmith spent his childhood. Known also as Auburn, it is, doubtless, the origin of:

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

Ten miles away on the Shannon are the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise.

I left Athlone to make my way to County Mayo and to the West of Ireland. Roscommon is the chief town of the county of the same name; it has a population of over two thousand. It has a castle founded in 1267, and an abbey founded in the Sixth Century, by St. Colman.

I passed through Claremorris on my way to Castlebar. This well-to-do town of over four thousand inhabitants is the county seat of County Mayo. I found that I had not time to go to Ballina. I went on to Castlereagh.

Castlereagh is a town of about twelve hundred. However, it contains a large, fine stone church. I remained in the town all night. At the station a man addressed me, saying: "Mr. Hannigan sent me down to get you, sir, on my car."

"You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, sir; he is expecting you."

I knew there was a mistake, so I took another car for O'Reilly's Hotel. After supper I went to call on Mgr. O'Hanlon, the pastor. He was out walking with another priest. I then took a long walk myself. In the course of it I passed a large stone building. I asked some men the name of the institution. I found it to be the "Workhouse." However, that term in Ireland has the same signification as infirmary in the United States. It contained one hundred and thirty-four inmates. The county supports four such institutions.

Running along the opposite side of the road was a stone wall, twelve feet high and about a mile long. To a question, one of the men replied: "That was the demesne of Mr. Sanford. He was very bigoted against the Church, and would not give any ground for our chapel. He died suddenly. His house burnt down, sir, and the very stones of his dwelling have been built into the walls of our chapel."

"That's God's truth," said another of the men.

When the four men learned that I was from America, they appeared to be surprised. One of them said:

"Your Reverence, we would not have believed it if you had not told it."

"Why so?"

"Because you talk just as plain as one of ourselves. There have been some of our own that came back after being a few years in America, and I declare to God you couldn't understand a word they said; they had such a lilt."

I laughed as I turned away, amazed at what a change the Yankee twang makes on the tongues of some people.

On my way back to the hotel I met Mgr. O'Hanlon and the other priest returning from their walk. They pressed me to go to the house with them, but I pleaded the lateness of the hour—10 o'clock. We talked for awhile and then separated.

Early next morning I went by train to Westport. The view from the station there is very pleasing. I walked down the hill and along a stream of clear, running water, which passes through the center of the town. Its banks are lined with trees.

I soon found the Catholic Church, as it faces the stream. I was pleasantly greeted by the pastor and his curate, both of whom enquired for Father McHale. After a time they took me out for a walk to see the town, and especially to view Clew Bay. Westport has a population of about four thousand five hundred.

We walked past the demesne of the Marquis of Sligo, and on up to the summit of a high hill, from which we had a good view of Clew Bay. The sight was inspiring. Clew Bay has a form similar to that of a parallelogram, eighteen or twenty miles long and from eight to ten miles wide. It contains scores of islands, from a few acres to miles in extent.

About midway in the entrance of the bay is Clare Island, which is four miles long by one and a half wide. It is fertile and contains four thousand inhabitants. The Island of Achill lies further out, and is separated from the mainland by a channel a mile wide. It is the largest island on the Irish coast, being sixteen miles long and seven miles wide. Though it is rather bleak, it contains about five thousand inhabitants. There are two lofty mountains upon it—Slieve More, two thousand two hundred and four feet high, and Slieve Croghan, two thousand one hundred and ninety-two feet high.

From our position we got a good view of Crough Patrick. This mountain, which is on the edge of Clew Bay, is two thousand five hundred and ten feet high. It is said that St. Patrick stood upon this mountain when he banished the snakes from Ireland. Religious penitential exercises called "Stations" are performed on Crough Patrick. The ascent begins six miles from Westport, at the ruined Abbey of Murrisk, founded by the O'Malleys.

We passed through a potato field. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring about the potato blight, of which all of us have heard so much. One of the priests stooped and took in his hand a blackened leaf of the potato vine. It had to me the appearance of a leaf killed by the frost.

"This," he said, "is the blight. If it only keeps off a few weeks all will be well. The blight kills the stalk and prevents the potatoes from coming to maturity. The distress is then widespread—as widespread as the blight. The blight, however, is more prevalent and widespread in some other sections than in this."

I referred to the spraying of the vines with a chemical preparation, which I had observed in my travels through the rural districts of Ireland. They told me that, as far as they had learned, the spraying of the vines preserved about

50 per cent of the potatoes from the spreading of the dread blight.

I had noticed about fifteen or twenty women standing at the gate before the priest's house, and asked the meaning of it. I was told that they were waiting for assistance for their families. This was the only place that I had noticed evidences of real distress, and the distress was not then so great as in previous seasons.

There are many large but vacant warehouses along the bay at Westport; "dismal mausoleums as vast as pyramids—places where the dead trade of Westport lies buried." The grand bay must have lured capital with prospects which never fructified.

I was much pleased with Westport and its surroundings. I quote a few lines from Thackeray, the English writer. He penned them after a visit to the town and its neighborhood in 1842:

"It forms an event in one's life to have seen that place, so beautiful is it, and so unlike all other beauties that I know of. Were such beauties lying upon English shores it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic, English travelers would flock to it by hundreds; why not come and see it in Ireland? Remote as the spot is, Westport is only two days' journey from London now, and lies in a country far more strange to most travelers than France or Germany can be."

In the afternoon I mounted the "high car" for a drive forty miles across the country to the town of Clifden. We were to stop for the night at Leenane, eighteen miles from Westport. There were passengers enough to fill the car, so I gladly took a seat up with the driver.

We found the road for miles rather uninteresting, being a flat, boggy country. However, I whiled away the time with the genial driver. We got to talking on the habits and customs of the country. I was much amused by his expe-

rience in the temperance cause. In his simple, matter-of-fact way, in reply to a question of mine, he said:

"Well, I'm a teetotaller myself. The first time I went to church when a boy, the priest asked me if I'd take the pledge, and if I would he'd like to give it to me. Never the knew I knew what the pledge was, but thought it better to say yes than no, and if the priest had anything to give me, I thought I'd take it. Well, I didn't know for a long time what I had, and I was surprised when I found it out. Howsoever, when I found out that I had it, I thought I'd might as well keep it, and I'm glad I did. I never broke it. Well, the one time I broke it I didn't think I did break it. It came about this way: Once I walked six miles, Irish miles at that, in a storm. I was shivering cold, and I had a great pain in my side, inside within me. A friend persisted in telling me that a glass of potheen would drive away the pain. After a while I took it, and it wasn't a small noggin' neither. Begorra, it wasn't long until I didn't know myself. Well, to make a long story short, the pain went away from my side, but I got one in my head."

"How long after you took the potheen," I asked, "was it before the pain left your side?"

"Two days."

"Why, it would probably have gone in that time, even if you had not taken the potheen."

"Maybe so; at any rate, that was the only time that I came near breaking my pledge."

We went through the lonesome Erriff Valley, and soon approached the Alpine country of Ireland.

"Do you see that mountain there ahead of us?" said the driver. "Well, it's over twenty-one hundred feet high, and it's called the 'Devil's Mother.'"

So it proved, but I could not discover how it got such a diabolical name. We passed towering heights, verdant glens

and gloomy mountain gorges, and got into beautiful Leenane in the early evening.

It is a straggling village just within the limits of the County Galway. It is in what is called "Joyce's Country," and is situated at the head of the Killary, a weird inlet of the sea. Here the inlet or bay is confined within narrow limits by rugged but picturesque shores. The scenes are romantic and sequestered in the extreme. The beautiful and the sublime meet and mingle and run away beyond the scope of vision in nature's wild profusion.

The next morning we left Leenane for Letterfreck. We passed into the noble Pass of Klymore. The ravine is flanked by bold, bare, glossy mountains and by deep-toned crags, set off by clinging wood. In the midst of it is the fine and striking castle of Michael Henry, M. P.

"That's the finest place in Ireland," said the driver.

"It is beautiful, indeed," I said. "But have you traveled much through Ireland?"

"Not much," he said, "except behind these horses."

It was about 1864 that Mr. Henry bought there in Connemara fourteen thousand acres, and set on foot improvements which made him the benefactor of the neighborhood. The castle, a handsome pile of native granite with limestone facings, was erected entirely by native labor. The gardens are delightful. A beautiful little church with a neat spire is in an ideal spot under a towering mountain.

The Pass of Klymore is a rival to the Gap of Dunloe. The Lough of Klymore is a placid sheet of water two miles long and about one-half a mile broad, and embedded in the mountains.

Letterfreck is beautiful, and has much to recommend it as a place of sojourn. It has the nearest hotel to Klymore Pass. From Penryle Hill nearby you get a magnificent view northward, and see Clare Island and the Cliffs of Achill.

Towering Mweelrea is seen at the mouth of Killary Harbor. The Twelve Pins (mountains) are distinctly seen, and just below us was Ballynakill Harbor.

The next nine miles were rather bleak and dreary. Some of the hovels we passed were not fit for human habitation. Three unkempt children, two girls and a boy, barefooted and



THE KILLARY.

very poorly clad, rushed out of one of them, and in silent but mute appeal, ran for some distance beside the car. Eagerly they lighted on the offerings dropped by the wayside. But some of the passengers paid no attention to the raven-haired, large-eyed, eager children.

I noticed sad-looking men digging turf and piling it up for market. They appeared not to give our car a glance. I judged the battle for life to be hard, when the driver, in

answer to my question, told me that a load of turf, delivered miles away, would bring only about three shillings.

At Clifden I met Father Lynsky, who is the pastor of the parish. The church is a very large stone building, situated on a hill. Father Lynsky enquired about Father MacHale and Father Quinn. The latter had been an assistant of his. He said he was going to write to both of them for a lecture, the proceeds to go to a fund for the completion of the tower on his church. Father Lynsky wished to know how I liked Leenane, and how I got along at the hotel there. I told him that I did not like the quarters assigned me at the company's hotel, so I left and went to the opposition house, King's Hotel, an unpretentious but home-like place. He said:

"I am glad you did that. The run to Westport ought to be made in one day, but they have arranged to hold the passengers over night at Leenane, thus hurting both Westport and Clifden. I am trying, with the co-operation of both towns, to inaugurate a through line."

Clifden has a population of about one thousand five hundred. It is finely situated at the mouth of the Owenglin River. The river forms a pretty cascade as it enters the sea.

Leaving Clifden for Galway, fifty miles distant, our first stop was at Ballynahinch. The islets of its lake are wooded, and across it lies the demesne of the famous and princely Martins. Ballynahinch Castle presents a fine view. The Martins collected a rent roll from over two hundred thousand acres of land. One of them, to humble the pride of an English prince who was boasting of his park, said: "The avenue that leads up to my castle is thirty miles long."

The immense estate became encumbered and was finally sold by the Law Life Assurance Company for, I think, £180,000, which was £60,000 less than the encumbrance. In 1870 a London brewer, named Berridge, bought a hundred and sixty thousand acres of the estate from the company.

CHAPTER XLIX.

GALWAY — HISTORIC LIMERICK, THE CITY OF THE VIOLATED TREATY — FAMOUS SIEGE OF LIMERICK RECALLED — THE TREATY STONE—A DISAPPOINTED IRISH-AMERICAN—MALLOW—A SERENADE.

We passed through Recross, Maam Cross, Oughterard, Ross and Moycullen, which are fine resorts for tourists, before reaching Galway.

The traveler arriving at Galway gets a very favorable opinion of the city, for on alighting at the station he finds himself on Eyre Square, a rather picturesque and comely



A STREET SCENE.

spot. But in passing through the town, an observant tourist soon perceives that much of Galway's glory has fled.

Galway has a population of about seventeen thousand, and is one hundred and twenty-six miles from Dublin. It is built on the banks and near the mouth of the River Corrib, and part of it looks out over the beautiful bay.

Galway is probably the place where real "lynch law" originated. In 1493 Mayor Lynch ruled in Galway. His son murdered a young Spaniard. He was tried before his father and condemned to be executed. The mother raised the town to save her son, but the father determined that justice demanded the death penalty, and hence became the executioner, and hanged his son, in spite of the mob, from a projecting window of the prison. In a wall on the west side of a church in Lombard Street is the "Lynch Stone," bearing a skull and cross-bones. It is a memorial of the stern and unbounding justice of the Mayor of the city. Mayor Lynch was even more stern than the Roman Brutus.

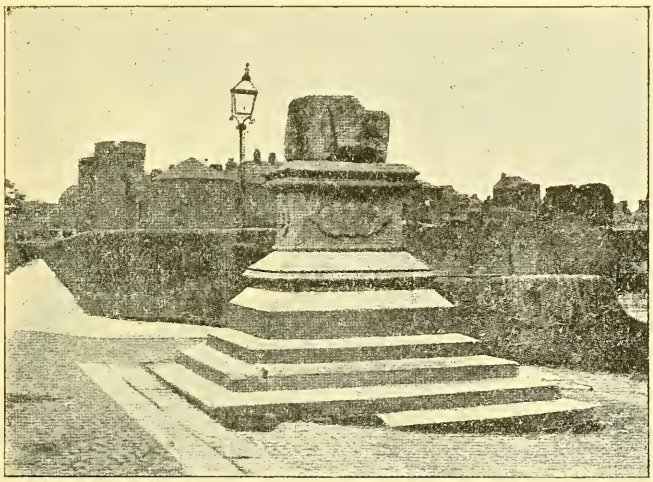
The Claddagh, the fishermen's suburb, and Salt Hill, the marine suburb of Galway, are on the west side of the river. I rode to the end of the line on the top of a Salt Hill horse car. The line is not run on a limited schedule. One young woman got off and rang the door bell and delivered a letter, took a message and then came back and took her seat, while the car waited. The conductor took his turn, and on the way delivered some parcels at dwellings.

Salt Hill is finely situated and has many new houses, and rejoices in its good bathing. I saw many disporting themselves in the water. There are a number of pretty spots in Galway city.

Oranmore is a village at the head of an inlet from Galway Bay. Thirteen miles from Galway is the town of Athenry. It is a railway junction, and contains one thousand inhabitants. There is a fine church in the place.

Tuam, which I could not visit, is fifteen miles away. I was told that it has a population of four thousand. The Cathedral and the convent are the best buildings in the town, made famous by "John of Tuam."

On my way to Limerick I stopped at Ennis, in the County Clare. It is a fine town of about seven thousand. It con-



THE TREATY STONE.

tains a large Catholic Cathedral, and honors O'Connell with a monumental column. There is also a memorial erected outside the town to the Manchester Martyrs.

I arrived at the famous city of Limerick quite early in the evening. After supper I took a walk through the town, and continued my rambles the next day.

Limerick is one of the prominent historic spots of Ireland. In the early centuries it was the fighting ground between the Danes and the warlike clans who followed the O'Brien banner. But Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, is the central

and towering hero in Limerick's history. Handsome, large-limbed and brawny, he towered over the tallest of his dragoons, and was as true as the steel of his sword.

In August, 1690, King William, with thirty-five thousand men, invested the city. The French cleared out, saying the city could not be defended. Sarsfield decided to try. William ordered the heavy cannon from Waterford. Sarsfield and a hero by the name of "Gallopin' O'Hagen," with some companions, crossed the Shannon at night near Killadoe, ten miles away, spiked the cannon and fired the train. This was an earnest of what was to come.

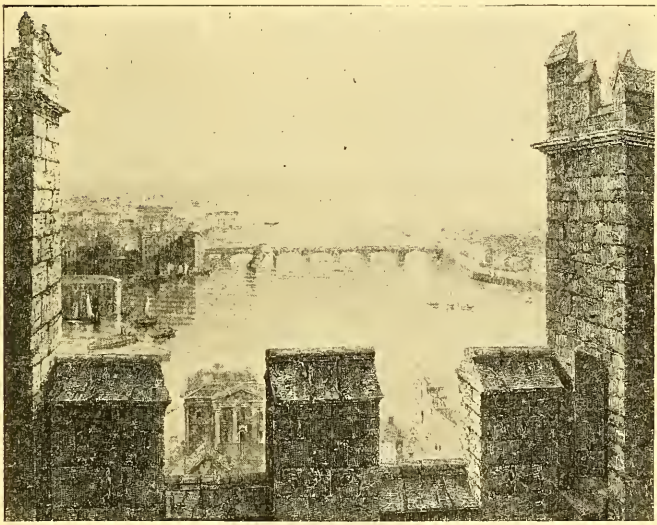
William got other artillery and made a breach in the walls, and the outworks were carried. The people joined Sarsfield's followers, the women of Limerick fighting as valiantly as did the men, and William and his soldiers were driven out of the city.

A year later the city was again besieged by Guickle. After a brave defense of three months, Sarsfield found it necessary to capitulate. The conditions were that the garrison should march out with the honors of war, and that the Catholics should be permitted freedom of worship. But after the hero and his soldiers had gone beyond the sea to meet the British at Fontenoy, the treaty was shamefully violated. Hence, Limerick is often called the "City of the Violated Treaty." The stone upon which the treaty was signed, October 3, 1691, stands on a granite pedestal near Thomand Bridge. I stood before this monument of English perfidity, and recalled with tenderness the bravery of the men and women of Limerick over two hundred years ago, fighting for their altars and their fires, for Faith and Fatherland.

"The women fought before the men,
Each man became a match for ten,
So back they pushed the villans then
From the city of Lumneach Linnghlos."*

*Limerick of the Azure River.

I might, as a supplementary episode, quote the stirring poem of Fontenoy, by Thomas Davis. King Louis gave up the battle and was about to mount his horse for flight, when General Saxe said: "Sire, we have still the Irish brigade." It consisted of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Bernick, Routh and Buckley with Fitzjames' horse. Lord Clare was



THE SHANNON.

in command. They were ordered not to fire, but to charge the English with fixed bayonets. With the cry: "Remember Limerick and British faith," they rushed up the slope of the hill, amid showers of grape and canister, and soon swept the English down the far side of the hill, and turned defeat into victory. No wonder, when George II. heard the news, he exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects."

In Limerick there are many points of interest. There is a monument to Sarsfield, and Sarsfield Bridge is a fine structure. At the southern end of it is a monument to Viscount Fitzgibbon, who fell in the Crimean war. In Richmond Place is a monument to O'Connell. There are two Cathedrals, Catholic and Protestant. I visited the Church of St. Alphonsus, the Dominican Church and the Jesuit Chapel in the Crescent. I called at old St. Mary's to visit Rev. Dr. O'Hallinan, the pastor, who has an uncle living in Cleveland. He was then on a visit to the Continent. A convent, noted for its industrial work, is near the church. I went past the old castle, erected in the time of King John. In Limerick, as in Edinburgh, there are two towns, the old town and the new town.

The principal thoroughfare in the city is George's Street, from which the quays can be easily reached. The People's Park has some twelve acres and is very tasty. The Shannon flows through the city. The population of Limerick is about forty thousand. It has fine stores and hotels, and does a large business.

From Limerick I went to Mallow, which is forty miles from the "City of the Violated Treaty." There were four persons in our compartment when we left Limerick. Just after I began to read my Breviary, an old man nearly opposite took out his beads and blessed himself deliberately. The sign of the cross, which he made, would put to shame the caricature which some of our people try to palm off as the sign of salvation.

Before I had finished my office, the old man had said his beads, and closed the devotion with another generous and devout sign of the cross. He was looking out of the window as I closed my Breviary. I thought: "Here is a fine example of Irish faith and piety."

He turned and said, with a bow: "It's a fine day, Father."

"It is, indeed: and this is a fine country through which we are passing," I said.

"Yes, it is a fine country, but I don't admire the people in it very much," he said, to my surprise. He continued: "I've had many an argument in the past two weeks. I've told them that they ought to move sooner and quicker, and if they did they would be better off."

"Why," I asked, in amazement, "are you not an Irishman yourself?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I am. I used to live hereabouts about forty years ago. I went then to America, to Maryland. I lived in Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbons is our Archbishop. But I am disappointed in my visit back here. I'm going home soon. I've told my friends here that if they'd work half as hard as we do in America, they would be better off. Why, they would not believe that many of us rise at 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning to get ready so as to be on hand when the boss shouts 'time.' Just think, one of them asked me: 'Don't you go back for breakfast?'"

"Well," I said, "you must allow for national habits and training. I suppose customs have not changed much since you went away?"

"No, indeed, they have not."

"A few days ago I was in Athlone," I said. "I found that the masons went to work an hour or more before breakfast, returning then to their homes for the morning meal, and also that they worked about an hour after supper."

After forty years in America, the old man had no patience with the ancient and leisurely ways of Erin. There is not so much "hustle" anywhere else as in the United States.

We passed through Charleville and soon arrived at Mallow, in the County Cork. This is a very pretty town by the Blackwater, which here flows as a broad stream through a

beautiful valley. The town mainly consists of one street. The station is at the higher end, and the castle and bridge at the lower end. The population is about forty-five hundred.

I took a walk through High Street, past the Postoffice and the Clock Tower, and went into the church. I visited the Spa, formerly famous, but now almost deserted. The spring is highly charged with nitrogen. Were it properly advertised it would find much favor. I asked the parties in charge why they did not advertise more, and they said that the town wouldn't help them enough.

On my way back I met a tall, well-built, cheerful-looking clergyman. I introduced myself, and found that I was talking to the curate, Father O'Callaghan. He invited me to dine. Shortly afterwards Father O'Callaghan had to go out in the country on a sick call. After the jaunting car had taken him away, a song was started by a male voice on the street in front of the house.

"Be off wid yourself out o' that," I heard the housekeeper commanding.

Coming in, she said to me: "That fellow wants to give your Reverence a serenade."

"Well, then, let him," I said; "I am seldom serenaded."

She went out, and I heard her say: "Shamus, you may go on wid your concert."

In a rich, strong voice the singer from the middle of the road sang "Clare's Dragoons."

When I had sent him a tip, he struck up "The Blind Piper." I will give only one of the ten or a dozen verses:

"One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Grey-headed, blind and yellow;
And oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor 'Pinch' and Caoch O'Leary."

CHAPTER L.

BEAUTIFUL KILLARNEY—ANCIENT MUCKROSS ABBEY AND ITS MEMORIES—THE GAP OF DUNLOE—ITS WONDERFUL ECHOES—THE MIRRORED LAKES—GLENGARIFF—CHARMING SCENERY.

I left Mallow, bound for the Lakes of Killarney. When I reached the station, I met four Christian Brothers going to that famous pleasure resort, nearly forty miles away. We passed through Newmarket, the birthplace of Curran, and arrived in Killarney in the evening. The Railway Hotel is well situated and well appointed. There are any number of "good places" in the town, and some fine hotels along the shores of the lakes, among them the "Royal Victoria," "The Lake," and "Muckross."

Killarney has a population of about seven thousand. The town itself is not very tidy or attractive, but the surrounding scenery is charming. The Catholic Cathedral is the most imposing building in the town. It was built after designs by the noted architect, A. W. Pugin. It is surrounded by ample and well-kept grounds. It contains a memorial to Bishop Moriarity, and a beautiful east window, and a marble altar as a thank-offering from the Earl of Kenmare, for the recovery from sickness of his only daughter, Lady Margaret, July, 1876.

I wandered out after supper, and on the main street and near Cook's office, I got into a talk with some of the native Killarney jarvys who wanted to serve me. I told them that they had a bad reputation for extortion.

"Indeed, we do not deserve it," they said. "The Cooks and the Gazes and such have belied us. In fact, we are the

honestest people in the world; not a word of lie in it. Father, we'll do you good service. We'll drive you to Ross Castle now for two shillings."

I asked: "Why do you not set yourselves right in public estimation? Hold a meeting and adopt rules and have fixed prices."

"You're right; after all, we should have the meeting. Begora, we'll take you to Ross Castle for eighteen pence, and if you don't like it, when you come back ye need not pay. Yes, I'll take you there and back for one shilling."

His partner protested aside for such a cutting in price. Sotto voce, he got back the reply: "Sure, don't I know that he'll pay the eighteen pence when he gets back?"

I had not expected to go sightseeing at that late hour, but there was still plenty of light. So I mounted, and off we went for Ross Castle. The road, the scenery and the drive were charming. I got my first view of the Lower Lake, as Ross Castle stands on its border.

The soft evening light covered the placid bosom of the lake as I stood high on the ivy-mantled walls of the old castle, which was formerly the residence of the O'Donaghues. The background of mountains and islands added variety, and gave a peculiar charm to the combined scene. I intended to return again, and so did not linger very long.

I found, when I got down from the castle walls, a young woman waiting for the key.

"How much is the charge?" I asked.

"Oh! I'll leave that to yourself, your Reverence."

I often found in Ireland, when a little more than the stipulated sum was expected, the interested party would say: "I'll leave that to yourself."

I enjoyed the ride so much that the jarvy easily wheedled me into extending it to Muckross Abbey. On the way we overtook a priest. I found that he was an Augustinian

from London. So I persuaded him to take the other side of the jaunting car, the better to balance it and to make the ride more enjoyable.

After the priest from London mounted the car we were soon engaged in conversation. Our talk was interrupted by the jarvy saying to me:

"Father, if you will allow me to tell a little lie I can save you two shillings."

"You ought to know," I said, "that no one can give permission to another to tell a lie. But what is the lie you are tempted to tell?"

"The ould gate-keeper at Muckross Abbey charges a shilling each to enter the grounds. If I tell him ye are friends of Father Hayes, he'll let ye pass, because Father Hayes has great influence with the owner."

"Well," I said, "we are friends of Father Hayes; but he does not know that we are in this neighborhood."

"Begora, that being the case, it is so near the truth that there is not a lie in it. It is a pity to keep it in and lose the shillings."

"Is Father Hayes a Franciscan?" I asked.

He looked at me earnestly and reproachfully and said, rather indignantly: "Indeed, he is not—he is a Catholic priest." The Augustinian and myself nearly slipped off the car laughing at this reply.

When we got to the abbey grounds, the jarvy said to the gate-keeper: "These gentlemen, I'd let you know—

"Are tourists!" I said, throwing the two shillings to the gate-keeper.

"— Can pay their way," continued the jarvy, as though he had so intended to finish his sentence, the rogue.

Muckross is a fine old abbey, in the midst of a heavily wooded grove. There is a very good winding road running through the picturesque park which leads to the abbey.

The building was founded over four hundred and fifty years ago by Donald McCarthy. Re-erected in 1602, the buildings are still in a fair state of preservation. What solemn reflections stole upon us as in the gloom we walked through the chapel, cloisters, refectory and rooms, and then amid the old tombs of the long-buried and forgotten Monks.

"Our life is but a summer's day;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large his account who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

The next day we began our journey through the Gap of Dunloe, and back through all the lakes to the Island of Innisfallen.



A COACH AND FOUR.

Mounted on a high car behind fine horses, with every seat taken and the bugler playing, we started at 9 o'clock in the morning from Killarney for the Gap of Dunloe. The distance to the Gap Cottage is eleven and a half miles.

Our guide had a sweet brogue, and entertained us on the way. He pointed out places of interest, and in his descriptions evidently drew on his imagination. He pointed out, among the mountains, the "Devil's Punch Bowl," the "Devil's Bit," the "Haunted House," etc.

"You have heard of Kate Kearney?" he said. "Kate was celebrated for her beauty. The secret of it was that every morning before breakfast she used to walk to the top

of yon Purple Mountain, which is two thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine feet high. When she let down her beautiful hair it used to hang down from the top to the bottom of the mountain."

As we approached "Kate Kearney's Cottage," I noticed men and boys coming from all directions. galloping their



THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

ponies and headed for us. I learned that they were seeking customers for the ride through the Gap.

We alighted at the cottage. A good-looking old lady palmed herself off as a near relative of the famous Kate. We were shown some nice cabinet work which is manufactured there, and which was for sale.

We mounted our ponies and began our ride through the

Gap, a fine wild pass. We passed a number of small lakes nestling amid the mountains. The Purple Mountain and the Tomies were to the east of us, while Macgillcuddy's Rocks were on the west. The scenery is wild and picturesque. From the head of the Gap a fine view is obtained, and westward is commanded a fine view of the desolate Cummunduff Valley. Then the tourist must descend a great loop to reach the Gearhamen River. A charge of a shilling is made at the gate of the Herbert property, where the boats are taken for the tour of the lakes.

There were many incidents noted in passing through the Gap of Dunloe. A number of times the bugle was sounded to give us an opportunity of hearing the notes oft-repeated as by another bugle, so clear are the echoes.

A one-legged man, "the veteran," fired off a toy cannon to wake the echoes, and then came hopping up to us for "the price of the powder."

Then, hidden among the rocks at one place, were a violin player and a singer. The response of the answering echoes, both to the vocal and instrumental music, was charming.

As I got near the head of the Gap an old man fired off another toy cannon, and with outstretched hands approached and said: "I'm the last man in the field."

I found that there were a number of women in the field. A group of them stood not far off on the bridle path. A lass approached me and said: "Start me, Father, for good luck this morning. I've some goat's milk and—and potheen." She looked about to see that no "peelers" were in sight, as potheen is contraband.

"No potheen? Well, I've it double and single. I'll give you the milk."

Each wanted me for a customer. I found that there were "short cuts" among the mountains.

A woman met me and said: "A parting drink, Father."

I said to her: "I think I met you before, this morning, back three miles in the mountains."

She had sought to disguise herself, but said: "Not a word of lie in that, your Reverence."

When we reached the boats, our lunch was ready. After that we started on the tour of the lakes. They are three in number, connected by a swift-flowing stream, the Long Range. The Upper Lake is two and a half miles long by half a mile wide. The Middle Lake is two miles by nearly one mile. The Lower Lake is five and one-eighth by three miles. The lakes look like broad mirrors beneath the high mountains.

When we reached the still waters beneath the "Eagle's Nest," the boatmen stopped rowing. The bugler landed and awakened the echoes which haunt the frowning eyry. The bugle call was taken up by the barricades of rock, and was repeated eight times over. They say that the fairies take up the dying tones of sweet sounds and pass them along through the mountains.

There may be times when the waters leap and foam passing through the Old Weir Bridge, but at the time of my visit we had to get out and walk, that the boatmen might force the boat through the shallow water. The neighborhood is a Vallambrosa.

The Lower Lake is bedecked with thirty-five islands. The largest of these is Innisfallen, some thirty acres in extent, finely wooded and richly pastured.

"Quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration."

We landed and wandered through the ruins of the old abbey. The scholar knows that "The Annals of Innisfallen" form one of the chief sources of Irish history. They were written some six hundred years ago. A copy is in Trinity College, Dublin; another in Oxford.

The Lakes of Killarney have been described so often that I will not attempt to tell more of the variety and beauty in which they are bowered.

In the boat with me were Mr. and Mrs. W J. Wright, of Pittsburg, and on the trip through the Gap of Dunloe were a number of Americans. One young fellow displayed a small American flag as we rode through the town. All were high in their praises of Killarney.

Ross Castle is about a mile from Innisfallen. We were landed there, and found our "high car and four" waiting to take us to our hotel.

After supper the Augustinian and I visited the Cathedral, and then were allowed to enter the demesne of the Earl of Kenmare, who is a Catholic. The grounds are beautifully laid out and carefully kept, and are of vast extent. Priests have the freedom of this ideal place. We spent the evening among its groves and along its broad, circling walks.

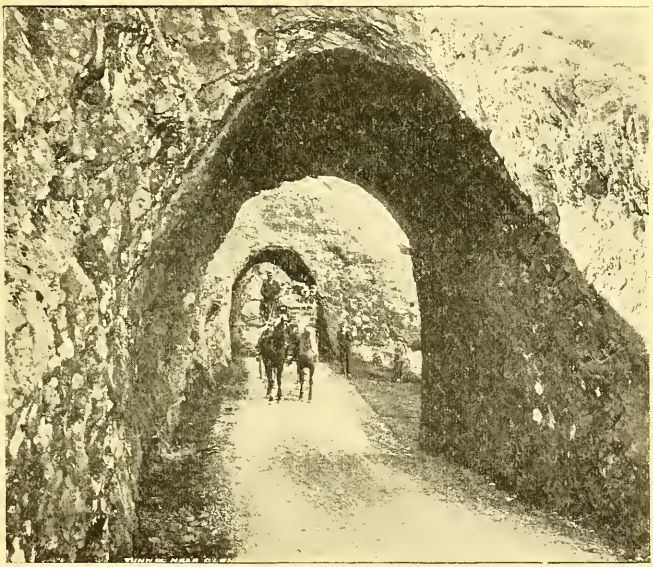
Early on Saturday morning, after having celebrated Mass at the Franciscan Church, I took the "high car" at the railway hill for a drive of about forty miles to Glengariff. By the time we had passed the other hotels nearly all the seats were taken. Our ride was by the "Prince of Wales' Route," which is popular on account of the fine scenery presented to the tourist.

While taking on some tourists and paying our fares at a hotel a few miles from Killarney, a blind man by the roadside gave us a song, "a real old Irish ditty." He sang with vim, and got some tips for his vocal effort.

The driver stopped on the top of a high hill, from which we got a fine view of the Killarney Valley. Mountain and valley, woodland and water, combined in presenting an exquisite panorama.

It is needless to describe the varied scenery in the ride of twenty miles to Kenmare. We stopped there for dinner.

It is a pleasant town of some twelve hundred inhabitants. I visited the fine church; near it is the Convent of Poor Clares. Many have heard of the Nuns of Kenmare. The girls of Kerry, under the direction of the Sisters, make the exquisite lace for which the place is famous. It won the first prize in London at the South Kensington competition.



THE TUNNEL.

Some of it is so fine as to be worth more than its weight in gold. The singing of the children in the convent is also remarkable. It was here that the unfortunate Miss Cusick formerly had her home.

Kenmare is at the head of the beautiful bay to which it gives its name.

After dinner we were off again. We crossed Kenmare

Sound by a suspension bridge. About eight miles away we came to a Catholic Chapel, with the priest's house beside it. I requested the driver to wait a moment. I called on the priest and got the hosts and wine necessary for Mass. Glengariff, though ten miles away, is part of the parish.

We were soon in a rather bleak country, and began to make our way up a long hill. After a time we passed through some tunnels. The cut here presented shows our party as we were leaving one of them. I leaned out considerably to get a good view of the process.

At the south entrance of the tunnel the road crosses the watershed, and passes from County Kerry to County Cork.

There we found a wretched cabin in which an old woman sold refreshments—pop, milk, etc. The car stopped to have the horses watered. With two or three others I got down to enter the cabin. An Englishman in the party said to the old woman in charge: "Do you know that you are twelve hundred feet above the sea?"

"Never a know I know."

"Put the old lady up two hundred feet more," I said.

"The priest says you are up two hundred feet more, now," he said.

"Musha, how can that be?" she asked.

"He says the spot is fourteen hundred feet above the sea."

I spoke to her and said: "This is a dark and dismal dwelling."

"Indeed it is, and I wish I was some place out of this."

"Where would you go?"

"Never the know I know, but I'd go some place."

For the next six miles we passed some very fine scenery. It may be understood that we had quite a descent to make before we reached Glengariff. Some of the tourists got off at "Eccles Hotel," but, with others, I went on a mile and a

half farther to "Roaches," from which there is a fine view of the bay.

At supper I took a good look at my waiter. I looked again and asked: "Sind sie long hier, mein Herr?" (Are you long here, mister?)

The waiter looked at me in surprise and answered: "Ich bin hier drei monat." (I have been here three months.)



GLENGARIFF.

I asked: "Sind auch andere hier von Deutschland?" (Are there others here from Germany?)

"Yah, drie andere sind hier." (Yes, three others are here.)

"Ist Herr Roach auch ein Deutcher?" (Is Mr. Roach also a German?)

"Oh, nein; er is ein Irelander." (Oh, no; he is an Irishman.)

I was much amused to find my waiter at Glengariff from Germany. However, I also found that some of the waiters at Killarney and at Rosapenna, in County Donegal, hailed from the same country.

Some of my readers may be surprised to learn that three thousand Germans settled in County Limerick in 1709. They were allowed eight acres of land for each man, woman and child. The settlement was called the "Palatine Plantations."

I remained in Glengariff from Saturday until Monday. It is a charming spot. So completely does it combine all the beauties of a sheltered nook and charming islet-dotted bay, dominated by finely shaped and stern mountains, that more space would be required to do it justice. The tourist must travel far before he will find a more charming spot than Glengariff. Thackeray says:

"What sends picturesque tourists to the Rhine and Saxon-Switzerland, when at Glengariff there is a country, the magnificence of which no pen can give an idea? I would like to be a great Prince and bring a train of painters over to make, if they could, and according to their several capabilities, a set of pictures of the place."

From its climatic advantages Glengariff is a fine health resort. Goldsmith's lines may be applied to Glengariff:

"Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid
And parting Summer's lingering bloom delayed."

On Sunday I celebrated Mass in the hotel, at which the Catholic guests assisted. Early Monday morning we mounted the "high-car" for the drive to Bantry. In our ride of ten miles we enjoyed some very fine scenery, and got a number of good views of Bantry Bay. The French fleet, with Wolfe Tone aboard, sought to land there in the winter of 1797, but was scattered by a hurricane.

Bantry is a market town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and is situated near the head of Bantry Bay. I

did not remain long in the town, and soon started for the City of Cork.

On my way from Bantry to Cork I passed through Bandon. It appears that years ago the Earl of Cork, who was bigoted, took much interest in Bandon. Once, on entering the place, Dean Swift wrote on the gate of the town the following:

"Jew, Turk or Atheist
May enter here,
But not a Papist."

When the Dean came out of Bandon, he was rather surprised to find written beneath the above the expressive rejoinder:

"Whoever wrote it, wrote it well,
The same is on the gates of hell."

CHAPTER LI.

CORK AND ITS MANY POINTS OF INTEREST — THE SHANDON BELLS — BLARNEY CASTLE — THE BLARNEY STONE — TIPPERARY — ROCK OF CASHEL — HOLY CROSS ABBEY — KILKENNY — KILDARE — CELL OF ST. BRIGID.

The train brought us to the "City on the Lee" in about two hours and a half. I found quarters at the Victoria Hotel and soon began to wander through the city.

The City of Cork, situated on an island, spreads to the opposite banks and extends along the River Lee. Its population is eighty thousand. Patrick Street is very wide, somewhat crescent-shaped, and extends westerly to the Grand Parade, a fine, straight street. The South Wall runs at right angles with the Grand Parade. One of the newest and most regular thoroughfares is Great George Street. Parallel with it is the celebrated Mardyke, which extends about a mile along the banks of the Lee. The lofty elms which line it form a natural arch.

Six bridges span the river and connect the island with the land beyond. St. Patrick's Bridge, erected in 1860, is especially handsome. There are some fine buildings; among them may be mentioned the Queen's College, Public Library, the Protestant Cathedral, the Catholic Church of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Vincent de Paul's Church, the Dominican Church and the Court House.

In St. Patrick's Street the place of honor is assigned to Foley's fine bronze statue of Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance." What a wonderful work he did in Ireland! He brought the blessings of temperance to other lands, among them to the people of the United States. His work

flourished in Ireland until the sufferings of the people in the famine years led them to seek solace, where solace is never found, in drink.

I paid a visit to the Capuchin Church and Monastery. Father Mathew was a Capuchin friar himself. This church is still the center of temperance work in Cork.

One day when out alone I wandered to the Church of "The Shandon Bells." Who has not heard of the famous



PATRICK STREET.

poem of "Father Prout?" No doubt many a traveler stops at Cork, influenced by the lyric of Rev. Francis Mahony. He was born in Cork in 1804. He studied for the priesthood in France and in Rome. After ordination he devoted his time to literature. He was a companion of Thackeray, Coleridge, Carlyle, Southey, Lockhart, Dickens and others. A short, spare man, stooping as he went, with his right arm clasped in his left hand behind him, he was a profound scholar, brimful of wit, of sarcasm and of humor.

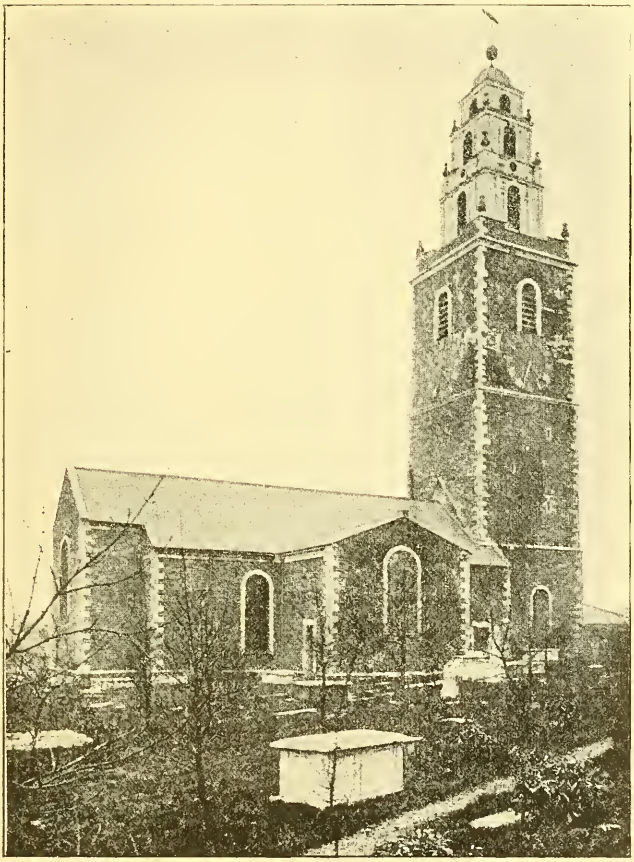
"The Bells of Shandon" was written while he was quite young, and a student in the Irish College at Rome:

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in Cathedral Shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "Old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly,
O! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets;
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.



CHURCH OF THE SHANDON BELLS.

The Church of St. Anne, which contains the bells, was built in 1722. It is remarkable only for its steeple, which is of limestone on the south and west sides and of redstone on its north and east sides. It is one hundred and seventy feet high. The eight bells are by the celebrated bell founder,

Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester, and are dated 1750. "Father Prout" (Rev. Francis Mahony), is buried close to the tower. He died in 1866.

In my walks I met Rev. Father Tierney. In talking with him, he said that while the people were always religious, there appeared to be a special awakening among them at that time. He said that all the churches were crowded, and there appeared to be an eager desire to hear the Word of God.

Father Tierney showed me the Church of SS. Peter and Paul. It is a very fine structure, designed by Pugin. In the church I met one of the priests, Father O'Sullivan. He pointed out some of the beauties of the structure. The church cost about $200,000, and the pipe organ $10,000. We have no church in the diocese of Cleveland so expensive.

I went with Father O'Sullivan to the pastoral residence. We then took a walk through a part of the city.

One evening after leaving the Cathedral I went down by the river and came to a fine church with a Grecian portico, supported by six Ionic columns. It proved to be the Dominican Church. As I was about to enter the church eight ragged urchins suddenly gathered about me. They all talked at once, so that I could not understand them. I put them off, saying I would see them after service. I found the spacious church filled with people. The preacher was about finishing his sermon, but I gleaned that he had made some reference to the war between Spain and the United States. After Benediction, the boys again gathered around me on the sidewalk. After some time I made out that each of them wanted an Agnus Dei. I told the youngsters that I was not supplied, but the next time they met me in Cork to repeat their request. They will be older then, and, perhaps, more timid.

Not far away, in the graveyard of the Christian Brothers, the Irish novelist and poet, Gerald Griffin, lies buried.

Gerald Griffin died before his prime, but not before he had placed his name as one of the famous on the list of Irish writers. At the age of twenty-two he had written the tragedy, "Gisippus," and the following year he composed that most perfect of Irish novels, "The Collegians." He died in his thirty-seventh year, and is buried in Cork, under a plain slab bearing the inscription: "Brother Gerald Griffin." As I gazed on the tomb I thought of his prophecy:

> "In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,
> That I was to die in the noon of my day;
> Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
> But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away."

One day I went into a restaurant for lunch. A man nearby spoke to me. He finally said: "Father, I'm in a law mix. Service of ejectment is made on me, and I fear I'll have to leave my farm. Would you look over these papers, your Reverence, and see if my claim that I have paid the rent is not entirely right?"

To my question, he said that he had a lawyer, but he was not satisfied with his advice, as he wanted him to confess judgment and get a settlement. The man was intelligent, and, of course, greatly in earnest. I told him that I was traveling through the country, and could not be of much help to him. However, I glanced over his papers, and found that he had been paying £140 a year for a number of years for a farm at Blarney. I found, also, that one year he had paid twice, but I could not tell if it was for back rent or not. I advised him to go to the parish priest and get his advice.

"Well, I'm sorry," he said, "that you are leaving Cork so soon, or I'd have you go into the whole case."

I considered $700 a year pretty high rent for a farm of some fifty acres.

The Munster bar was noted for eminent lawyers from the days of Curran and Burke. When Baron O'Grady was on

the bench on one occasion a witness said to a lawyer who was worrying him with personal remarks: "If you say that again I'll give you a polthogue in the puss." Judge O'Grady, when appealed to by the lawyer, merely said: "The best advice I can give you is to keep back a few feet out of reach of the young man's fist."

About seven miles from Cork is Blarney Castle. Who has not heard of the Blarney Stone? Being so near I had to visit the famous castle. Three pence are charged to enter the grounds. The castle is little more than a square tower, about one hundred and twenty feet high. It was formerly a stronghold of the McCarthys. The celebrated Blarney Stone is fixed to the parapet by irons, and is some feet from the top. To kiss it is a task not unaccompanied by danger. The guide holds by the feet the man who wants the blarney, so that he can hang down far enough to kiss the magic stone. If the guide looses his grip the adventurer goes down one hundred and twenty feet to death. I heard of a guide who frightened the suspended tourist by shouting out: "Hould on a minute till I spit on my hands."

"Kiss that block if you're a dunce
And you'll emulate at once
The genius who to fame by dint of blarney rose."

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
O, he never misses
To grow eloquent."

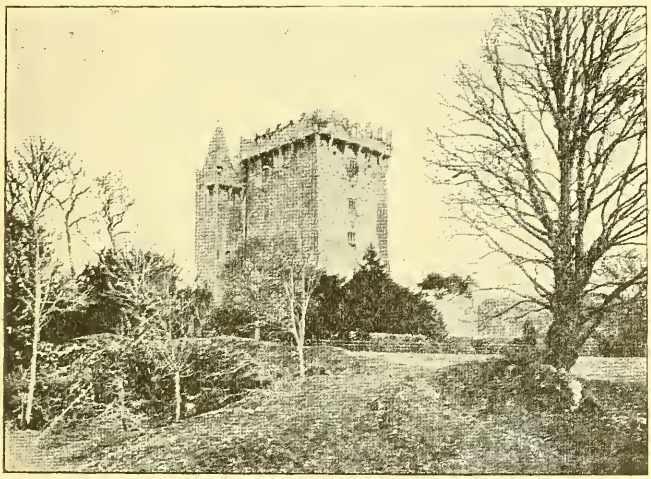
The man on the castle walls was ready to hold me, but I did not give him a chance to spit on his hands.

When I got back to Cork, I met Father M. F. O'Leary, of New Orleans, who was making a tour of part of Ireland.

With a number of other priests I spent a pleasant evening, and then before I retired ordered the bus to take me to the station the next morning at 5:30. As there was no sign

of the bus at that hour, I started for the walk of a mile to the station, but was not overtaken.

I took the train from Queenstown for Tipperary. I had to change cars at Limerick Junction, about sixty miles from Cork. There three Americans got off the train to "see a man." They came out and saw that the train had started. How they ran down the track, shouting and waving their



BLARNEY CASTLE.

arms. But as the train increased its speed they decreased theirs. They came back disgusted, but not dumb. I think they went in to see that "man" again. No signal had been given of the starting of the train, as passengers are supposed to keep to their compartments on European trains.

Tipperary is about three miles from Limerick Junction. It is rather a smart town of over seven thousand.

The Catholic Church is a fine stone structure with a high spire. The building is Gothic and well furnished. I took a

walk with one of the priests, who showed me all through old and new Tipperary.

The Land League in vogue some years ago was enthusiastic, but evidently not guided by men of business methods. Much money was spent on the new town in erecting stone dwellings and stores, and some wooden dwellings, to carry out the boycott. The new town is now in a great measure deserted.

In the old town Mr. H. E. Hagen, a grocer, owned some land that faces on a side street which runs at right angles to the main street. The Land Leaguers got permission to build twenty houses on that property. The day before I arrived Mr. Hagen had the tenants served with ejectment notices by the sheriff. The Land League had neglected to secure any title, so Mr. Hagen obtained possession of the buildings, which had not cost him a cent.

The "Hills of Sweet Tipperary" and the robustness of the men form objects for the pen of the poet:

> "Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
> His spirit light as any fairy—
> His wrath as fearful as the storm
> That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.

The country around Tipperary is beautiful and attractive, and the soil is fertile.

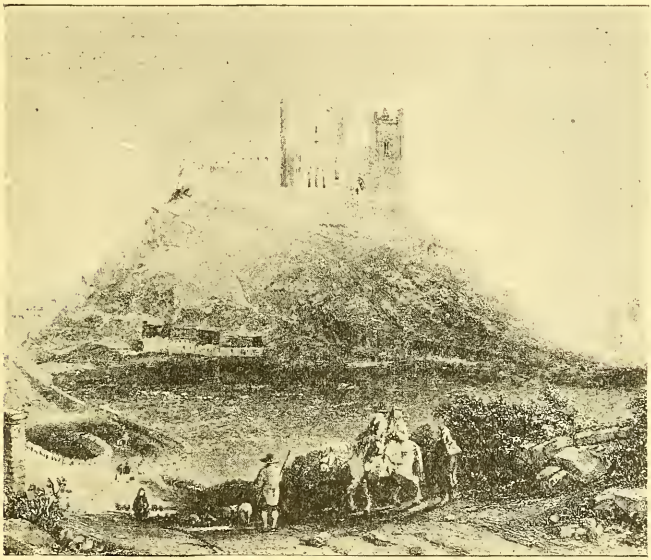
I hired a jaunting car to take me from Tipperary to Cashel, ten miles away. The old coach road brought me through Thomastown, where Father Mathew was born, in 1790. We passed through the highly cultivated country called the "Golden Vale."

On our drive we passed a stone wall about twelve feet high and a mile long. I could see the tops of the waving trees. Being curious, I turned to the driver and asked: "What does that wall enclose?"

Without moving a muscle, and evidently considering the

answer entirely proper, he said: "Land, sir." I looked at him in astonishment, but his face was as calm as a graven image. I did not ask that young man any more questions.

We sped on until we got a view of the Rock of Cashel. It appeared quite colossal from the fact that it is surrounded by a verdant and fruitful plain, yet it is three hundred feet over the level.



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

I went up to the magnificent ruins which crown the summit of the Rock of Cashel. They appear to have combined both a monastic building and a regal residence, and form, perhaps, the noblest ruins in Ireland. The view from the top of the ruins is both extensive and beautiful.

We are told that about the middle of the Fifth Century

a Synod was held at Cashel by St. Patrick, St. Albe and St. Declan. In 1172 Henry II. received the homage of Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, at Cashel.

The ruins of the Rock of Cashel cover a space of two hundred and ten by one hundred and seventy feet.

In an address delivered at Cashel, Richard Lalor Shiel said:

"Here my cradle was first rocked, and the first object that in my childhood I learned to admire was that noble ruin, an emblem as well as memorial of Ireland, which ascends before us, at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality, where councils were held, where Princes assembled, the scenes of courts and of synods, and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections."

The celebrated Dean Swift was born at Cashel in 1667. Cashel is a town of about thirty-five hundred inhabitants. It appeared to be rather quiet and dull. In the center of the main street a large stone cross has been erected to commemorate the jubilee year of Archbishop Croke.

Cashel has been styled the "City of the Kings," from having been the residence of the Kings of Munster.

Letting my "land, sir," driver return to Tipperary. I visited the postoffice, walked through the town and then hired another car to take me to Holy Cross Abbey, about nine miles away. My new driver was deaf, so we had not much talk.

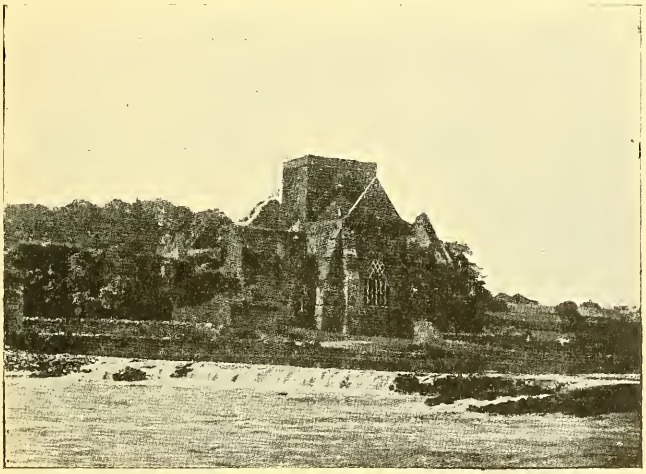
Holy Cross Abbey is a fine monastic ruin, pleasantly situated on the bank of the River Suir. It was founded in 1182 by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick. Its owes its origin and its name to a piece of the True Cross presented in 1110 by Pope Paschal to the monarch of all Ireland. It was placed in charge of the Cistercians.

To my mind the monastic ruins of Holy Cross Abbey rank among the finest in Ireland. They are very well preserved.

In the old burial ground within the ruins I read on a large Celtic stone cross:

"Pray for the soul of
Jeremiah Ryan,
Died June 29th, 1840.
Erected by his son, Archbishop Ryan,
St. Louis, U. S., America."

Though I knew that His Grace of Philadelphia was not the Archbishop of St. Louis, I wrote the inscription as I found it.



HOLY CROSS ABBEY.

A drive of three miles and a half brought me to Thurles, the residence of Archbishop Croke, Archbishop of Cashel. The Cathedral is very handsome. The town also contains the College of St. Patrick. A great battle was fought at Thurles in the Tenth Century between the Irish and the Danes. The population is about forty-five hundred.

I took the train at Thurles, and after a ride of seventy-

five miles I reached Maryborough, a town of about three thousand inhabitants. I put up that night at the Hibernian Hotel. I took a walk through the town after supper and the next morning, and found not much to detain me in Maryborough, though it is a nice town and well situated. After Mass I took the train for Kilkenny.

Kilkenny is a fine town of about fifteen thousand population. The beautiful River Nore is spanned by two fine bridges. From St. John's Bridge a good view is obtained of the castle. Looking up and down the river from this point there is much to charm the tourist.

Kilkenny is called the "Marble City." In the olden days it was given as a dowry with Eva to Strongbow. It afterwards passed by purchase to the Butlers. Though it was made a penal offense for any man of English blood to marry Irish women, the statute was of no avail, and in time the Butlers became rebels as great as the Geraldines.

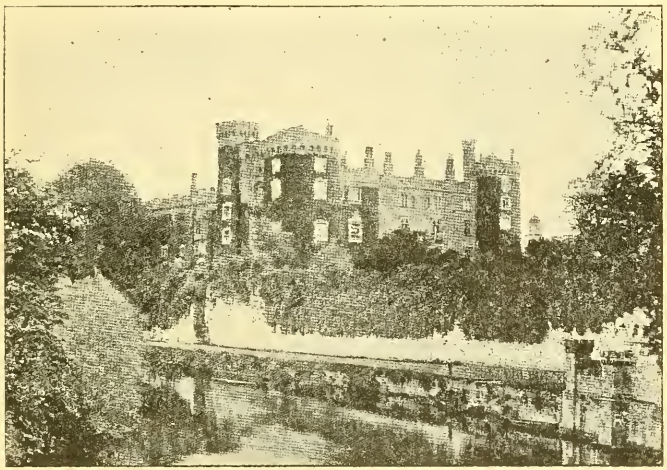
The first printing press in Ireland was set up in Kilkenny. The castle, a noble structure, is entered from the Market Place. I took a walk along the pleasant pathway under the castle walls along the river.

The Protestant Cathedral, built ages ago by Catholics, is a very fine stone structure, only inferior in size to Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. It is recorded that in 1318 the east window was embellished with a stained glass window of so much beauty that the Pope's Nuncio, Rimini, offered £700 for it. But that large sum was refused. However, the fanatical followers of Cromwell demolished the window. A few fragments of it were preserved. Near the south transept of the Cathedral is a round tower, one hundred and eight feet high.

The Catholic Cathedral, consecrated in 1857, is a fine stone structure. It is one hundred and seventy-five by ninety feet, and one hundred and twenty feet at the transept. The

central tower is two hundred feet high. St. Kieran's College is also a fine structure.

Opposite the railway station I noticed a number of men at work on a large church being built of black marble, for which Kilkenny is noted. I went over and had a talk with one of the stone-cutters. He told me that the building would cost £40,000. I remarked that the priest would have great trouble to raise such a sum.



KILKENNY CASTLE.

"Indeed, it will be no trouble at all, at all, to him. The church is to be finished entirely, and when complete the key will be given to the priest, and the people will take possession without a penny of cost," he said.

He then told me that a Mr. Creighton stood the whole cost, from a fortune left to him by an uncle in Australia.

To do something for God—to lay up treasures in heaven, is the laudable ambition of a sincere and earnest Christian.

The stone-cutter, in reply to my question, said that the stone-cutters work ten hours a day, with half a day off on Saturday, and that their pay is thirty-two shillings a week, a sum equivalent to $8.

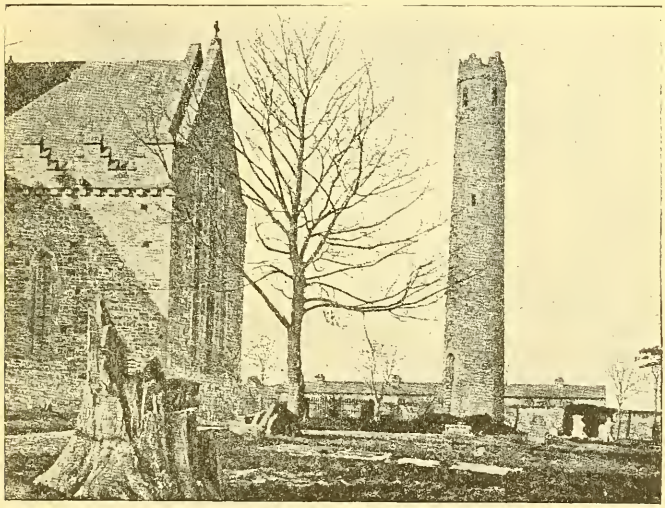
From Kilkenny I went by rail to Carlow, about twenty-five miles distant. It is a pleasant town of about seven thousand, and is situated on the River Barrow. Carlow is the first place in Ireland that was lighted by electricity. The Catholic Cathedral has a lofty tower, and contains a monument to Bishop Doyle by the celebrated sculptor, Hogan. The Doric Court House is an imposing building.

One object of my trip from Cork was to visit Kildare, the Cell of St. Brigid and the Oak of St. Brigid. The name of the Irish Saint should be spelled Brigid, while the name of the Swedish Saint is spelled Bridget. In the "Irish Names of Places," by P. W. Joyce, LL. D., we read: "The manner in which St. Brigid's celebrated establishment was founded is stereotyped in the name of Kildare * * * It received its present name from 'a goodly fair oke,' under the shadow of which the Saint constructed her little cell."

The oak still stood at the end of the Tenth Century. "For a very high oak stood which Brigid loved much, and blessed it." The Patroness of Ireland is sometimes called St. Bride.

I found that St. Brigid's Church is in the possession of the English Church, now called the Church of Ireland. The old building has been repaired, in fact, renewed. There is a fine round tower, one hundred and thirty feet high, on the ground. I walked through and about the holy place. The sexton showed me a part of a large oak tree now prostrate. He said that numbers suppose it to be part of the original oak. He also said that many come from far-off lands to visit the place and get some mementoes. At my request he permitted me to take quite a large piece of bark from the

old oak. I was glad to kneel on the ground consecrated by the presence and the prayers of the Mary of Erin, and by her sainted band of virgin followers. Her life and her many miracles testify that the Patroness of Ireland is high and powerful among the Saints of God. It is sad to find such sacred places in the hands of those who are strangers to Ireland and to her faith.



ST. BRIGID'S CHURCH AND ROUND TOWER.

The town of Kildare is small but pretty, though very old. I called on the Carmelite Fathers there, and found one who helped to found their new parish cut off from St. Stephen's, in New York City.

Kil is the first syllable of the names of a number of places in Ireland, as in Scotland. There is a legend of an English soldier, traveling in a third-class compartment in an Irish railway carriage, to whom the frequent recurrence of this

prefix caused no little anxiety. When the train was leaving a station, a countryman excitedly jumped into the carriage, and on being asked by the soldier the cause of his flurry, said: "I am coming from Killenaman, and am going to Killmore!" Tommy Atkins assumed that he was one of those Irish desperadoes of whom he had heard, and who was not satisfied with killing a man, but thirsted to kill more.

The day after my second arrival in Dublin, I was much surprised to meet on the stairway of the hotel the Rev. Father Conway, from whom, it will be remembered, I got separated in the crowd at Dover nearly two months before. Our surprise and gratification at meeting were mutual. Explanations showed that we had been quite near to each other, and had nearly met on two occasions in London. We remained together during my stay in Dublin. When we compared notes, he said:

"Well, you have traveled like one with the seven league boots. I've not been over half the ground you have covered."

I finally started on my trip to Queenstown by the South of Ireland. The buildings are continuous and almost adjacent from Dublin to Kingstown and Dalkey, about eight miles away.

Kingstown has a population of over seventeen thousand. It has a fine harbor, and is the principal yachting station in Ireland. It got its name from the fact that King George IV. embarked there for England at the close of his visit to Ireland in 1821.

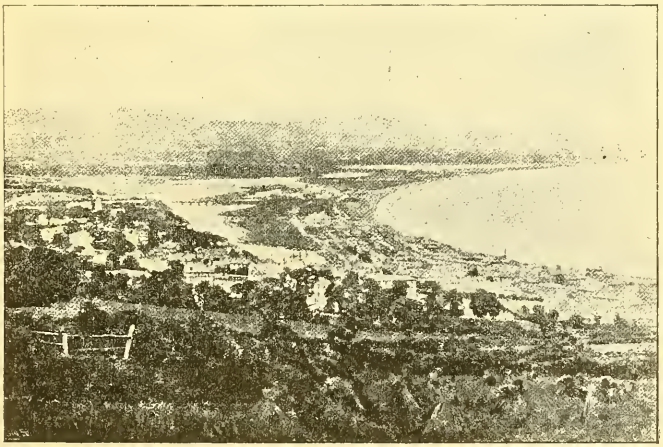
Dalkey is a nice town, finely situated, and its interesting history goes back for over six centuries.

CHAPTER LII.

BRAY—WICKLOW—ITS VARIED AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—GLENDALOUGH, OR THE SEVEN CHURCHES—THE DEVIL'S GLEN—ST. KEVIN'S BED—AVONDALE AND THE VALE OF AVOCA—THE ARKLOW BRIDGE—WATERFORD.

Bray, twelve miles from Dublin, is a celebrated watering place, the "Brighton of Ireland." It has a population of seven thousand. It is situated immediately on the bay, and is surrounded by a picturesque country. There are many fine hotels for the accommodation of the large number of visitors during the season.

From Bray to Wicklow, a distance of sixteen miles, the railway runs along a beautiful stretch of coast line. The



WICKLOW.

pebbly beach and the calm blue waters invite to rest and recreation.

I arrived in the town of Wicklow, twenty-eight miles from Dublin, on Saturday evening. Taking a jaunting car, I was driven to a hotel called "The Grand." It is a new brick building in a quiet place, and well kept. I found that the rival houses are "The Green Tree," "Roache's" and "The Bridge." I took a stroll through the town, and finally got down to the harbor. Two boys of about twelve years rowed me over to the fine stone breakwater. From the outer end of that the view is charming. The coast line is crescent-shaped for miles, presenting a fine beach for bathing. The bay rivals many more noted. The town, of some thirty-five hundred people, rises from the water and occupies a fine site. The verdant slopes and valleys run off to the surrounding Wicklow Mountains. I think it well here to quote a verse from Lady Dufferin's poem:

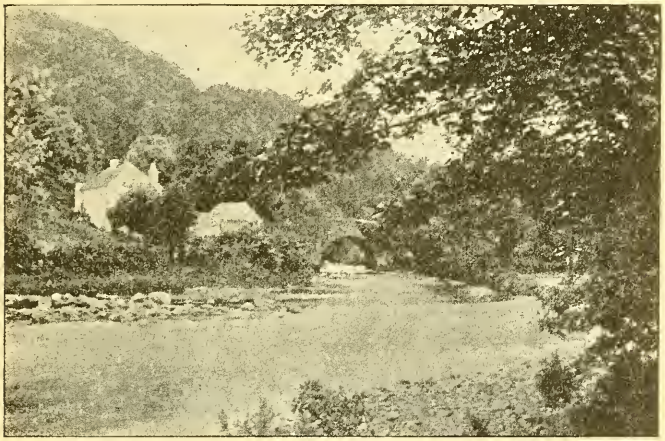


WICKLOW CHURCH.

"Sweet Wicklow Mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare;
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As though you'd see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
Oh! my blessing on those lovely places,
Though no one cares how dear they are to me."

It is hardly to be wondered at that Wicklow is called the "Garden of Ireland." A variety of natural beauties present themselves at every turn.

Saturday evening I made my way to the home of the parish priest. He was very cordial in his reception. I celebrated the 8 o'clock Mass the following morning. A large sodality of men received Holy Communion, and the spacious stone



MEETING OF THE WATERS.

church was filled with a well-dressed congregation. I do not remember ever to have seen a more charming site for a church. It stands perhaps four hundred feet over the sea. The circular walks which lead up to it are wide, well-kept and embowered in trees and shrubbery. From the front of the church the spectator commands miles of verdant hills and rich valleys to the mountains in the distance. A little to the right of those, and as far as the eye can carry the vision, extend the circling beach and the blue waters of the bay.

Walking Sunday afternoon through the beautiful garden which surrounds the priest's house, I came to the well-preserved ruins of a Franciscan Monastery, which was built in the time of King Henry III.

Mr. M. Byrne called at the hotel with his jaunting car, and treated me to a fine drive behind a good horse. He brought me about two miles away to the farm and pleasant home of Mr. John McDaniel.

Some of Mr. McDaniel's relatives were executed in the neighborhood for their participation in the rising of 1798. I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting a namesake, a first cousin, at the home of Mr. McDaniel.

Mr. Byrne then drove me to the cozy home of his mother, Mrs. Elisha Byrne. We then went to Rathnew, a mile and a half from Wicklow, and made a few calls on some of the old people of the place. We then drove to Ashford, where I met Mr. John Byrne and his family. Mrs. Byrne formerly lived in St. Edward's Parish, Cleveland, and is a sister of Mr. Cornelius Kelly. Mr. Byrne keeps the hotel at Ashford. It was arranged that Mr. Byrne would send to Wicklow for me the next morning, to take me through the "Devil's Glen," and thence to the "Seven Churches" at Glendalough.

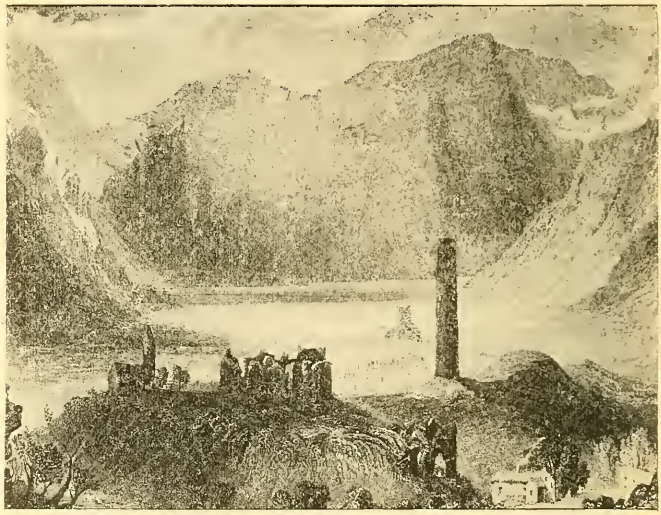
The next morning bright and early the car called, and I started for my day's outing. I passed, in the town of Wicklow, a fine monument erected to the man who laid the Atlantic cable. He was a native of the town. The road approaching Ashford is lined by large, stately trees, giving abundant shade and enclosing a noble driveway. Just before crossing the bridge Mr. Byrne met the car and conducted me through a most beautiful garden owned by a Dublin merchant, who spares no expense in its care and in supplying it with rare plants.

I found at Mr. Byrne's hotel a fine rig and team ready for our day's drive. Mr. and Mrs. Byrne and two of their



THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

happy children, Miss Nora Kelly, sister of W. C. Kelly, of Cleveland, Miss Byrne and Mrs. Grayden, formerly of Cleveland, and myself composed the party. We started for the "Devil's Glen" which is a great attraction for tourists. As a rule, people are permitted to drive only part way through the Glen, and must then walk one mile and a half, sending



GLENDALOUGH, OR THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

the horses back and around to meet them at the head of the Glen. Mr. Byrne had sent word to the owner, Col. C. G. Tottenham, requesting him to permit us to drive all the way through the Glen, as a compliment to their visitor, "a priest from America." The Colonel sent a written permission, which opened the gates of the lodge to us.

The Glen is wild and grand. The deep ravine is well wooded and some of the views are thrilling. The accom-

panying cut of the "Devil's Glen," will convey a good idea of the place to the reader.

An Englishman said to an Irish guide: "The devil appears to own a great deal of property in Ireland. I've been shown the 'Devil's Bit,' the 'Devil's Glen' and several other places with his name attached."

"True for you," said the guide, "but like many other landlords, the devil is an absentee, and lives in England,"

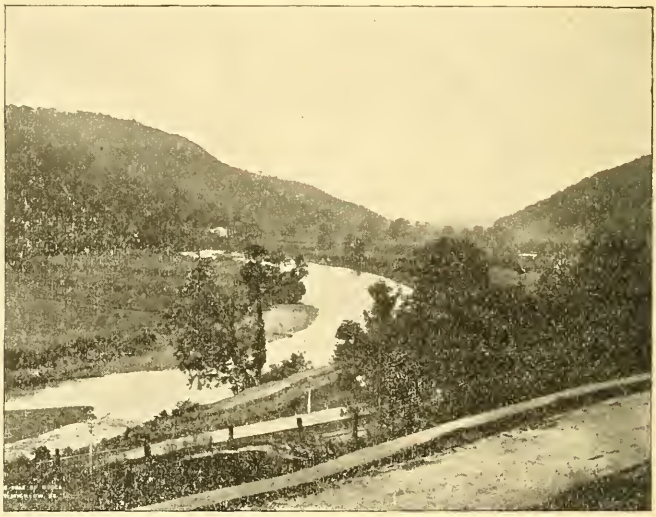
After a drive of over twelve miles through a fine country, we reached Glendalough or the "Seven Churches." St. Kevin, celebrated in Irish history, retired to this lonely spot in the Sixth Century and founded



CLIMB TO ST. KEVIN'S BED.

the "Seven Churches." The ruins of some of them and the Round Tower, one hundred and ten feet high, are well preserved.

We rowed over the lake and paid a visit to St. Kevin's Bed, a small cave in the perpendicular rock, some fifty feet over the water.



VALE OF AVOCA.

Glendalough is surrounded by mighty mountains and dark winding glens. The ruins bear testimony to altars overthrown and a worship made desolate. Glendalough appears to be a favorite burial place. We spent some time in the old cemetery and in examining the remarkable old ruins. Glendalough is one of the most famous places in Ireland.

After having dined in one of the hotels we started for Rathdrum, over eight miles away. The drive presented a continuous panorama of beautiful and varied scenery, and was

most delightful. As we approached the prettily situated town of Rathdrum, we had a good view of the sylvan glen of the Avonmore, with its bridge and its mills. We went directly to the station. I had greatly enjoyed the ride and the scenes of the day. I could not but gratefully appreciate the kindness of Mr. Byrne, and I much enjoyed the pleasant party



FIRST MEETING OF THE WATERS.

and their hospitable friends whom we met on the way. I waved farewell as the train bore me to the Vale of Avoca.

I soon passed and got a good view of Avondale, the country seat of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. The railway runs through Avondale and the Vale of Avoca and quite close to the Avondale River, which it crosses several times, giving the tourist passing glimpses of exquisite scenery. I was much interested in the "Valley So Sweet" of which Moore

wrote. At the "Meeting of the Waters" of the Avonmore and Avondale I thought of the lines of the Irish poet:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
E'er the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

The hills, rising to a height of from three hundred to five hundred feet and thickly clothed with timber, stand out clear against the bright azure sky. The commingling of the waters of the two rivers which have traveled so far alone, and thence go peacefully into the ocean, combine to make a beautiful scene and a lasting impression.



ARKLOW BRIDGE.

Wooden Bridge is beautifully situated at the junction of the Avoca, Arklow and Aughrim Valleys. The second "Meeting of the Waters" is formed here by the commingling of the Aughrim and Avoca Rivers.

Arklow, forty-nine miles from Dublin, is a town of five thousand inhabitants. Fishing is one of the chief industries. Near the town, and close to the sea, are the largest factories for the production of explosives in the Three Kingdoms. The works cover two hundred acres of ground. The Avoca River at Arklow is spanned by a stone bridge of nineteen arches. The history of Arklow shows that it has been the scene of many battles.

We passed through the towns of Inch and Gorey and reached Ferns, seventy miles from Dublin.

There is much to interest the lover of historic ruins at Ferns. Ferns is called "The Bygone City of the Kings of Leinster." It is finely situated, but the population is only about eight hundred.

Seven miles from Ferns I reached the thriving town of Enniscorthy on the River Slaney. It is in the midst of a smiling country, stands upon a hill over the river, and has a population of about seven thousand. It is seventy-seven



WATERFORD.

miles from Dublin. During the rising in 1798 Enniscorthy was the scene of many stirring events. The high hill on the opposite side of the river is known as "Vinegar Hill." This was the principal encampment of the insurgents. The river is navigable to Wexford, about fifteen miles distant.

Wexford is a wealthy, old-fashioned town, about ninety-three miles from Dublin, situated on the River Slaney. The town is about five miles from the sea. There is a fine Catholic Church. St. Peter's College is connected with it. The

ruins of the old abbey are worth a visit. A house is shown that was occupied by Cromwell after he captured the town, in 1649.

About one hundred and two miles from Dublin is the prosperous town of New Ross, situated on the River Barrow, a fine, wide stream. The town has a population of nearly seven thousand. An exciting boat race took place the evening I was there. To add to the excitement, a man fell from the dock into the river. He was finally fished out. A man shouted: "Barney, ain't you very wet?"

"No, indeed," he said, "but I'm very dry."

At New Ross are the ruins of a fine abbey, St. Mary's, founded early in the Sixth Century. New Ross was prominent in the rising of 1798. The town runs along the river and climbs the rather steep hill. The Catholics have two or three churches, and were building a large stone temple, at a cost, I should judge, of £30,000.

About 9 o'clock in the morning I was aboard the steamer bound for Waterford, twenty-four miles distant. I was much amused while at the dock to notice the difficulty a number of men experienced in seeking to place some stubborn hogs on the steamer. We passed Pilltown and Dunbrody Abbey. The scenery along the whole route is beautiful, and at the confluence of the Suir and the Barrow is imposing.

Waterford presents its best face to the traveler who arrives by rail or by river. The city of thirty thousand is built along the bank of its noble river, the Suir. Many ships lined the docks, and quite a large trade appeared to be carried on in live stock. A bridge, seven hundred and forty-five feet long, spans the river. I visited the Cathedral and found it to be a fine building. Waterford was the one place in Ireland that successfully resisted the all-conquering Cromwell.

CHAPTER LIII.

FAREWELL TO IRELAND—MOUNT MELLERAY AND THE TRAPPISTS—VALLEY OF THE BLACKWATER—YOUGHAL—QUEENSTOWN—THE HARBOR—THE LAST VIEW OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

Having spent the greater part of the day in Waterford I took a train for Cappoquin to visit the Monastery of the Trappists on Mount Melleray.

I left Waterford by rail about 3 p. m., and after a ride of forty miles through an interesting country, abounding in varied scenery, I arrived at the town of Cappoquin, a lovely spot beautifully wooded and situated on the Blackwater, just



MOUNT MELLERAY.

where that river turns south. I was soon aboard a jaunting car for a trip to the famous Trappist Monastery of Mount Melleray, four miles distant. I had a gentleman in clerical dress as a companion on the car. He proved to be a Christian Brother from St. John's, Newfoundland.

The ride to the Monastery was most charming, abounding in beautiful scenery. When we turned from the main road up the private drive to the abbey, about a quarter of a mile distant, we found it so closely lined with fine shade trees that it proved a veritable arbor.

When we arrived, a brother and the guest-master took us in charge and conducted us to our rooms. I went as soon as possible to ramble through the gardens and grounds. I was told by the priest in charge that I should be back by 8 o'clock, as the doors would then be locked. That early hour was a new experience for me. However, I had time to walk through the beautiful gardens, and also to get a good view of the large and well-tilled farm of eight hundred acres.

Before proceeding farther, I will give a short sketch of Mount Melleray:

When troubles arose in France in 1830, the Trappists left and went to Ireland. They first settled in County Kerry, but soon left for the bleak and barren Knockmealdown Mountains. The bleak hillside was given to the Trappists by Sir R. Keane. The place is nearly seven hundred feet above the sea. The rule of the Trappists imposes on the members prayer, self-denial, silence and manual labor for all, from the Abbot to the humblest member. The barren hillside, by constant and skillful industry, has been transformed into a fine farm of pastures and thriving plantations.

The Monks built dams to control the mountain streams, and made artificial lakes, from which they get a sufficient force of water to drive the machinery for a mill.

The community consists of about one hundred and twenty

members, priests and brothers. The monastery itself is visited by men only, but there are two guest-houses, one for men and the other for women. No charge whatever is made for bed or board, and a hearty welcome is extended to all classes, creeds and nationalities. An offering is acceptable, and, I think, is generally and generously bestowed. Confessions are heard almost continuously, and once a week a sermon is preached in Irish to the people of the neighborhood. The Monks teach the higher branches and impart a classical education, the students paying their board only.

The priests wear a white and the brothers a brown habit. The dormitory has cramped, stall-like cells, containing a crucifix and a hard bed. The Trappists rise at 2 a. m., and the Masses begin at 4 a. m., and after devotions they go to work. About 11 a. m. they get their first food, consisting of coarse bread, porridge and vegetables. Work and prayer continue till 6 p. m., when a similar meal is taken, water being the only beverage. More devotions follow, and they retire at 8 p. m. Silence is imposed on all except the porter and guest-master.

Each year they have a Lent of seven months, from September to Easter. However, they never eat meat or fish. I asked the guest-master if such a vegetable diet was not unhealthy. He replied that I might look around and observe the inmates. He said their last Abbot had died lately at the age of eighty-three years, and the one before him had attained the age of ninety-six. The little cemetery enclosed in the court showed that the Monks had lived to more than the average age.

At breakfast one of the Monks read a pious book while we partook of the meal. Struck by his appearance and intelligence, I enquired about his personal history. I learned that he had been an eminent physician in the world, and that both he and his parish priest had entered the Trappist Com-

munity together. Why? To make more secure "the one thing necessary."

Mount Melleray is an ideal place for a spiritual retreat and for a spiritual life. It is "by itself," "away from the world," and everything there tends to elevate the soul heavenward.

Our jaunting car called the next morning and took the Christian Brother and myself back to Cappoquin. We boarded the steamer near the railway, for a ride on the Blackwater, the "Irish Rhine," to Youghal. The beautiful river, flowing southward, winds itself in and out through high cliffs, well-wooded banks and by some palatial homes. The first tributary we reached was the Finisk, on the banks of which is Affane House, where Raleigh planted the first cherry tree in Ireland. For miles on looking back we could see the Monastery of Mount Melleray, near the shadow of the dark hills.

We passed near to Dromana Castle, where the "old Countess of Desmond" was born. It is said that she lived to be one hundred and forty years of age, and might have lived longer if she had not attempted to climb a tree for nuts. The fall caused her death. This is written in the able book of Robert Sydney.

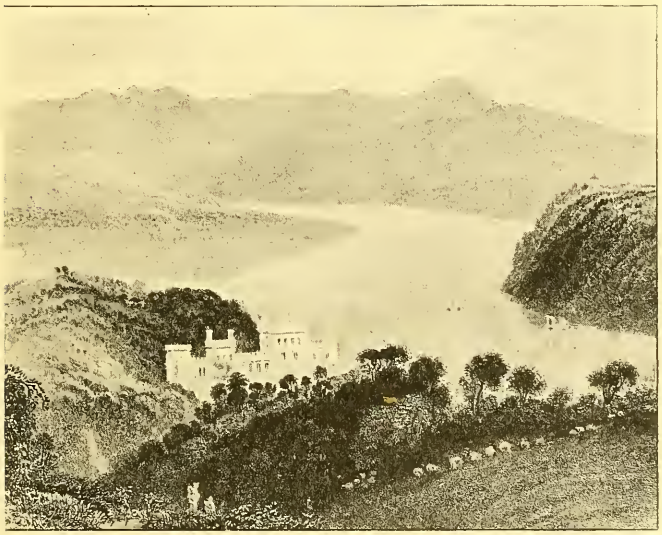
The bends in the river brought us many surprises, as they revealed new beauties along this grand stream. Many travelers have described the Blackwater as combining beauties unsurpassed either on the Rhine, the Rhone or the Danube. Its banks are bold, verdant and graceful. Thomas Davis, writing of it, penned the lines:

> "The pride of our sire land,
> The Eden of Ireland
> More precious than gold."

The captain and pilot of our steamer was Mr. Patrick Dunn, of Youghal. We had an interesting talk during the

trip. I learned that he was a C. T. A. man, and that there was a flourishing society at Youghal. He invited me to their reading-rooms and hall, but I had not time to make the visit. He pointed out their headquarters as we entered the harbor.

Youghal is on the western shore of the Blackwater, which is there half a mile wide. The town has a population



VALLEY OF THE BLACKWATER.

of about five thousand. It is built on a slope at the base of a steep hill. The harbor opens widely to the sea between bluff headlands.

Sir Walter Raleigh was Mayor of Youghal from 1588 to 1589. He introduced tobacco from Virginia. He also brought the potato. The gardener imagined that the apples on the stalk were to be eaten; hence he soon condemned the fruit. It was not until some time afterwards that he acci-

dentally discovered the tubers on digging up the ground for another planting.

There is an excellent beach for bathing purposes at Youghal. Several hundred people were disporting themselves in the sea as I made my way to the train for Cork, about thirty miles distant.

On my former visit to Cork I had made application for my steamer ticket. The agent, whose office is opposite the Victoria Hotel, said that he had requested the manager to reserve an entire state-room for me on the new steamer, "New England," bound westward on its second trip.

After spending a few hours in Cork, I started for Queenstown to have a day and a half there before sailing for "Home, Sweet Home."

I got a good room in the Queen's Hotel, overlooking the very fine harbor of Queenstown. "The Cove of Cork" was named Queenstown in honor of the Queen's visit there in 1849. Her Majesty's next visit to Ireland was in April, 1900. We learn that she was so charmed with Erin that she resolved to spend part of each summer in that "dear and fair land."

The city is delightfully situated on the south side of Goat Island. The town is built on the side of a high hill, which slopes down to the water's edge, and it has an attractive appearance, viewed from the harbor. Queenstown is considered to be a fine health resort. It has a population of about ten thousand.

The Catholic Cathedral is perhaps the finest church edifice in Ireland. It has been under construction, I was told, for over thirty years, and is not yet completed, though the interior is finished. It must have cost at least $500,000. It is a Gothic stone structure, and built on the summit of the hill; it can be seen from all sides. The Cathedral is dedicated to St. Colman.

Queenstown Harbor is three miles long and two broad. It is completely landlocked and capable of sheltering the whole British Navy. It is very strongly fortified, and without doubt one of the finest harbors in the world.

I made several local excursions by boat while at Queenstown. On one of these I went to the town of Passage, formerly famous for its dock-yards and as a watering place.

"Father Prout" wrote humorously of the attractions of this old-fashioned place:

"The town of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situate
Upon the say;

'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork
On a summer day.

There you may slip in
To take a dipping
Fornent the shipping
That at anchor ride;

Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe
On the other side."

Glenbrook and Monktown are interesting and picturesque places. Above this latter place may be seen Monktown Castle, nestling amid the trees.

Having a day to spare I went down to the dock to go out on the "lighter" to the steamer "Brittanic," bound for New York. While we were waiting on the dock, a well-preserved old gentleman and his daughter, very agitated, hurriedly approached us. They proved to be Americans.

The old man asked, excitedly: "Has the 'tender' gone out yet?"

He was afraid that he had missed the "Brittanic." I replied that the "tender" had merely gone down to another dock to unload some freight, but that it would soon be back, and then take the passengers to the "Brittanic." The old gentleman then gave vent to his feelings about the ignorance and the lack of knowledge on the part of all about the station, and the absence of all direction as to where he should go to embark for the steamer.

A man near me said to him: "I guess you have never traveled much in Ireland?"

"No, I haven't; and I never want to travel in it again," replied the old man, with asperity.

"Oh! well," said the other, "don't blame the Irish. They don't rule this country—they rule America."

After the laugh was over I said to the last speaker: "You have paid a great compliment to the Irish."

"How so?"

"You stated that the Irish do not rule this country, which is badly ruled, and then you declared that they rule America, which you will admit is well ruled."

"That's a fact, sir; you have got me dead to rights. Are you from America?"

"Yes."

We then had some talk together. I learned that he was a New York lawyer homeward bound. He then acknowledged that he had enjoyed the days he spent in Ireland, and that he liked the people.

Soon the "tender" came and steamed out to the "Brittanic." There were many passengers aboard and quite an addition to the number was made from our boat. There was a large amount of mail to be taken aboard the "Brittanic"—perhaps eight hundred bags. While these were being transferred, the steamers, fastened together for the purpose of saving time, were plowing out into the ocean.

We had gone several miles when the task of unloading was completed. The lines were cast off and I was the only passenger on the "lighter" as it headed back to Queenstown. I must confess that I felt lonesome as I watched the "Brittanic," homeward bound, and fast disappearing in the distance. But I was to follow on the morrow.

I enjoyed some more water excursions to different points, and then walked through the parts of the town I had not visited. I spent some time in watching an interesting yacht race of nine entries. The fine harbor is well adapted for this sport.

A fine band played in the evening in the park opposite the hotel. There was plenty of music from the many war ships in the harbor. Soldiers and marines were numerous on all sides, and I found the streets crowded in the evening.

After breakfast I went to the "tender." Peddlers of all kinds lined the way. Blackthorns, logwood pipes, birds, shamrocks and other mementoes of every description were for sale.

The signal came: "The 'New England' is in sight." The emigrants hurried to cross the gangway to the dock. Sad and tearful farewells were exchanged with friends by the emigrants leaving "home" for the foreign land, with a little money or "just trusting in God." Many an "American wake" was held the night before by relatives and neighbors, with wild caoinings, mourning over the dear departing ones, and wishing them "Bannact Dea Leat" (God's blessing on the way).

It was pathetic to see some emigrants clinging to a "pot of shamrock," a little mountain thrush, a red-billed blackbird in a wicker cage, or a few blackthorns to remind them of the "Ould Land" in the new. As I saw the tears and heard the sobs of parting friends, I turned to look seaward or gazed down the harbor to hide my own emotions. Cruel

necessity drives many from home and friends, and increases the exiles of Erin in foreign lands.

We were soon alongside the "New England," a magnificent new steamer, five hundred and sixty-nine feet long, and of eleven thousand tons. When all were aboard we cut loose from the "tender" and passed out into the ocean, while the cannons from the forts saluted.

After leaving Queenstown we sailed for some time in sight of the "Green Hills of Ireland." As the Emerald Isle was fading from our sight many an emigrant bound for the land of the "black stranger," shed a tear in memory of the happy days of yore and the loved ones left behind.

On checking off the places which I had visited in Ireland, and noting their location, I was both surprised and gratified to find that I had been in every one of the thirty-two counties of the Emerald Isle. Few are the travelers or natives in Erin who have seen so much of that country. In addition to railway travel, I had ridden on "low cars" and "high cars" and "jaunting cars" over four hundred miles along the highways and through the byways of the Green Isle.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE JOURNEY ENDED—ON THE ATLANTIC—SERVICES ABOARD SHIP—AMUSEMENTS—POST-IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND—IN BOSTON—PROMOTING IMMIGRATION—WITH OLD FRIENDS—HOME, SWEET HOME—THE WELCOME.

Our places on the steamer were soon assigned to us. An entire state-room was allotted to me in compliance with the request of the agent in Cork. The steamer being new, everything was "spick and span." We had no rough sea to speak of on the voyage, but we had what I consider worse, because more dangerous, three days of heavy fog. It was rather doleful to wake up at night and hear the hoarse sound of the fog-horn, blown at intervals of half a minute. I was much surprised to notice that the speed of the steamer was diminished very little. This fact rather alarmed some of the passengers. However, I believe navigators differ as to the advisability of the fast or slow speed during a fog. Those who advocate fast speed in a fog argue that the ship is more apt to get by the danger point and escape a collision. The slow speed advocates claim that it is then easier to stop in case of danger of a collision. Take your choice of the arguments. They remind me of a farmer who wanted to buy a cowbell of a pound in weight. The hardware clerk had none in stock so heavy. He told the farmer: "A half-pound bell is better." "Why?" "You will not be obliged then to go so far to find the cow." The clerk sold the bell. The "New England," being on its second trip, was anxious to make a good record.

As usual, nearly all classes and many races were represented among the passengers. There were four ministers

aboard. One of them, from England, had exchanged pulpits for a mutual vacation with a New York preacher. The name of the British minister was Healey. As he wore a grey suit and knee breeches, a soft cap and a negligee shirt, he was not at first recognized as a minister. However, on Sunday he was attired in clerical garb. There were sixty-three first class passengers, sixty-four second cabin, and one hundred and thirty-seven in the steerage. Among the saloon passengers were the Countess of Dunmore, Lady Mildred Murray and Lady Victoria Murray.

Passengers soon get acquainted on shipboard. As time hangs heavily there is always some one, or several, who get up programs to while away the time. One night we had a lecture on the Klondike by a man who had prospected there successfully. He also answered a number of questions. Another night there was an old-fashioned spelling-bee. The next evening, a minister on his way home from India gave a description of the plague and its ravages and its treatment in that far-off country. Then there was announced "a debate on woman suffrage," the principals being a lawyer and Rev. Mr. Healey. The minister did not appear, and the lawyer claimed the decision against such suffrage. I told Rev. Mr. Healey that, in my opinion, his non-appearance was concocted. He confessed as much. Another night a Dr. Walker exhibited a hundred or more magazine posters, and gave an interesting talk on them.

One evening, at the end of a program, the audience stood up to sing "America." When it merged into "God Save the Queen," I sat down. Being in front, my action was noticed. I was in hopes that someone would ask me for an explanation. I had refused to take a part in the program, but I certainly would have spoken then on "Hands Across the Sea," or something else.

I was the only priest aboard. I soon found that quite a

large portion of the passengers were Catholics; some were returning after a visit to Europe. They were naturally much pleased to find one of their own clergymen on the steamer. We quickly became acquainted. On Saturday a number of them asked me if I would not hold some public service on Sunday. They said that they had had no service on the voyage over to Europe.

The captain had been so busy at his post that I had not met him. I went up to the bridge and spoke to him on the subject. I said: "Captain, there are quite a number of Catholics aboard, and we wish to hold public services to-morrow forenoon."

"Well, you cannot have Mass, can you?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "we have not the requisites; but we can have religious services."

Knowing that the steerage passengers are kept strictly to their quarters on shipboard, I said: "We can hold services in the steerage, if necessary, and the cabin passengers who wish may attend."

The Captain said: "The service will not be in the steerage; I will speak to the steward and have proper arrangements made."

On going to dinner the passengers saw, in the usual place for notices, in large letters: "There will be Catholic services in the cabin at 10 a. m., to-morrow."

The captain was a Catholic, so was the surgeon of the ship and a number of the crew.

Saturday I inquired among the passengers and found some Catholic young ladies who were both able and willing to sing. Sunday morning the large cabin was filled. The Catholics from the steerage were present, with their brethren from the other parts of the ship, and a number of non-Catholics. The program of the services was as follows: 1, hymn; 2, instruction; 3, hymn; 4, Litany of Jesus; 5. hymn;

6, Rosary; 7, hymn; 8, sermon; 9, Litany of B. V. Mary; 10, hymn. This was quite a program for the limited time we had to arrange it.

The ministers held services in the evening, but the attendance was not nearly so large as at our services in the morning. Rev. Mr. Healey preached on "The Athletic Games of Greece." What peculiar subjects the ministers sometimes take for their sermons.

There were various amusements during the voyage to while away the time. Feats of individual strength, tugs of war and footracing were frequent. Rev. Mr. Healey, who was rather fat, ran a race around the ship with a Yankee, who, in the language of an Irishman, was "tall, slim and slinder." The Yankee won by a few feet. While Rev. Healey was trying to get his breath he asked me:

"What do you think of that?"

I said to him: "You should not have run."

"Why not?"

"You are not built for running," I said; "you are built for rolling." Those present were much amused.

One evening, while seated on deck engaged in conversation with a number of Irishmen, I was asked: "Well, Father, what do you think of Ireland?"

I said that Ireland deserved the designation of the poet:

> "She is a rich and rare land;
> Oh! she's a fresh and fair land
> She is a dear and rare land."

"But," I said, "we notice the lack of American push and hustle. No doubt the laws, which have taxed energy and put a penalty on improvements, have unnerved individual exertion and business enterprise. But legislation has been improved, and a species of local government introduced which will doubtless improve past conditions. While I have observed some poverty in Ireland and noticed some hovels

for habitations, I have seen more poverty in other countries, and seen dwellings even more unfit for human beings. The fact is that there is no country without object lessons of this nature. From appeals made frequently to America for aid, I had expected to see more general and widespread distress. In regard to churches, convents and schools, I think the people are better off than we in the United States. The buildings are of stone, as a rule, and the churches numerous and well furnished; marble altars and marble communion railings and even marble pulpits being much more common than in America. The Irish people are relieved from the support of their schools by the government, and also from two-thirds of the expense of constructing the school buildings. I must confess that my sympathy for Church wants in Ireland is not so great as it formerly was. I am very glad indeed that the Irish people have all these benefits and possessions at home. However, I think appeals to America have been too frequent, and not so necessary as they may have been years ago. Churches worth from $50,000 to $100,000 are not infrequent in towns of from one thousand to five thousand lnhabitants. I think that our calls are such that 'Charity begins at home.' The collector from Ireland for Church wants has, as far as I could observe, no legitimate reason for coming to America.

"The natural beauties of Ireland are a valuable national asset. The people and tourists begin to realize that fact. Transportation companies and hotel-keepers have at last awakened, and with wide-open eyes, enlightened by delighted tourists, see the treasures Erin has in her scenery, wonderful in beauty, grandeur and variety.

"Killarney has long been known, but there are many other places all over Ireland that equal, if they do not surpass, those entrancing beauties celebrated in story and in song. Let me mention the Kerry Peninsula, Glengariff, Parknasilla,

Waterville, Clew Bay, Lough Gill, Lough Erne, the Blackwater, the Shannon, Lisdoonvarna, Wicklow, etc.

"The tourists are multiplying, and they hail from England, France, Germany and America. Ireland, I predict, will yet be the popular resort for those who leave home for pleasure and recreation. Capital will find a rich field for profitable investment in building hotels and improving by art places for which nature has done so much."

One day, while walking through the steerage, I came across four Irish girls seated at the very stern of the ship. They were sadly looking out over the trackless ocean, and were seasick, heartsick and homesick. They explained to me that they had just heard that they would not be allowed to depart from the government dock unless they possessed a certain amount of money and some-one to "go bail" for them. This news added to their burden of sorrow. I promised to see what I could do for them when the steamer reached Boston, and, if necessary, "go bail" for them. Thus encouraged, they were not so disconsolate.

Very early in the morning we entered the beautiful Boston Harbor, after a voyage of six days and seven hours. The "New England" moved carefully, as the war torpedoes were still in the harbor as a protection against the dreaded Spanish fleet.

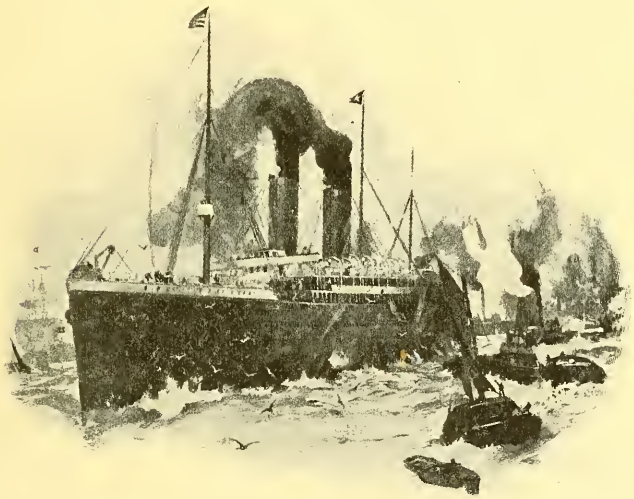
It was raining quite hard when we reached the dock before 6 a. m. After breakfast we had to sign "declarations" before the revenue officers. My baggage was lightly examined, and it was easily passed. I then went to look for the four girls from the steerage. All steerage passengers are placed in an enclosure similar to a "pen" until "passed." I found the young women waiting in some trepidation. The interrogations of the government officer began. I was introduced to him by Mr. Farley, the steamship agent. The officer asked: "Father, are these girls in your charge?"

"Yes," I replied.

"They do not appear to have enough money to pay their expenses to McKeesport, near Pittsburg, their destination. Will you be responsible for the necessary expense?"

"Yes."

"Then I must pass them."



HOME FROM FOREIGN SHORES.

Mr. Farley then introduced me to a Mrs. McGinity, who represented the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Boston, and who looked after Catholic emigrant girls. She took charge of the quartet. I arranged with Mr. Farley for the price of the railway tickets at the rate of $10 each. I soon met Mrs. McGinity again. She said: "Father, I find that these girls have enough money to pay for their tickets and all

expenses to McKeesport. Hence you will not be obliged to advance any money for them. I will see that they are placed on the proper train for their destination."

So I was relieved of that responsibility. I was not in a position to extend much financial help, though I had spoken quite confidently to the government official. I found that I had only $20 left after my journey with the sun around the world, and I had yet to travel over six hundred miles to reach home. That was a close margin after my long journey.

On the ship I had met a German physician who was on his way to seek his fortune in the Klondike. To save money he had taken steerage passage. The doctor knew no English. When he saw me passing through the office of the government examiners he appealed to me in German, complaining of his detention. I explained matters to the officials. I then told the physician that in a moment he would be allowed to start for the Klondike. He was rejoiced.

I bade good-bye to the young ladies who had sung at the Sunday services on the steamer, and to others. I then took a carriage to the hotel, and soon felt quite at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Regan, from whom I had separated at Kobe, in Japan, called at the hotel to greet me. But I had gone out. Mr. Regan called again and found me. We greeted as old friends—as comrades, after a hard campaign. I called at Mr. Regan's pleasant home. Soon after our greeting, Mrs. Regan said: "Father, you remember my hat which nearly spoiled our ride to the Pali, in Honolulu?"

"Indeed I do; nor will I soon forget it," I replied.

"Well," said Mrs. Regan, "after all my care it got destroyed."

On comparing notes, we found that we had nearly met in Jerusalem; and also in Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Regan had arrived home about three weeks before I reached Boston.

With Mr. and Mrs. Regan I took a sail down the bay to Nantucket Beach, where the two Misses Regan were enjoying their vacation from school teaching. After dinner I accidentally met Rev. E. Mears and Rev. G. P. Jennings, from home, in the dining-room of the hotel. The meeting was a delightful surprise. They had been in Boston seeking to find me. Both of these reverend friends had prominently assisted in my send-off, and I was rejoiced to meet them on my return.

We remained together in Boston until after the National Convention of the C. T. A. U., where I made my tenth annual report as treasurer of the organization. During the gathering I met a number of old friends from home. I remained a few days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Regan, and then started to close the last stage of my long journey.

At Painesville, twenty-five miles east of Cleveland, I was greeted by a number of lay and clerical friends who had kindly come to meet me on my return from the trip around the world. I must confess that I was pleased to hear their hearty words of welcome and to feel the warm pressure of their hands.

After supper our party was conveyed by special car to Cleveland. We were met on Euclid Avenue by the procession, headed by the Knights of St. John, and escorted home amid many expressions of welcome.

Mr. F. H. Glidden, standing on the steps of the church, amid a throng of people, expressed in a feeling address the formal greetings of the congregation.

I need not describe the crowded church, the music and the decorations. In a short address I expressed my appreciation of the cordial greeting so generally extended, and of my gladness to be home among my people once more, after an absence of seven months and journeyings of over thirty thousand miles. I stated that during that time I had enjoyed good health and escaped all accidents, which blessing

and protection I attributed to the many prayers offered daily during my wanderings the world around.

I had started westward, and kept following the sun as it led me to strange lands and brought me to look into the faces of the different races of the earth, and to note their varying customs and habitations. Onward I went with the "Luminary of the Day," until he finally brought me back to old and familiar scenes, to look again into the kindly eyes of my own people, to greet old friends and to realize better that—

"There is no place like home."

I had seen many sights, but none so pleasing and so inspiring as that which greeted me as I looked down from the pulpit and back into the sanctuary.

The full and well-trained choir rendered fine music, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. By special permission of the Holy Father, the Papal Blessing was solemnly imparted, and then the "Te Deum" was sung. As the procession of the servers and clergy left the sanctuary, the sweet voices of the children rang out:

"You're welcome home."

They had chanted at my departure the promise of the petition which had been kindly granted by an overruling Providence:

"Your little ones will pray for you,
Where'er your footsteps roam;
That guardian angels may attend
Till you are safe at home."

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